FRIENDSHIP'S
OFFERING

1828

1823
FRIENDSHIP OF HEROES

H. Corbould. del.ᵉ

J. W. Cook sc.

# FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

## A Literary Album,

AND

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

## 1828.

" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering;
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not! "

LONDON:

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1828.

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TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA,

This Volume

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST DEVOTED

AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

# PREFACE.

The Fifth Annual Volume of "Friendship's Offering" has to prefer its claims to public encouragement, amidst a more extended competition, and a more formidable rivalry, than it has ever before experienced; and although it does not venture to assume any invidious superiority over its younger sisters, still, compared not only with the preceding portions of the Series, but with any other of the same class of publications, it is confidently anticipated that the Volume for 1828 will be found deserving its full share of public patronage. The Proprietors have, indeed, had many disadvantages to contend with, from the very short space of time allotted to its preparation; whilst the Editor had to succeed, at an advanced period of the year, to the duties which had previously been performed by a gentleman of acknowledged taste and ability. He must have shrunk from the task, had he not confidently reckoned upon the contributions of many personal friends, whose productions would do honour to any publication; and the readiness with which they committed to him some of the most spirited and

interesting portions of this volume, he has gratefully to record with many other obligations. To those writers, many of them amongst the most distinguished of the age, to whom he was personally unknown, but who readily afforded their valuable assistance, his thanks are most particularly due. Some of the most attractive compositions have not the advantage of being recommended by the publication of the names of the writers;—they are, however, in most instances, the productions of those whose reputation would be a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of their contributions, but who are anxious that these should be appreciated by their own qualities alone.

The Proprietors and Editor avail themselves of this occasion, also, publicly to return those thanks which have already been privately expressed to those individuals, avowed or anonymous, who have done them the favour to submit their contributions for acceptance. The rejection of any composition is the most painful of Editorial duties; but, in this case, the unpleasant task has, at least, been discharged conscientiously; and the Editor would have been relieved from much difficulty, if his limits had been doubled. "*L'embarras des richesses*" is more satisfactory than a poverty of means; but it is, in some cases, as perplexing.

In its graphic Embellishments, the Proprietors confidently hope, that the Public will consider this

Work in no respect inferior to its contemporaries. It was their desire to select subjects of general interest; beautiful, as works of art, but possessing also the charms of familiarity and truth: while it was equally their object to adopt what appeared excellent, wherever to be found. Of some of the Painters who have obligingly lent their aid, the works are now for the first time engraved; and happy will the Proprietors feel, should they, in any degree, be instrumental in diffusing a knowledge of that excellence which is so rapidly advancing to distinction. To all the Artists whose productions adorn these pages, they feel sincerely grateful for their obliging permission to engrave their works, or their zealous exertions to complete the subjects suggested: whilst to the very able Engravers, who have produced some of their happiest efforts in a space of time so unusually and unavoidably limited, they have also to express their warmest acknowledgments.

It having been universally considered a defect in works which have claims to afford lasting amusement, that their construction should be of a nature so extremely slight, the Proprietors, regardless of expense, determined to adopt such a mode of binding as would unite beauty with durability, in a way never before attempted: the Casket is even still very unworthy of the Jewels which it enshrines, but it is at least more likely to preserve them in security.

It remains only to add, that the Proprietors are

now enabled, confidently, to promise, that "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING" will, in future, be published with the *earliest* of its competitors. Their arrangements for the ensuing year are already in considerable forwardness; and with a repetition of acknowledgments to their numerous literary friends for former kindnesses, they earnestly solicit an early opportunity of renewing their obligations.

*November* 1, 1827.

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I. An Illustrated Title; from a design by H. Corbould; engraved by J. W. Cook.

II. The Presentation Plate, from a design, by W. Finley; engraved by J. W. Cook.

preceding the Title-page,

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# FUNERAL SONG

FOR THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. P. L.

In its summer pride arrayed,
Low our Tree of Hope is laid!
Low it lies:—in evil hour,
Visiting the bridal bower,
Death hath levelled root and flower.
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,
(This the end of pomp and power!)
Have the rites of death been paid:
Windsor, in thy sacred shade
Is the Flower of Brunswick laid!

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground!
Know ye, Spirits, who is come,
By immitigable doom
Summoned to the untimely tomb?
Late with youth and splendor crown'd,

Late in beauty's vernal bloom,
Late with love and joyaunce blest;
Never more lamented guest
Was in Windsor laid to rest.

Henry, thou of saintly worth,
Thou, to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity, and name, and grave;
Thou art in this hallowed earth
Cradled for the immortal birth.
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited.
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek of heart and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resigned,
And fixed on heaven his heavenly mind,
Blessing, while he kiss'd the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.
Now may he in realms of bliss
Greet a soul as pure as his.

Passive as that humble spirit,
Lies his bold dethroner too;
A dreadful debt did he inherit
To his injured lineage due;
Ill-starred prince, whose martial merit
His own England long might rue!
Mournful was that Edward's fame,
Won in fields contested well,

While he soûght his rightful claim:
Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell;
And when Wharfe ran red with slaughter,
On the day of Towcester's field,
Gathering, in its guilty flood,
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood,
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,
Poictiers but a pageant vain,
And the victory of Spain
Seem'd a strife for pastime meant,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament;
Half the blood which there was spent,
Had sufficed again to gain
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,
Normandy and Aquitaine,
And Our Lady's ancient towers,
Maugre all the Valois' powers,
Had a second time been ours.
A gentle daughter of thy line,
Edward, lays her dust with thine.

Thou, Elizabeth, art here;
Thou to whom all griefs were known;
Who wert placed upon the bier
In happier hour than on the throne.
Fatal daughter, fatal mother,

Raised to that ill-omen'd station,
Father, uncle, sons, and brother,
Mourn'd in blood her elevation;
Woodville, in the realms of bliss,
To thine offspring thou may'st say,
Early death is happiness;
And favour'd in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below
That length of life is length of woe.
Lightly let this ground be prest;
A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting,
Such as sisters use at meeting;
Joy, and sympathy, and love,
Wilt hail her in the seats above.
Like in loveliness were ye,
By a like lamented doom,
Hurried to an early tomb;
While together, spirits blest,
Here your earthly relics rest.
Fellow angels shall ye be
In the angelic company.

Henry, too, hath here his part;
At the gentle Seymour's side,
With his best beloved bride,
Cold and quiet, here are laid
The ashes of that fiery heart.

Not with his tyrannic spirit,
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit;
No, by Fisher's hoary head,
By More, the learned and the good,
By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood,
By the life so basely shed
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
By the axe so often red,
By the fire with martyrs fed,
Hateful Henry, not with thee
May her happy spirit be!

And here lies one, whose tragic name
A reverential thought may claim;
The murdered monarch, whom the grave,
Revealing its long secret, gave
Again to sight, that we might spy
His comely face, and waking eye;
There, thrice fifty years, it lay,
Exempt from natural decay,
Unclosed and bright, as if to say,
A plague, of bloodier, baser birth
Than that beneath whose rage he bled,
Was loose upon our guilty earth;—
Such awful warning from the dead
Was given by that portentous eye;
Then it closed eternally.

Ye, whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground;

Even in your immortal spheres,
What fresh yearnings will ye feel,
When this earthly guest appears!
Us she leaves in grief and tears;
But to you will she reveal
Tidings of old England's weal;
Of a righteous war pursued,
Long, through evil and through good,
With unshaken fortitude;
Of peace, in battle twice achiev'd;
Of her fiercest foe subdued,
And Europe from the yoke relieved,
Upon that Brabantine plain:
Such the proud, the virtuous story,
Such the great, the endless glory,
Of her father's splendid reign.
He, who wore the sable mail,
Might, at this heroic tale,
Wish himself on earth again.

One who reverently, for thee,
Raised the strain of bridal verse,
Flower of Brunswick! mournfully
Lays a garland on thy herse.

# LA VILLEGGIATURA.

The English are certainly not a pastoral people, even in their pleasures; but yet they have an innate love of pastoral associations, which neither fashion nor commerce can deaden. The works of Art, which carry the mind back to the beauties of Nature, and to the delights of out-door enjoyments, are always popular. Who has not gazed, till he almost envied the happiness there represented, upon those delicious pictures of Stothard, where, in some valley embosomed in trees, a dancing group rush down the sunlit vista, bearing, through those "alleys green," all the hilarity of youth, and all the gracefulness of refinement? Who has not been delighted with the more sober elegance of Watteau, whose stately personages move in solemn minuets, on daisied lawns; while, in bowers of woodbine, a pair of quiet lovers look upon the sports, yet think of nothing but their own exquisite silence? And then the delightful studies of that rising artist, Bone, (one of which adds a genuine ornament to our little work,) uniting, as they

do, all the nature of Stothard with all the elegance of Watteau! Is it not charming to gaze upon that fair landscape, and upon the knot of happy persons, who repose in that grassy valley, in all the delicious luxury, which, it is said, only an Italian sky can give. In the pauses of the lute, are they listening to some stanzas of their Ariosto or Tasso? Perhaps, the scenery has recalled the memory of Armida's garden, so admirably translated by our own Fairfax:

The garden sweete spred foorth her greene to shew,
The moouing christall from the fountaines plaies,
Faire trees, high plants, strange herbes and flowrets new,
Sunshinie hils, dales hid from Phœbus raies,
Groues, arbours, mossie caues at once they vew,
And that which beautie most, most woonder brought,
No where appeard the arte which all this wrought.

So with the rude, the polisht mingled was,
That naturall seemd all, and euery part,
Nature would craft in counterfaiting pas,
And imitate her imitator art:
Mild was the aire, the skies were cleere as glas,
The trees no whirlewind felt, nor tempest smart,
But ere their fruit drop off, the blossome comes,
This springs, that fals, that ripeneth, and this blomes.

The ioyous birds, hid under greenewood shade,
Sung merrie notes on euery branch and bow,
The winde (that in the leaues and waters plaid,)
With murmur sweete, now sang, and whistled now,
Ceased the birds, the winde loud answere made:
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low;
Thus were it happe or cunning, chance or art,
The winde in this strange musicke bore his part.

Do not the verses come fresher upon the senses, mingling thus with the balmy air, and the golden sunshine? Is not the soul prepared for all sweet and tender impressions which poesy can give, when the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" have an echo in the voices of a thousand birds of song, in the low plash of the distant fountain, in the murmur of the leaves, in that monotonous hum which is heard in the deep solitude of woods when not a wind is stirring? Or does the light jest pass around, with all that buoyant merriment which a sense of happiness alone can create, when the faintest approach to wit is borne to triumph on the wings of good humour, and the bubble is kept floating by the breath of fancy, till it dies at once in its ethereal lightness? Or are they telling old tales of human sorrow, the very contrast of which gives a more exquisite relish to the dreams of passing happiness? Or speak they only of their own recollected pleasures;—of the happy ones that once revelled in the self-same spot, who are now tasting the deliciousness of love, in the rewards of their own constancy—of the brilliant splendour of the ball, where they last met—of that glorious evening, when they sailed out into the fair bay of Naples, and the sun-set lighted up her palaces, till they gleamed like the work of fairy hands, and the spirit of beauty slept upon those waters, till elysium appeared to have descended to our planet? Talk as they will, they are happy.

This is "La Villeggiatura" of the Italians; when, at the Vintage-time, the gay inhabitants of cities go forth into the woods, and, decking themselves in their best attire, yield up their hearts to that abandonment of joy which only elastic spirits can know. Then the father with his sons, the mother with her daughters, the lover with his betrothed, throw aside the formal restraints of society, and let an innocent happiness, such as the pastoral ages might have felt, take possession of their souls. Surely, this is an acceptable tribute of gratitude to the "All-giver," at this season of fullness!

But this is an *Italian* scene. England, we say, has no such Arcadias. They belong, if they at all existed, to another age, when the vine did not sicken beneath our feeble sun; or they were *invented* by the poets. They, too, have placed their scenes of pastoral happiness in other climes. Those free courtiers, and the gloomy Jaques, who lies "under the shade of melancholy boughs," pursue their uncontrouled pleasures in the forest of Ardennes. The Faithful Shepherdess, in that most charming pastoral of Fletcher, abides in a vale of Thessaly. Our Robin Hood, though he dwelt "under the greenwood tree," was a barbarous outlaw. England was not made for the enjoyment of nature beneath the spreading beeches of her most verdant lawns. The very verdure is an evidence of the chill which lurks beneath the surface.

And yet have I seen happiness and deep enjoyment in the fields of England. The inhabitants of cities, pent up in their gloomy walls for successive weeks, have a strong relish for pastoral pleasures. Their tastes may not be the most refined,—but they delight to sit under a gentle hill, such as that which looks over the smiling fields and the little river where Walton angled, hearing no din of the distant city, gazing only upon its smoke, and forgetting, for a few brief hours, the cares of their engrossing occupations. But this is vulgar. Be it so. The happiness is just as genuine as if the Lea were a brook in Valambrosa.

And yet have I seen merriment and elegance combined, in the enjoyment even of the lawns and woods of our uncertain England. I have seen the gay shallop glide along the silver Thames, to the music of mellow horns, or gentle flutes;—not a cloud dimming the face of the marble sky; not a wind stirring the bosom of the silent waters. We have landed, under the shadows of a rocky steep, clothed with the yews and oaks of past centuries; a little grassy lawn spread between the hill and the river, and, in the midst, a spring, as pure as crystal, offered its limpid gurglings to the thirsty lip. Then came the light refection—the song—the dance—the walk in the devious woods--the looking out from that glorious height upon the distant country—the brilliant sun-set—the gliding home by moonlight, amidst songs

of most delicious breath composed! And England has many scenes like this, and days as cloudless, if we would but seek them.

Happy Painters! who live in your own imaginary Arcadias, may your works endure as long as the Nature which ye represent, transmitting, to a world of anxious fears and grovelling occupations, a love for the beautiful; and creating a desire for enjoyments, which, addressing us through the senses, lift the senses to a purer and more transparent region of tranquil and contented imaginations.

S. T.

## THE BANNER OF FIVE BYZANTS.

The subject of this ballad is taken from an account of a young knight, Allan le Zouch, at the siege of Caerlaverock, who bore a banner set with five byzants. This anecdote is in Mr. Nicolas's beautiful work, now preparing for the press.

St. George for merrie England!
Fling our banner to the breeze;
That flag is borne to sweep the shore,
As it has swept the seas.

St. George for merrie England!
Our step is on the land.
Oh, France! thy sun is wrong, to shine
On English battle-brand.

The pennons float o'er gallant ranks,
With heart and eye of flame:
Some ride to win their lady's grace;
Some for a warrior's name.

I wear no colours in my cap,
And little do I care,
When monkish chronicles are writ,
Though my name be not there.

I will not fight for lady's love,
Life is a price too high;
I will not shed my blood for what
A few soft words will buy.

And still less reck I of the fame
For which the madman bleeds;
'Tis but a record on the page
One of a thousand reads.

See, yonder sweeps my pennon brave,
With byzants scattered o'er
But sparingly,—they were my last—
Now I must fight for more.

I love the festal hall, where smiles
Light up the purple wine;
And ever to win entrance there,
Or gold or steel must shine.

My banner, with its red byzants,
Points out the soldier's way—
On, on! that golden crest must be
The foremost in the fray.

L. E. L.

## ADDRESS TO A DYING FRIEND.

BY MRS. OPIE.

"THERE is light on the hill, and the valley is pass'd!
Ascend, happy pilgrim! thy labours are o'er!
The sunshine of heaven around thee is cast,
And thy weak doubting footsteps can falter *no more*.

*On*, pilgrim! that hill, richly circled with rays,
Is Zion! Lo! there "is the city of Saints"—
And the beauties, the glories, that region displays,
Inspiration's own language imperfectly paints.

But "the gate of one pearl" to thee open'd shall be,
And thou all its beauties and glories behold—
For the Saviour an entrance has purchas'd for thee,
And thy dwelling henceforth is "the City" of "Gold!"

The rustling of wings, when thou reachest the gate,
Will announce the glad angels, the sentinels there :
Knock, pilgrim ! not long thou for entrance wilt wait,
For spirits, *like thee*, to those angels are dear.

And perhaps, in the portal, the glorified band
Of kindred, and friends long remov'd from thy sight,
*Breathing welcome, and bliss*, soon around thee will stand,
Array'd in their garments of heavenly light !

Transporting re-union ! bright meed of all those
Who on earth bow'd in meekness and faith to the rod,
Still thankful, alike, if the *thorn*, or the *rose*,
Was strew'd on the path-way that led them to God !"—

* * * * * * * *

She has knock'd—she has enter'd !—Blest spirit, farewell !
We rejoice in thy bliss, though our loss we deplore.
It is JOY that thou art where the blessed ones dwell,
But, oh ! it is *grief*, *we* behold thee *no more*.

## WEDDED LOVE.

Say not, that pure and wedded love expires
Pure wedded love, in gentle bosoms stored ;
Say not, oh, say not, that its fond desires,
Like water-drops on thirsty sand out-pour'd,
Can perish wholly, or, by slow decay,
Like smouldering flames, die sullenly away !
Is love so fickle that it *cannot* rest
To one dear home confined—one chosen nest—
Though daily use weave chains of mild constraint
And fond affection pour her moving plaint
To win the truant back?—A thousand ties,
A thousand spells, each passing day supplies ;
And all we see without, or feel within,—
Resolves, and hopes, and fears,—love's being feed,
Preserving, even in this world of sin,
Its sacred flame unchanged—the common *need*,
Of friendship's tender soothing, from above
Infused ; the fountains of parental love
Solicitous, that know not pause or rest,
Flowing with ceaseless tide in either breast ;

Long hours of sickness, with the tender care
Of one, whose *looks* revealed the inward prayer,
Ascending ever to the throne of grace,
Though the lips moved not, though the anxious face
An alien look of cheerfulness assumed,
Unfelt within—sweet interchange of mind,
By many a ray of truth divine illumed;
With all time's onward course has left behind
In the dark vale of years. The sigh, the tear,
For long-lost friends who once to both were dear;
Fond recollections glean'd from other days,
The look, the voice that only spoke to praise,
Remember'd joys, remember'd hopes and fears,
With many a scene upon life's busy stage,
Or acted, or beheld, in other years,
And many a blotted and repentant page
Of faults by youthful folly ill excused,
Not seldom, nor with tearless eye, perused
In wisdom's later hour. Grave thoughts and gay
Commix'd, by which, in life's declining day,
Our hearts, tenacious of the past, are stirr'd,
As by the music of far-distant bells,
Over the surface of deep waters heard
That roll their space between.—
Such holy spells
Has pure and wedded love: degenerate minds,
Minds bent to earth, fore-doom'd of old to know
Nor lofty thoughts, nor the perpetual glow

Of high affection, that collects and binds
And treasures up what the dull sons of earth
See not, or, seeing, little deem their worth—
The scattered jewels of life's *beaten* track—
Such minds misdeem of love: they cannot sound
Its silent waters, from their own depth black;
They know not, reck not of its base and ground;
No feelings do their bosoms know, that plead
For liberty, and clamour to be freed—
But as, on autumn days, who loves to walk
In the fresh morning, an unwonted sight
Beholds;—dew-sprinkled threads from stalk to stalk
Suspended, glistening with refracted light;
And the cool earth, with pearly frost-work spread,
A new creation seems, for human tread
Unmeet—so, even so, the tender heart,
In the clear realms of elevated thought
Sitting in simple dignity apart,
Beholds a scene of varied beauty wrought
From daily products of our common life;
Beholds the seeds and elements of strife
Transform'd and blended, by the subtle power
Of mighty love, with light celestial glow—
Even till moral beauty seems the dower
Of this our earthly state, this world of sin and woe!

# CHARADES,

BY WINTHROP M. PRAED, ESQ.

## I.

Oh! yes, her childhood hath been nurst
In all the follies of my first;
And why doth she turn from the gorgeous throng,
From the monarch's smile, and the minstrel's song?

Why doth she watch how the ripples play
Around my second, in yon fair bay;
While the boat in the moonlight nears the shore,
With her speechless crew, and her muffled oar?

Hath she not heard, in her lonely bower,
My whole's fond tale of magic power?
Softer and sweeter that music flows,
Than the Bulbul's hymn to the midnight rose.

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## II.

When my first comes down, with her chilling frown,
On Kenneth's lordly halls,
My second will roam from its earthy home,
Around those silent walls.

That warrior's heel is clad in steel,—
But soundless is its tread:
That warrior's hand holds beaming brand,—
But who should fear the dead?

Through battle and blast the knight had past,
O'er many a stormy tide;
From the field of fame unscathed he came,
And by my whole he died.

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## III.

Across my first, with flash and roar,
The stately vessel glides alone;
And silent on the crowded shore,
There kneels an aged crone,
Watching my second's parting smile,
As he looks farewell to his native isle.

My whole comes back to other eyes,
With beauteous change of fruits and flowers;
But black to her are those bright skies,
And sad those joyous bowers:
Alas! my first is dark and deep,
And my second cannot hear her weep!

## IV.

Sir Eustace sails to the far crusade,
In radiant armour drest;
And my first is graven on his blade,
And broidered on his breast.

And a flush is on his cheek and brow,
And a fever in his blood,
As he stands upon my second now,
And gazes on the flood.

Away, away! the canvas drives,
Like a sea-bird's rustling wing;
My whole hath a score of Moslem lives,
Upon its twanging spring.

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## V.

My first, which was so fresh and fair,
Has faded from that cheek of thine;
The lips which looked like Love's own shrine,—
My second revels there!

Roses are springing o'er thy clay;
And there my whole, obscurely bright,
Still shows its little lamp by night,
And hides it still by day.

Aptly it decks that cypress bower ;
For even thus thy faith was proved,
Most clearly seen, most fondly loved,
In Sorrow's darkest hour !

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## VI.

My first came forth in booted state,
For fair Valencia bound ;
And smiled to feel my second's weight,
And hear its creaking sound :
And " here's a gaoler, sweet,"—quoth he,
" You cannot bribe or cozen ;
" To keep one ward in custody,
" Wise men will forge a dozen."

But day-break saw a Lady guide
My whole across the plain ;
With a handsome Cavalier beside,
To hold her bridle rein ;
And " blessing on the bonds !" quoth he,
" Which wrinkled age imposes ;
" If woman must our prisoner be,
" Our chain should be of roses."

## A NOON-DAY DREAM.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

[*Written in Southern Africa.*]

'Twas noontide—and, breathless beneath the hot ray,
The far-winding vales of the wilderness lay:
By the Koonap's lone brink,* with the cool shadow o'er me,
I slept—and a Dream spread its visions before me.
Methought, among scenes which I lov'd when a boy
I was walking again, with young feelings of joy;
For my soul, like the landscape, seemed soften'd and changed
To what it was once,—when in childhood I ranged
Those fair haunts, to gather the bright summer flowers,
Or chase with gay rapture the birds through the bowers.
—On my dreaming ear waters were murmuring still,
But the wild foreign river had shrunk to a rill;
And Caha's dark mountains* had melted away;
And the brown thorny desert, where antelopes stray,

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* A river near the Caffer frontier. The adjoining country, since the Caffers were driven out of it, in 1819, remains uninhabited.

† A range of rocky mountains, covered with forest.

Had become a sweet glen, where the young lambs
were racing,
And yellow-hair'd children the butterflies chasing;
And the meadows were gemm'd with the primrose
and gowan,
And the ferny braes fringed with the hazel and
rowan;
And the foxglove look'd out from the oziers dank;
And the wild-thyme and violet breath'd from the bank.
—And green shelter'd glades 'mid the landscape
were seen,
Half hid by the grey rocks, that high o'er them lean,
Where the light birch above its loose tresses was
waving,
And the willow below in the blue stream was laving
Its silvery garlands of soft downy buds:
And the mellow thrush sang to his mate in the woods;
And the brood of the wild-duck plash'd over the pool,
New-fledged from their nest 'mong the well-cresses
cool.
—And trouts from the limpid stream lightly were
springing;
And larks in the dewy air merrily singing;
And down in the copsewood the cushat was cooing;
And high o'er the moorland the huntsman hallooing;
And the pipe of the shepherd was heard from the
mountain,
And the milk-maiden's carol replied from the
fountain:

With the lowing of herds from the broom-blossom'd
lea;
The cuckoo's soft note from the old beechen tree;
The waving of woods in the balm-breathing gale,
The dash of the mill-wheel afar down the vale:
All these were around me: and with them there came
Sweet voices, that call'd me aloud by my name,—
And looks of affection from innocent eyes,—
And light-hearted laughter,—and shrill joyous cries:
And I saw the mild features of all that were there,
Unalter'd by years, and unclouded by care!

Then it seem'd as that scene slowly melted away,
Like the bright cloud of morn in a midsummer's day;
And I lost the blithe sounds of the pastoral glen,
Mid the rattle of wheels, and loud murmurs of men.
—I stood on a mount, and saw, towering around,
A proud ancient city, with palaces crown'd;
Where statesmen and heroes seem'd passing along,
With poets and sages—a glorious throng!
I heard, from on high, the loud heralds proclaim,
With their silver-toned voices, each patriot name:
And I mark'd, yet afar, their mild dignified mien,
And their aspect benevolent, simple, serene;
And linger'd, in heart-greeting silence, to gaze
On the faces of those I had lov'd in their lays.
But these feelings were brief; for, as closer they came,
Their bearing and looks seem'd no longer the same;
And features, that distance had soften'd or veil'd,
Grew harsh and distinct, till I shudder'd and quail'd—

Disturb'd with dark thoughts, like the heavings of ocean,
When it feels, amidst calm, the far-coming commotion.
While I gazed * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
Through scenes of confusion and uproar mad—
Till my head grew sick, and my heart was sad!

Then the visionary pageant again seem'd to change,
And a land lay before me, of aspect strange,
Where the tumult of voices disturb'd me no more,
But I heard the hoarse surf dashing wild on the shore,
As bewilder'd I stood. Yet, I was not alone;
For still, amid crowds, my Dream pass'd on—
'Mid crowds—but silent, and sad as death—
For it seem'd as if each man held his breath
And cower'd with his body, in mortal fear,
Like a caitiff beneath the conqueror's spear.
—Then I turn'd, and lifted my wondering eye,
And beheld a grim Spectre enthron'd on high,
And his name, it was written—TYRANNY!
I gazed—and beheld how his scourge-bearing hand
Was high outstretch'd o'er the shuddering land;
And his eyes, that like those of the basilisk shone,
Blasted whatever they glared upon.
—Yet crowds of votaries, kneeling around,
Were worshipping him, with a whispering sound;

And, ever and anon, his priests on high
Hymn'd forth his praises to the sky.—
—Full many a race lay mingled there—
Swart Afric's tribes with their woolly hair,
The enslav'd Madegass, and dejected Malay,
And degenerate Belgian, slavish as they,
Prone and promiscuous round him lay.—
—As I drew more near, 'mid the suppliant train,
My heart swell'd high, with grief and pain,
Proud England's children there to view,
Commingled with that crouching crew:
And I marvell'd much that no manly hand
Was rais'd to redeem the desolate land;
For I saw that the Monster's enchanted mould,
Though braced with iron and bound with gold,
Was fram'd but of base and crumbling dust,
Unfit to withstand the avenger's thrust.
—While thus I was musing, a crashing stroke,
As when the red lightning shivers the rock,
Fell!——And I started and awoke!

Awaking—I heard but the wild river sounding—
I gaz'd, but saw only the klip-springer bounding*—
And the eagle of Winterberg,† high o'er the woods,
Sailing supreme, 'mid his still solitudes.

*Caffer Frontier*, 1825.

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* Antelope Oreotragus.

† A lofty mountain near the sources of the Koonap river.

## THE INDIAN'S CORPSE RECOGNIZED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABASSAH."

Unown'd, despis'd, denied the claim
  Of shelter in the bier,—
Is this thy manhood's wreck—the frame,
  To young affection dear?
Could memory pause to ask thy name,
  Poor outcast,—even here;—
But mists have gather'd o'er these eyes;
The heart alone could recognize.

Silence is o'er those features:—there,
  Some loftier traits unfold,
That seem existence, yet declare
  Thy tale of days is told.
Life shrinks beneath that marble air,
  So peaceful—yet so cold!
Thou feel'st not—heed'st not, that the chain
Is broken.—Does it bind in vain?

High, with proud thrill, our bosoms teem'd,
When on our hills we stood,
To hail th' approaching fight, nor dream'd
A darker ~~fate~~ subdued;
Of home, and hope, and death we deem'd,
But not of servitude:
To this, the slave has learn'd to bow;
But thou and those reclaim me now!

Oh! that this being, worn with woes,
Its kindred plains could trace;
Or join thy parted soul, that goes
To seek its native place,
Where plaintain's shade, and streams enclose
The dwellings of our race:
Where love is cloudless,—light is free,—
And Age unstain'd—as Infancy!

Thou, brother of my boyhood, turn—
Behold my spirit's truth,
That, chill'd with winter's snows, will yearn
O'er broken ties of youth!
Unskill'd the white man's creed to learn,
Untutor'd to its sooth,
I ask not where his Heaven may be—
It holds no memories for me!

## THE ITALIAN WANDERER.

THE captain of an English merchant-vessel was walking at a hurried pace along the Cours, the principal street at Marseilles, intent upon transacting the last commercial business which detained him in that city. His brig was lying in the harbour, with all her crew on board;—the wind was favourable. He stopped an instant at the door of an hotel, to bid farewell to a friend,—when a little boy seized the skirt of his coat, and, with almost extravagant volubility, accompanied by very significant gestures, shewed that he had some favour of a peculiar nature to ask from the good-tempered seaman. The boy was, evidently, not a beggar; but the impatient Captain thrust a few small coin into his hand, and increased the rapidity of his movement. Still his little friend was at his heels;—and pursued him with unceasing perseverance, till they both stopped at the door of the merchant whom the Englishman sought. Fairly run to earth, he was obliged to grant a moment's attention to the importunate child;—but even his patience was fruitless. The boy spoke only his native

Italian, with the exception of a few of the very commonest words of French;—the Captain's acquaintance with languages was upon a level with that of many other honest voyagers, who would scorn to permit their own dear English to be corrupted by the slightest disuse. Still the boy was inexorably persevering;—and the Captain, to save time, was obliged to take him to his friend the merchant, who was proud of his talents as an interpreter, and delighted to carry on his correspondence with London, Hamburgh, and Leghorn, in the languages of their respective countries.

The mystery was speedily solved. The little Italian had followed the English Captain from the quay, where he had watched him giving the last orders to his men. He wanted to go to England.

"Psha! the silly boy, what can he do in England? Does he mean to carry images, or exhibit monkeys?

"He wants to find his father."

The poor child rapidly told his story. His father had been compelled, by the distractions of Italy, having taken an active part in the ill-judged Neapolitan insurrection, to fly from his native shores. He had left Julian, his only child, with a sister residing at Palermo. His relative was dead;—he had no one to protect him;—he had, perhaps, money enough to pay his passage to England;—he was determined to seek his father.

"But what will the poor boy do, when he gets to London? He will starve."

The doubt was communicated;—but the anxious Julian exultingly produced twenty ducats, with which he proposed to pay his passage, and to maintain himself after his arrival.

The Englishman laughed;—but the gesticulations of the boy were irresistible. The merchant made interest to procure for him a passport, without delay. A handsome poodle, which the sailor had not before observed, was leaping upon the boy, who seemed anxious to communicate to the dog a decision which had caused him so much gladness.

"He does not mean to take that confounded cur with him?"—said the sailor.

The interpreter remonstrated;—but the boy was firm. His dog had wandered with him along the coast; had shared with him his scanty food, and his leafy bed. He could not part with his dog;—it was his dear father's favourite.

The last appeal subdued the Captain;—and Julian, with his dog, was soon under weigh.

The young adventurer performed his voyage without any great perils. He found himself, after six weeks, in the streets of London, with his twenty ducats still in his pocket,—for the good-natured Captain gave him his passage;—but he was without the slightest knowledge of any human being in the wide city; without the least clue to his father's address,

for he had forgotten how the letters to his aunt were dated;—and without any chance of procuring a subsistence when his little money was expended. But his object was to find his father;—and to that purpose he devoted himself with such an enthusiasm as nothing but deep affection can supply. He wandered up and down the crowded streets;—he lingered about the doors of hotels and coffee-houses;—he even ventured to pronounce the name of the Marquis de ———; but all in vain. The wilderness of London was ever shifting its appearances, though ever the same. He was lost in wonder and perplexity;—but he did not despair.

At the end of three months, the unfortunate Julian was without a shilling. He had met with boys of Italy; but they were low and profligate vagabonds, and they drove him from their company, as much as he shunned them. He perceived that there were irregular modes of obtaining subsistence in London. He went into the parks, and attracted the attention of the idlers there with his faithful dog. Numberless were the tricks that Pedro could execute: and they were of infinite use to poor Julian in his extremity.

The little wanderer soon became comparatively rich. He observed that the English were fond of street-music. One evening, he ventured to sing, in a bye-court, a song of Italy. The attempt succeeded. His means thus increased. He was invited to

join an itinerant party that compelled a subsistence out of the musical barbarism of England. For some months, he led a vagabond life with his companions; —but Julian was a boy of real taste, and he despised their filthy and pilfering habits. He hated also the hurdy-gurdy, upon which he learnt to play; —but he was instructed that the English are fond of that delicious instrument, and it became the constant companion of his wanderings.

Two years had passed in this wretched state of existence. Julian was growing beyond childhood;— he was ashamed of his occupation,—but he could not starve; and the thought that he might meet his father supported him.

The wandering pair, Julian and his dog Pedro, had, one day, been exhibiting their choicest performances at the door of a cottage. The master sung his merriest airs, and the dog balanced a stick with wonderful agility. They were invited within the walls— for the children had possession of the premises. Julian was weary, and had sat down, while four happy urchins were delighting themselves with the tricks of poor Pedro. Very uproarious was the joy; when in an instant, the little company was alarmed by the voice of the gentleman up stairs—the lodger in the one bed-room.

With a step of authority, the interrupter of mirth descended. He was a thin, pale personage, in very shabby black; and his domicile was established at

this humble cottage, in a suburb of London, as he had the honour to teach Italian, at four guineas per annum each, to six delightful pupils, at "Brunswick House Establishment for Young Ladies." He reproved the children in very broken English. Julian discovered a countryman;—the sagacious poodle recognized a nearer acquaintance. In an instant, the dog ceased his tricks, and was at the feet of the pale gentleman in black. Julian blushed—then grew white—then stared—then rose from his seat—and at the moment when the well-known voice exclaimed to the faithful dog, "Poverino! Poverino!" the boy sighed out, "Mio Padre!" and was in his father's arms!

The Marquis de ——— has trebled the number of his pupils, and is very contented with an income of seventy pounds per annum. Julian has cultivated his musical taste; and it is not unlikely that, in the ensuing winter, he may obtain an engagement in the orchestra of one of the minor theatres.

J. H.

## THE GYPSIES.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

It is a threatening eve, but yet the sky
Hath tints of loveliness. That plain of small clouds,
How still it lies upon the glimmering blue,
Like a calm rippling lake, or sheet of snow,
That the keen wind hath ruffled into ridges!
Onward the rain-storm strides:—'tis overpast.
Those skirts of yellow-grey shew that the West
Is lighted up—how beautifully!—Stand,
Stand on this hillock; 'tis a gorgeous sight,
To see the black clouds struggling with that gleam
Of parting splendour! What a brilliant flood
Breaks momently, and paints those massive heaps
With gold and crimson, while their edges glow
As with a living fire. And now those rays
Strike down in delicate lines, while the full orb
Sinks gloriously. Awhile, the golden beams
Dapple the sky, and then a mountainous pile
Blackens in sullen triumph. Still the light
Strives with the storm, and mingles with its depth,
In one broad plain of dull and coppery hue.

O! for a tranquil eve, to fill the soul
With a repose of thought; a still warm eve,
When the woods glow, and the unfretted water
Lingers beneath the green boughs; then the weeds,
Thistle and dock, that batten on this bank,
Seem beautiful: the linnet hides in them,
And, as she upward springs, they gently wave
In the soft level light. But a thick dusk,
A lowering solemn dusk, when the stream rolls
Rapidly, as the cold willows dip their leaves
Into its colder swell; when homeward rooks
Fly past in silence, and the grey hern flaps
His steady wing,—a dusk, gloomy as this,
Hath its own joy. Hark! now, how sweetly mournful
The sound of distant bells comes up the wave;
'Tis not the flickering tone that we have loved
To hear commingling with the dreamy notes
Of folded flocks;—it is a quiet music
That the sense strains to catch,—a low soft voice,
Something more earthly than the hollow wind,
And yet a sound that seems not as of man.
That owlet's screech—it is not dissonant—
The full rich flow of nightingales accords
With the clear moonshine and the blossomy gale;
But that harsh shriek was made for nights like this,
It is the storm's own song.
Saw you that light,
That sparkles on the stream? A low smoke creeps
Above the curved bank; that fugitive glare,

Which leaps upon the old oak's scanty twigs,
Proclaims the Gypsies' fire: this sudden turn
Shews all the trappings of their leafy haunt.
It is a quiet nook; the stunted tree,
And the lithe weeds that twine about the bank,
Will form their night-bower. O! how drowsily
They bask before the murky flame, which flings
Its faint gleam o'er their black dishevell'd hair,
Shrouding their deep-tann'd faces! Their old horse,
His rough, grey hide whitening in that dim light,
Browses beside the low, close-covering tent,
The only busy one. That wither'd hag
Hath heard our voices; now, she stirs the flame,
And throws aside their dusky canopy:—
There lie the lazy group, women, and men,
And children, all with vacant upturn'd eye,
Tasting an animal joy, which lazier wealth
Not seldom misses.

Most happy, or most wretched, though your tasks
Of pilfering idleness have bowed you low,
Ye seem to me as things of other times,
And other countries, relics of mystic beings,
That held communion with the silent heavens,
And talk'd of destinies. Cheats, as ye are,
Ye have within you dregs of a deep spirit,
That dwelt by mountains, or by mighty streams,
In forests that no mortal hand had rear'd,
In desert plains wide as the pathless sea.
There liv'd that spirit, gazing on the clear stars,

Till it would read the hidden depths of fate,
In their eternal courses. Lone enthusiasts,
Sages and seers! is your mysterious lore
Yet known to such as these? They have a bond
In their traditions, but the soul is fled
Of divination; and the undoubting faith,
That lent its wings to pierce the sightless world,
Abides not with these children of the wilds:—
They see the stars with no oracular soul;
They hear not songs of fate in the low wind;
Planets eclips'd have no deep lore for them;
The very herbs have lost their healing balm:
Devotion knows them not; the light of truth,
Simple, and pure, and common as the air,
For them hath ignorance veil'd;—but yet they cling
To shadows of tradition, and beguile
The simple maid with many a perilous tale
Of dark or blissful chance. I scorn you not,
Poor wanderers! for still ye seem to me
Heirs of a pastoral life, the charter'd tenants
Of glade or dingle; something that Nature owns.

## "FORGET THEE?"

BY THE REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

"FORGET thee?"—If to dream by night, and muse
on thee by day;
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can
pay,
If prayers in absence, breath'd for thee to heaven's
protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in
an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future
lot,
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, indeed, shalt
be forgot!

"Forget thee?"—Bid the forest-birds forget their
sweetest tune!
"Forget thee?"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath
the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's re-
freshing dew;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its
"mountains wild and blue;"

Forget each old familiar face, each long remember'd
spot:
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou
shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and
fancy-free;
For, God forbid! thy gladsome heart should grow
less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not mine
to rove,
But let it muse its humble faith, and uncomplaining
love;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail
me not,
Forget me then;—but ne'er believe that thou can'st
be forgot!

*February*, 14, 1825.

## BALLAD.

'Tis heigh-ho, with a garland,
I will crown my lover's brow ;
When he returns from the battle
To claim my plighted vow.
Then 'tis heigh-ho for the garland !

Heigh-ho for the garland !
When the victor comes home again ;
For if he comes not a victor
He will rest among the slain.
So 'tis heigh-ho for the garland !

O heigh—ho for the garland !
I will twine it for the brave ;
And if it crown not my hero,
It will deck my maiden grave.
O heigh-ho for the garland !

TEUTHA.

## STANZAS.

BY W. S. WALKER, ESQ.

My sweet-soul'd friend, the hour is near
That ends thy little sojourn here;
When all that we retain of thee
Will be but memory's phantasy.

We grieve; yet why should we complain?
Thou hast not cross'd our path in vain;
Our future hours will owe to thee
More than the joys of memory.

Those eyes, so tranquil and so kind,
Those smiles, fresh-breathing from the mind,
Those words, like flowers of soul, revealing
The inner root of delicate feeling.

All these shall in our hearts remain;
And, in the hour of care or pain,
We'll think, that earth has more like thee;
And what has been again may be.

## SONG.

BY H. S. VAN DYK, ESQ.

Awake not,—awake not, the rose from her sleep,
Sweet Zephyr! whilst wandering o'er woodland and lea:
Thou cam'st not when starlight look'd down on the deep,
And she fell into slumbers whilst waiting for thee.
The moon-beams hung o'er to mark how she slept,
The grasshopper chirp'd not his song in her ear;
Whilst the dew-laden skies o'er her mournfully wept,
That a Rose should be sleeping, and Zephyr not near.

Awake not,—awake not, thy Rose, 'till the day
Shall rise from the ocean, unclouded and bright;
Then steal to her couch, and kiss, gently, away
The tears that she shed for thy absence at night.
She will open her leaves, as her Zephyr draws nigh,
And breathe out forgiveness, in fragrance, the while;
And, oh! as thou sink'st on her breast, with a sigh,
She will welcome her truant, again, with a smile.

## PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Oh ! when thine earthly course is run,
And Death has fixed that wandering eye,
When thy young spirit has begun
The annals of Eternity,—

Will it not soothe,—tho' joys divine
Surround thee, in that happier sphere,
To know, the heart that once was thine
Now rests enshrined in beauty here ?

Will it not soothe, to mark the care
That rears thy cypress' holy gloom,
And watch the form that lingers there,
To hold her vigils at thy tomb ?

Oh, yes !—and tho' thy spirit were
The purest in the realms of bliss,
It still might quit its starry sphere,
To watch a sinless scene like this.

W. H.

## THE MAGIC SHIP.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

O SHALLOP, fair shallop, no storm shall thee wreck,
No wind strain thy main-mast, nor foam stain thy deck,
The thunder shall pass thee, the lightning shall shine
As a lamp but to light thee thy way o'er the brine.

Thy planks never grew in the wilderness dun;
The hemp of thy sheets never shone in the sun;
The wild falcon envies thee speeding so fast,
And the moon takes delight to shine pale on thy mast.

Like the wind for its speed, like the fowl for its flight,
The thunder for strength, and the tempest for might,
Through the battle you float, midst the tempest you live;
There's a glory about you which man cannot give.

## LOVE.

Oh, love! oh, beauteous love!
Thy home is made for all sweet things,
A dwelling for thine own soft dove,
And souls as spotless as her wings;
There summer ceases never
The trees are rich with luscious fruits,
The bowers are full of joyous throngs;
And gales, that come from Heaven's own lutes,
And rivulets, whose streams are songs,
Go, murmuring on, for ever!

Oh, love! oh, wretched love!
Thy home is made for bitter care;
And sounds are in thy myrtle grove
Of late repentance, long despair,
Of feigning, and forsaking;
Thy banquet is the doubt and fear,
That come we know not whence or why;
The smile, that hardly masks a tear,
The laughter, that is half a sigh,
The heart, that just is breaking!

Oh, love! oh, faithless love!
Thy home is like the roving star,
Which seems so fair, so far above
The world, where woes and sorrows are;
But, could we wander thither,
There's nothing but another earth,
As dark and restless as our own,
Where misery is child of mirth,
And every heart is born to groan,
And every flower to wither!

# THE RUSTIC WREATH.

## A Village Story.

BY MISS MITFORD.

FEW things are more delightful, than to saunter along the green lanes of Berkshire, in the busy harvest time;—the deep verdure of the hedge-rows, and the strong shadow of the trees, contrasting so vividly with the fields, partly waving with golden corn, partly studded with regular piles of heavy wheat-sheaves; the whole rustic population abroad; the entire earth teeming with fruitfulness, and the bright autumn sun careering over head, amidst the deep blue sky, and the white fleecy clouds of the most glowing and least fickle of the seasons. Even a solitary walk loses its loneliness in the general cheerfulness of nature. The air is gay with bees and butterflies; the robin twitters from amongst the ripening hazel-nuts; and you cannot proceed a quarter of a mile without encountering some merry group of leasers or reap-

ers, or some long line of huge majestic wains, groaning under their rich burthen, brushing the close hedges on either side, and knocking their tall tops against the overhanging trees—the very image of ponderous plenty.

Pleasant, however, as such a procession is to look at, it is somewhat dangerous to meet, especially in a narrow lane; and I thought myself very fortunate, one day last August, in being so near a five-barred gate, as to be enabled to escape from a cortège of labourers and harvest-waggons, sufficiently bulky and noisy to convoy half the wheat in the parish. On they went, men, women, and children, shouting, singing, and laughing, in joyous expectation of the coming Harvest-Home,—the very waggons nodding from side to side, as if tipsy, and threatening, every moment, to break down bank, and tree, and hedge, and crush every obstacle that opposed them. It would have been as safe to encounter the Car of Jaggernaut: I blest my stars for my escape, and after leaning on the friendly gate, until the last gleaner had passed,—a tattered rogue of seven years old, who, with hair as white as flax, a skin as brown as a berry, and features as grotesque as an Indian idol, was brandishing his tuft of wheat-ears, and shrieking forth, in a shrill childish voice, and with a most ludicrous gravity, the popular song of "Buy a Broom,"—after watching this young gentleman (the urchin is of my acquaintance,) as long as a curve in

the lane would permit, I turned to examine in what spot chance had placed me, and found before my eyes another picture of rural life, but one as different from that which I had just witnessed as the Arcadian peasants of Poussin from the boors of Teniers, or weeds from flowers, or poetry from prose.

I had taken refuge in a harvest-field belonging to my good neighbour, Farmer Creswell: a beautiful child lay on the ground, at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labor of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath,—enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-bines, and light fragile hare-bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears,—around its hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic, occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmonised with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology,—of the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of that finest pastoral in the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part

of the world, the only child of his only brother; and, having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle, as fondly and carefully as his own son, Walter. He said, that he loved her quite as well, perhaps he loved her better; for, although it were impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold, handsome youth, who at eighteen had a man's strength and a man's stature, was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the county, yet the fairy Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his house-keeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the very apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred horse or a favorite greyhound. She could make a shirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspaper: was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy-woman in the county. There was not such a handy little creature any where; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet, out of doors, as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind;—nobody was like his Dora. So said, and so thought Farmer Creswell; and, before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that, in due time, she should marry his son, Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now, Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known

to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular man, stout and active, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile: his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl was, undoubtedly, the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the very highest degree, had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle, and perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent, and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiments, and pursuing them cautiously and successfully; a good farmer, and a good man.

His son Walter, who was, in person, a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him, also, in many points of character; was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin much as he would have loved a favourite sister, and might, very possibly, if let alone, have become attached to her as his father wished; but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement; to hold himself bound to a mere child—the very idea was

absurd—and restraining, with difficulty, an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way,—and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other side of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight drooping figure, and a fair, downcast face like a snow-drop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together. The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length, her mother died, and, deprived of a home and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage. An immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and, in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and pennyless widow; unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper, neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation, and blameless de-

portment, of the widowed bride, she and her infant must have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighbourhood was zealous to relieve and to serve them; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off, at once, her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy, and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would admit. Every shilling of her pocket-money she expended on her dear cousins; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from a silk frock to a penny tartlet. Everything that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for, though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her, to those whose claim seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs, at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter, in the Harvest Field: the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue:—

"And so, Madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick and so melancholy; and the

dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me, and smiled in my face.—"Only look at him!" continued she, "and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother, living on charity, and they my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst I, that have no right whatsoever, no claim, none at all, I that, compared to them, am but a far-off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself; he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself, too; I know that he is. So tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often, at meal times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened; or, what is worse, call me ungrateful or undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He never has seen him, then? and that is why you are tricking him out so prettily?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter; and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's fowers!" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words that I had ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's flowers!" said his zealous preceptress.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No, Ma'am; I look for my uncle here, every minute; and this is the best place to ask a favour in, for the very sight of the great crop puts him in good humour; not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day on purpose to please him; for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, Ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him, poor child, so helpless, so harmless; his own blood too, and so like his father? No heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that his will not. Only,"—pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope—"only I'm half afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange, when one wants any thing to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets, especially.—I remember when my Lady Countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India, the

obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train, to shew the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow Marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open at five, the other day, when dear Miss Julia came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern ;— and then it 's Saturday, and he has such a beard! If the child should be frightened!—Be sure, Walter, that you don't cry !" said Dora, in great alarm.

" Gan-papa's fowers !" replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat ; and his young protectress was comforted.

At this moment, the farmer was heard whistling to his dog, in a neighbouring field ; and, fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success ; and, passing the harvest-field in my way, found a group assembled there which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air ; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself ;

a pale, slender young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols, with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and the sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand.—Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora, and I give you joy, from the bottom of my heart. Little Walter behaved well, then?"

"Oh, he behaved like an angel!"

"Did he say Gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once; the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up in his arms and hugged him, just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy: he put up his little hands and stroked it; and laughed in his grand-father's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed;—and oh! how my uncle did kiss him! I thought he would never have done; and then he sat down on a wheat-sheaf, and cried; and I cried, too. Very strange, that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the rustic wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat:

"Very strange," repeated she, looking up, with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn-flowers—"very strange, that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down, faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

# SIR WALTER SCOTT'S STUDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY."

> Pray you, step softly, that the blind mole may not
> Hear a foot fall:—*this is his Cell!*
>
> *Shakspeare.*

TREAD lightly!—'tis a land of spells!
'Tis "Fairy Fiction's" throne!
And here her great Magician dwells,
Unrivall'd and alone!
Glance round in silence and in awe,
Unlike to him who rashly saw
Agrippa's chamber shewn;
For who would dare in lore to face
The Master-Spirit of this place?

The reliques of a distant age,
The helmet, and the spear,
The blazon'd shield, the Missal-page,
And Gothic tomes, are here:
Like fragments gather'd from the tomb,
By Wizard in the midnight gloom,
To make the dead appear!
So these, with art as great, constrain
Long-buried years to rise again!

And they were mighty spells of yore,
For Knight or Priest to wield;
Which chain'd the soul in mystic lore,
Or fired it for the field:
But, though they oft might wrested be,
Of old, to craft or cruelty,
Yet now those arts they yield;
And, like dead giants, most avail
To weave the magic of a tale.

Yet, if to calm ungifted sight
This Wizard-cell is dread,
What may it be when spells of might
Are through the chamber spread?
When all with quaint device is rife,
And spring at once to magic life,
The heroes of the dead!
To act upon this wond'rous spot,
Scenes History knew not,—or forgot.

They come!—a fresh and living train,
Not vision-like, nor pale;
The Prince is in his pride again,
The Warrior in his mail:
Stern Puritan and Priest are there,
Gallant as gay, and Maid as fair,
As if Oblivion's veil
Had never wrapp'd them in its shade,
Nor Death had taught the cheek to fade.

Yes! in that train is many an one,
Whom Time shall ne'er destroy;
The brave and guilty MARMION,
And "Scotland's bold ROB ROY:"
The LADY of Loch Katrine's Lake,
Where ALLAN BANE yet seems to wake
His harp to notes of joy;—
To think his native North can claim
One Minstrel of immortal fame.

Here, too, a living history
Of Britain seems to pass;
As IVANHOE and WAVERLEY
Lead on the moving mass;
Whilst HE, the great, the Master-Mind,
Like Banquo's Spirit, walks behind,
And bears a peopled glass;—
Where many a future scene is shewn,
And proudly claims them for his own.

Aye! and thine offspring shall be Kings,
When meaner works shall die;
The only bound of glorious things
Is immortality!
Oh! 'tis a proud and goodly page,
Which Truth and Fiction both engage,
To guard and glorify.
Not veil'd, like hoarded gold or gem,
But worn like radiant diadem!

Now close the Vision, lest its rays
" Blast with excess of light ;"
As those who, on the noontide blaze,
Have fix'd their dazzled sight.
But, though the charmed spot ye leave,
The raptured sense will to it cleave,
Until 'tis vanish'd quite :
And all that Earth holds wise or rare,
Memory will deem lies treasured there !

# HOPE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Thou thing of many colours.
*Shakspeare.*

Beautiful fairy Spirit! that dost take
More shapes and features than, 'tis said, of yore,
So ancient legends write, (perchance they make
The fabled tale,) Proteus, the changeling, wore;
Beautiful fairy Spirit! can there be
A breast that does not ope some vista-light for thee?

No!—for thou stealest on, with subtle art,
Unfelt—unseen—unknown,—till thou hast fix'd
Thy mystic dwelling in the human heart;
But with so many diff'ring passions mix'd,
That oft we know thee by some other name,
But, though miscall'd by us, thine office is the same.

Poets have sung, and Painters fashion'd thee,
In many hues and colors, as, of old,
Cameleons were;—some, with thy vestments free,
And zone loose flowing;—some, with locks of gold,
A fair-brow'd nymph;—some, with thine anchor cast,
Firm in a rock;—but all—all own thee, Hope, at last!

YOUTH sees thee in the sunbeam's glowing ray,
Or on the dancing stream; for, to the heart,
In *that* glad season, simplest things convey
Thine image, beyond Bard or Sculptor's art;
The Bird's wild song, the Summer's budding flowers,
All breathe alike of HOPE, in youth's unclouded hours!

The LOVER greets thee in an April smile,
Half tears, half sunshine;—thence *his* fancy draws
A store of Hope, on which his soul awhile
May banquet, till the icy coldness thaws
That maiden bashfulness, or worldly art,
Too often, for man's peace, wraps round the female heart!

The SAILOR hails thee in the fresh'ning breeze
That fills his swelling sail, and wafts him home;
The SOLDIER, 'mid the battle's tumult, sees
Thy form on Victory's helm; and, as the foam
Whitens his gallant steed, he spurs him on,
Till glory's goal is gain'd—and honor's meed is won!

Thou visitest the CAPTIVE's prison-grate,
In dreams of former years, leaving him free
To fancy's musings; and, though desolate,
Thou giv'st to him ideal Liberty;

For memory becomes Hope: *she* bids him roam
Back to the forest-glades, that screen his cottage-home!

Thou comest to the MOTHER, watching pale
Beside the couch on which her FIRST-BORN lies,
Like a young lily, by the Summer gale,
Too rudely breath'd on; to *her* anxious eyes
Thou shew'st thyself, in the faint, hectic streak
(Like morning's earliest beam) that kindles o'er his cheek!

But thou deceiv'st her, HOPE! for, in the light,
Glancing so wildly from his sunken eye,
In the flush'd cheek, and brow's transparent white,
Less sanguine gazers DEATH'S fell shaft descry;
They know the blush of that unearthly bloom
Comes (like a mocking fiend) the herald of the tomb!

HOPE! to the aged and expecting SAINT,
Thou com'st with rays of glory; wearing *then*
An angel's form,—(as sacred poets paint
Those who, of old, dwelt 'midst the "Sons of men,"
Veil'd in their mortal nature for awhile,
To make the barren waste a second Eden smile!)

Thou dost descend to HIM, radiant with love,
And cloth'd in robes of mercy; at the last
Coming, as did the heaven-directed dove,
To shew the fury of the waters past;
Thou art "the still small voice," within his breast,
Calling the wave-toss'd ark to everlasting rest!

Beautiful holy Spirit! thou dost bring
Thy sister, FAITH, with her meek up-rais'd eyes,
And bearing "peace and healing on her wing,"
To waft the SOUL back to its native skies;
With such blest guides—such "full assurance" giv'n,
God calls the JUST from earth, to perfect him in heav'n.

## MY FAR-OFF HOME.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

My far-off home, my home of love,
Each passing hour to thee I fly;
I rarely raise my eyes above,
But prayer is pleading in my eye.
If smiles the morn, if stars look bright
In heaven's clear and splendid dome,
I sigh, half sad, in that pure light,
And ask if all be bright at home?

Some thought, some hope, to thee all true,
Upon my heart is ever waking;
While thousand fears what time may do,
Still keep its restless pulses aching.
If seas run smooth, and all aloft
Looks fair, as o'er the wave we roam,
I fondly trust an air as soft
Is breathing health around my home.

Does aught provoke a laugh, a smile,
As fancy calls some thought away;
Oh! even then I pause awhile,
To ask if all at home be gay.
But, oh! when sad and lone I lean,
In musings, o'er the gliding sea,
I ask, if looks as sad are seen
In eyes that weep warm tears for me?

## SONNET.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

*To* ———

Our paths are desolate and far apart—
Our early dreams have vanished.—Never more
May we together mingle, as before,
Our fond impassioned spirits. Quick tears start,
As eager memories rush upon my heart,
And burst oblivion's cloud. The countless store
Of star-like spells that softly glimmered o'er
The twilight maze of youth, a moment dart
Their fitful beams on care's reverted eye!
So false the promise of the past hath been,
I dare not trust the future. All things fly
My onward way, and mock the lengthening scene.
O'er life's dim mist thy form is floating bright—
Fair and approachless as the Queen of Night!

# THE CACADORE.

## A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BLESSED! thrice blessed, is England in the circumstance that she is never *the seat of war*. Since the great civil war, all our contests have been abroad—for the rebellion of 1745 was too slight and transient to deserve to be mentioned as an exception. Few Englishmen, indeed, have any exact idea of the horror and wretchedness included in the phrase I have placed in italics above:—it needs to have been an eye-witness of war, on a great scale, to form a conception of the dreadful reality of this subject. No! thanks be unto God, few Englishmen *can* conceive what it is to have an enemy's army in the heart of one's country;—the direct exaction, oppression, and plunder—the galling insult which makes the blood boil, but which it is destruction to resent—the ruin of our fortunes and our hopes—the devastation which years cannot replace—the outrages which it makes the heart shudder but to think of—these things, no Englishman knows from his own

experience as a sufferer: he can have beheld them only as a witness, and in foreign lands.

This inestimable exemption from an evil to which all the continental nations have, in turn, been exposed, engenders, however, a certain degree of callousness among our countrymen, in these matters; or, rather, they sympathise but little with sufferings of which they have no very distinct idea. What I am about to relate may serve to induce the reader to reflect upon *what war really is;* and the next time, (and far, far distant may it be!) when he shall hear the roar of cannon, the chime of bells, and the general hubbub of rejoicing for some great victory, let him call to mind, that it is won at the price (not only of the brave men slain in battle—that I pass—but) of such events as the following. He may depend on the accuracy of the picture—I narrate but what passed under my own eyes; the trite quotation is strictly applicable:

> " quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
> Et quorum pars magna fui.'

The only variation from fact is in the suppression of the real names.

When Lord Wellington retired behind the lines of Torres Vedras, I was in command of a company of Caçadores, or Portuguese light infantry, having, like many British officers, accepted promotion in the Portuguese service. My subalterns were two brothers, young Scotchmen, whom I shall call Ca-

meron. They were both fine, amiable, and brave young men; but the youngest was one of the noblest, freest, most gallant and generous spirits I ever beheld. At the time of which I speak, he was not above sixteen;—tall, handsome, active, and enthusiastically devoted to his profession, he had the promise of becoming a most distinguished soldier. He had already been engaged in one or two actions, in which his behaviour had attracted great notice and praise; and, in addition to these qualities, he had a dash of romance which crowned and "harmonised the whole," peculiarly fitted for a war such as that in the Peninsula,—a "war even to the knife," for all that human nature holds most dear—for home, hearth, and roof-tree—for country, family, and friends.

At the time we entered the Portuguese service, the regiments were little more than skeletons; but recruits flocked in, in crowds, and were speedily organized into battalions, under the British officers and non-commissioned officers, who formed, as it were, the nucleus of the corps. Among the men who joined us from the country, was a young peasant of about twenty years old, whose father's cottage was within a musket-shot of our lines. He was peculiarly quick, active, and intelligent; and rapidly became what is termed a very smart soldier, and was soon promoted to be a corporal. This lad was, indeed, one of the most superior persons of his class,

I ever met with. His attention to his duty, and the smartness and precision with which it was performed, were equally remarkable. In a word, he was a pattern man; and, what is extremely rare with such persons, he was as great a favourite with his own squad, as with his officers.

Our regiment was soon complete in numbers; and its discipline, I may be permitted to say, was perfected, before its equipment in arms, and still more in clothing, was fully made. Shortly after the army had taken up its position at Torres Vedras, we were ordered in advance, and it became my turn of duty to command the out-picquet. The guard consisted of my own company, and we came to our ground about sunset. I remember that night, and that spot, as if the occurrence were of yesterday; and well, indeed, may I! As the brilliant colours of the evening faded away, a glorious moon brightened into all the radiance of a southern latitude. A half-ruined barn formed the centre of our post; it stood upon the edge of a gentle declivity, which was partly covered with bushes. About two hundred yards in advance was a cottage, which chanced to be that of Velasquez' father; and he himself, belonging to my company, was now on duty thus close to his native spot.

The last rays of the evening had finally sunken from the horizon, and I was standing, gazing on the rich moon, now rising high into the heavens, when,

suddenly, I was alarmed by a shot, and a loud scream, which seemed to proceed from the cottage of which I have spoken. Accompanied by Niel Cameron (the younger of the two brothers) and eight or ten men, among whom was Velasquez, I hurried to the sentry at the outpost nearest to the spot. He said, that he had heard the reports, and immediately seen three or four men rush from the door, and make off in the opposite direction to our picquet. We hastened on to the cottage,—advancing, however, with caution, not knowing what the real cause of the alarm might be. All was still.—We reached the door: it was open, and on its threshold lay a cap, apparently that of a French officer, in a position which inferred that it had been struck from his head by the door-sill as he hurried out. We entered the cottage, and there, on the floor, lay the bodies of two elderly men. Velasquez sprang to them. They were his father and his uncle. They were both quite dead! But this was far from all: a murmuring sound, as if of some one half groaning, half striving to speak, was heard proceeding from a small inner room. On the instant, Velasquez started from his father's corpse, upon which he had thrown himself, and rushed into the other room. Never, while I have life, shall I forget the shriek which, at this moment, burst from him. It was the most appalling sound I ever heard issue from human lips—and truly

so it well might be, for it was caused by the extremity of human agony.

Upon entering the room, we found Velasquez in the act of raising from the floor the body of a young woman, whom some of his comrades immediately recognized to have been betrothed to him. She was pale, insensible, and apparently dying. The blood oozed from a wound in her side, and there were livid marks upon her throat, as though produced by a violent grasp of the hand. The manifestation of despair by Velasquez was such as, in our colder countrymen, would have been considered extravagant; but in him these frantic transports were no more than natural. With alternate tears and curses, he vowed vengeance, deep and desperate, upon the author of his calamities. At length, we bore the body of the dying person to the barn, which I have mentioned as being the head-quarters of our picquet for the night, and she was laid upon some straw that had been spread out for the soldiers to sleep on. Cameron and I then bound up her wound. Velasquez seemed wholly unconscious of what was going on. When we desired him to hold the handkerchief, he appeared not to understand us; but when the end of it was placed in his hand, he held it until it was tied. I despatched a man to beg the attendance of the surgeon of the regiment, and then retired with Cameron, within a partition which screened us from Velasquez and his charge. The rest of the

guard had, with that delicacy which the rudest learn instinctively at the sight of deep distress, withdrawn from the place, and left them alone together.

That was the longest and most painful night I ever spent. I thought day would never break. Hour after hour I expected the arrival of the surgeon—every noise I thought was that of his arrival; but he came not. Towards one o'clock, the wind began to rise; and, as it howled through the crazy building, it rendered the silence that otherwise reigned, broken only by the moans of the dying woman, still more dreadful. The whole scene, indeed, impressed my mind with a degree of awe it has never forgotten. Velasquez sat by the side of the wounded girl; his musket rested between his knees, with one hand clasping her's, and the other supporting his head. During the whole of those dreary hours, he spake no word, he shed no tear—despair seemed to have frozen all his faculties. As the flickering of the fire fell upon his countenance, I beheld his eyes glazed and fixed on vacancy. His body rocked mechanically to and fro; and this was the only sign he gave of animation. He seemed lost to every thing, except the intense consciousness of his misery.

The night wore heavily away, and still the surgeon did not arrive. I afterwards learned that he was called by duty to a distant part of the lines, and that my messenger did not reach him till too late. At an hour before day-break, it is usual for the ad-

vanced guard to get under arms, and we rose from our straw for that purpose. As we passed through that part of the building in which Velasquez and his betrothed were, we found the unhappy man in exactly the same posture as when he first sat down. We went up to them, in order to ascertain the woman's state, when we found that her consciousness was beginning to return. I feared that it was, as indeed it proved to be, that restoration of the senses which so often precedes dissolution. After a time, she was enabled to give a distinct account of all that had occurred the night before. She said, that about nightfall, when she only was at home, a party of about five or six French soldiers, with an officer at their head, had entered the house. This man she described, as being a tall, powerful man, with light hair, and especially remarkable for wearing enormous moustaches, which were still more conspicuous from their extreme whiteness. This man, it seems, had proceeded to commit upon this unfortunate girl every outrage which the utmost brutality could suggest. In the mean time, her father and uncle (for she was Velasquez' cousin) came in, and endeavoured to rescue her from the ruffian's gripe. The result was the instant murder of them both, and she herself was also struck down by a pistol-ball. The men, then, fearing the reports would alarm our picquet, escaped with precipitation. The cap, however, which had belonged to the officer, chanced to con-

tain some memoranda and papers, from which we learned not only his regiment, but his name.

The scene which ensued between Velasquez and his cousin was the most affecting that it ever has been my lot to witness. She survived but a few minutes. The man still continued sitting by her side, and still held her hand in his. Cameron strove to rouse him; and addressed to him those ordinary topics of consolation, beyond which there is nothing to urge, but which, alas! we feel to be futile. At last, varying from the deed to the doer, Cameron exclaimed, "If ever I meet that man, be it to-morrow, or twenty years hence, if I am prisoner with the French, or he prisoner with us,—If ever I meet that man, by Heaven! I'll shoot him!" Velasquez, who hitherto had been quite passive, started at these words! With the impetuosity of his nation, he rushed towards Cameron, and, seizing him in his arms, poured forth a flood of blessings upon him, interrupted by the sobs and tears which now burst freely from him. They were the first he had shed, and they relieved him.

Of a sudden, he reflected that this conduct was improper towards his officer, and breaking abruptly from him, without saying a word, seized his firelock, and walked instinctively towards his place in the ranks. An old English serjeant-major, a veteran of fifty, took him by the hand, with that respect which sorrow always commands, and led him to his

place. As he passed along, mingled pity and indignation gleamed in the dark eyes of his comrades; and many an imprecation was muttered against the Frenchman, which were afterwards but too bitterly fulfilled.

Day had by this time fully dawned,—and I beheld that of which I had, of course, frequently heard, but which I never personally witnessed but that once. The hair of the unhappy sufferer had turned from black to snow-white, in the course of this thrice miserable night! Awful, indeed, are the ravages which the agony of the human spirit produces upon the human frame!

From this time forward, Velasquez was wholly changed. He did his duty, indeed, with tolerable regularity—but the activity and zeal which had so much recommended him to his officers were gone. He seldom or never spoke,—he became negligent in his person, which had before been remarkable for its neatness,—his spring of mind was totally lost. All the officers of the regiment, of course, were acquainted with his story; and pity for the man's exceeding calamity, as well as the recollection of the former excellence of his conduct, made them always overlook any irregularities or negligences which were observable in him. He had the melancholy privilege of misfortune.

In the mean time, there was one remarkable exception to his general apathy, though even this

shewed itself more in silent actions than in words. He attached himself, almost exclusively, to Neil Cameron. He was always, when it was by any means possible, in his presence,—he watched his steps,—he anticipated his wants,—he seemed to live but for his service. But it was but too plain that the ardent thirst of revenge mingled largely in the gratitude which had called this attachment forth. It was the declaration of Niel, that he would destroy the Tirailleur officer, wherever he met him, that had sunk so deep into the soul of the Portuguese; and the dark, fierce fire that often burned within his eyes, as he gazed on Cameron, shewed that this pledge was constantly present to his thoughts.

Some months passed on. Massena broke up from before Torres Vedras, and commenced his celebrated retreat. We were in full pursuit, and had already entered the Spanish territory, when again it became our turn to take the duty of out-picquet to the army. My detachment, as before, consisted of my own company; and we might muster from ninety to an hundred men. The French were supposed to be within a day's march of us, and we had orders to be peculiarly vigilant and careful. We arrived upon our ground at about six o'clock, on a beautiful summer's evening; and had scarcely been there a quarter of an hour, when a Spanish peasant came to us, and gave us information, that an escort of about fifty French, with some cattle, were about to pass within

three miles of our front; and he entreated us to come and rescue the cattle, and cut off the detachment. These foragers, he said, had pressed the unhappy owners of the cattle to drive them; he himself had been one of these; but he had escaped, to give us this notice. I explained to the man that it was impossible for us to leave our post. We were there on a most important duty, and it was out of the question that we should stir. I offered, however, to send him to the rear. No;—that, he said, would take up too much time. The escort would be gone. His friends, he added, had promised to conduct it through a defile within three miles of us, where we might cut them off to a man. He described the party as consisting of about fifty men of the —— regiment, and commanded by a tall ferocious man, with the most extraordinary *white moustaches* he had ever beheld! Velasquez was present when the man told his story. As usual, he seeemed listless and unheeding, till the number of the regiment struck upon his ear. His attention then became the keenest; and when mention was made of the officer with the white moustaches, the whole man seemed inspired with new and dreadful life. I had my eye on him at that moment:—his swarthy cheek grew pale as death,—his lips quivered,—his eyes became suddenly bloodshot,—and he burst out abruptly into a wild exclamation of revenge and joy. All sense of discipline was lost in an instant. He called upon his

comrades to join him in executing vengeance upon this monster; he conjured them, in a few broken, rapid, and passionate sentences, as they loved their parents, as they reverenced their religion, as they esteemed the honour of their sisters, of their wives, and of the Blessed Virgin, (such, I remember, was his expression,) to join him in cutting off this miscreant from the face of the earth. Then, suddenly, turning to Niel Cameron, he reminded him of his promise; he claimed its performance. "You will not, sir," he said, "I am sure you will not, fail me now!"—"No, by heaven, will I not!" exclaimed Niel. "Follow me, my lads!"—and away rushed the whole company, except about eight or ten, chiefly consisting of English, in the direction which the Spaniard pointed out. In vain did I command them to halt,—in vain did I implore them not to desert their post and me,—in vain did I call upon Cameron not thus to forget his duty as a British officer, and join, instead of quelling, this mutinous movement. I might as well have entreated a mountain torrent to return up the face of the rock;—they were drunk with the desire of revenge,—not a man of them paused for a moment. Nay, I was left, also, by one on whom I had relied the most fully—Archibald Cameron, the elder brother. He was a staid, firm, resolute Scotchman, and as little likely as any man I ever knew to be led away by a sudden impulse of this kind. But his affection for his bro-

ther was of the most engrossing character. Admiration, and pride in him, mingled with brotherly love; and the more ardent disposition of Niel usually gave him the ascendant, as in this case. For, when Archibald found that it was impossible to dissuade him from going, which, to do him justice, he had endeavoured to do with the utmost earnestness, he declared with an oath,—the only one I ever heard him swear—that *he* would go with him. And then he was as deaf to my endeavours to restrain him, as his brother had previously been to his own.

Finding it vain to attempt to call them back, I returned to my post; and, instantly, despatched a message to my Colonel, to inform him of what had happened, and that, consequently, the out-posts were left defenceless; and begging for orders how to act. In a short time, I received an answer from him, informing me I should immediately be relieved, and desiring me to follow my men, to bring them back, if possible; but if I found that impracticable, to stay with them, and act according to my best discretion. I accordingly set off, with the few men that remained to me, in the direction in which the others had gone. It was easy to track their course along the grass on which the dew had begun to fall, —and I came up to them in about three quarters of an hour.

I found them posted in the defile of which the Spanish peasant had spoken. I never saw a better

place for an ambuscade. It was a deep ravine, of perhaps about eighteen yards wide: the opposite bank rose bare and precipitous; while that on the hither side was covered with bushes and brush-wood, which formed the extremity of a small covert. The whole length of the defile might be about three hundred yards, when it terminated in an open heath. The men immediately perceived me approaching with my party, and made signs to me to come through the wood. This I accordingly did. On arriving at the spot, I found the party most advantageously posted along the edge of the road. About six feet above its level was a high ridge, which completely shielded them from observation, and from whence they could pour in a most murderous fire upon the French, almost at the muzzles of their pieces, before they were perceived. Behind this ridge I found the men lying; and I again attempted to persuade them to return. Niel Cameron and the Portuguese were immoveable; and Archibald declared he would not leave his brother. Again I attempted to address the men; when Velasquez came up to me, and said, sullenly, "I did not expect this from you, sir. Have you lost your father and your friends, that you know what it is to rob me of my just revenge?"—It is remarkable, that he alluded only thus generally, under the term "friends," to that which was the real root of his deadly hatred. Well, indeed, might his

tongue refuse direct utterance to a topic so loathsome as well as horrid.

All my endeavours were vain. The feelings of the men were wrought up to too high a pitch, for them to be able to listen to the call of duty. Finding, therefore, any further attempts useless, I determined to give their attack, since they were resolved to make it, all the additional effect which regularity and discipline could confer. The moment I announced this intention, they paid implicit obedience to my orders: commands of *this* kind they were indeed but too ready to obey. I exhorted them to be cool, and to reserve their fire till I gave the word. I told them that I should allow the cattle and their drivers to pass, and wait till the headmost line of the French column was abreast of me; and I placed myself at the further extremity from the side on which they would advance. Thus trained as the Caçadores are to the use of the firelock, I hoped to accomplish our object with very little loss to ourselves.

Having completed my dispositions, I lay down behind the ridge, along with the men. Night had, by this time, completely closed in,—the clouds were racking over the moon, which was near its full,—and gave, when its surface was unobscured, that strong and distinct light which is scarcely ever seen in the northern latitudes. I never shall forget the sensations which I underwent as I lay;—

I cannot say that they amounted to *fear*,—but a sort of sickening anxiety oppressed and almost choked me. I never felt thus before or since. I had been in all the thick of the work since 1808, and had been concerned in almost every principal action that had then been fought;—and I continued in active service till the very end of the war, having been wounded in the last affair that took place—namely, in the sortie at Bayonne. Yet, at no time have I ever felt any thing at all resembling the sensations of that hour. The great responsibility which I knew I was incurring,—the peculiar nature of the service in which we were engaged, more nearly resembling private vengeance than public warfare—the anxiety necessarily attending *lying in wait*—all these, and other feelings which I cannot analyze, crowded upon my mind in a mass of such oppression, that I question whether I should have retained the full possession of my faculties in any thing like distinctness, if the period of my suspense had been protracted to any long duration.

At the least noise, every ear was on the alert; and several times we thought the enemy was upon us, when it was only a false alarm. On one of these occasions, as I raised myself upon my arm to listen, my eye chanced to light upon the countenance of Velasquez, who lay within three yards of me. The moon shone full upon him, and even now I almost shudder as I call to mind the ghastly expression it

revealed to my view. His face, pale, attenuated, and wan, would have seemed more like that of a corpse than a living man, if it had not been for the burning expresion of his blood-red eyes, from which a dark lucid light seemed to gleam. The state of intense excitation in which he was had caused him to bleed at the nose, and the blood had trickled down upon his upper lip unheeded, and clung clotted on his moustache. As I looked on him, I saw him suddenly start,—his ear had caught, before mine, the lowing and trampling of cattle, and the tread of men, which I heard immediately afterwards. "Be steady!"—I exclaimed, "and do not fire before I give the word;"—and I again lay down,—and we all remained silent.

As the enemy advanced, I was enabled to reconnoitre them by the light of the moon, which was now clear and unimpeded. To my extreme surprise and discomfort, I found that what we had been led to consider as a mere foraging party of fifty men, was, in fact, a detachment of at least two hundred and fifty strong! I easily discerned the commanding officer, who rode on a mule. The moon shone directly upon his face, and I saw, distinctly, that immense moustaches, white as the driven snow, overshadowed all the lower part of the face. There was no mistaking such a man. Velasquez saw him also, for he made a sort of convulsive spring, which would have betrayed us prematurely, had I not

pressed my hand forcibly upon his arm, and kept him in his place. The French were, at this time, about one hundred yards from us, on our left, advancing with little or no order, and preceded by a drove of about twenty bullocks, driven by eight or ten Spaniards. I looked at their dense mass, as they came on, and then at our scanty line, which consisted of not above ninety-five men. It is true, the keenest and fiercest determination shone in the dark expressive eyes of my Caçadores,—but I dreaded their impetuosity,—and I awaited the result with strong anxiety. I knew, right well, that no quarter would be given,—none received. "Victory or death" was here not an unmeaning cry, but an unavoidable alternative; and, with a strong effort, I vowed myself to meet the emergency of the occasion.

On they came: the cattle in front of all, and then the Spaniards, whose looks of agitation plainly shewed they expected what was to happen. Notwithstanding all I had said, the Portuguese were so impatient, that they scarcely waited for the last of the drivers to get past them,—when, calling to them "Take care!" they pointed their fire into the French column. Its effect was murderous. The whole line had fired, with the exception of the small body immediately around me, who had before staid with me, and the closeness of the enemy caused almost every shot to tell. At one part of the line,

our men could almost have touched the enemy with the muzzles of their firelocks. But the officer had escaped,—we saw him upon his mule, encouraging his men, who were taken aback by so unexpected and deadly an attack. Every man of ours pointed towards him, as if by a simultaneous movement, and leaping from the bank, they charged the French, and drove them back upon the heath. I never saw a charge made with the fury and inveteracy of this. Every individual man had a given object,—to reach the officer,—and each strove madly to accomplish it. I must do this man justice; if he was a ruffian, he was a brave one. Enveloped as he had been in a shower of balls, it seemed as if he bore a charmed life,—every man had fired at him, no one had touched him. He, meanwhile, fought like a lion, shouting and calling at his men and at us, and loading and discharging a fusee with which he was armed, bringing down a man at about every shot. But, on our side, after the first discharge, there had been no more firing; the men did not take time to reload, but fought hand to hand with the bayonet, and the deadly Portuguese with the knife. When we got out upon the heath, the French, seeing the smallness of our numbers, recovered from their surprise and panic; and compelled us to give ground in our turn, towards the spot where the conflict had begun. The Caçadores, however, disputed it inch by inch,—they did not

give, and they would not receive, quarter. They fought man to man;—and, even when they fell, the dying still grappled with the dying; such was the inveteracy of this singular struggle.

With great difficulty I had restrained the small body immediately around me (of which I have more than once spoken,) from following the first charge, and they had also kept their fire. I felt the bitter necessity we should soon have for a reserve; and, small as it was, its effect was extraordinary. As our men were driven beyond the spot where we stood, the enemy came tumultuously on, when I gave the word to fire; and our close and steady discharge, though it was, probably, of not more than a dozen pieces, seemed to the French as though a second attack, similar to the first, was commenced; and they fell back, in some disorder. We again charged them all together; and, a second time, we drove them out of the ravine, upon the heath beyond. Here, for the confusion was great, both sides became divided into several parties, and the conflict continued with unabated obstinacy. Still, our men dropped fast, and the smallness of our numbers made every loss material. The French were still gradually giving ground; but our relative strength became more and more disproportionate every moment.

The bulk of our men were, as may be supposed, pressing on the party in which was the officer with

the moustaches. I, myself, discharged both my pistols at him, but touched him not. Velasquez, and the two Camerons, were close to my side; but still the officer was beyond our reach, and none of our shots struck him. The anxiety of Velasquez, lest the Frenchman should escape, was dreadful; he kept struggling towards him, and pointing to him, and screaming to his fellows to aim at him; when, suddenly, he was himself struck by a ball upon the under-jaw, and dropped. He was up again in a moment. His jaw was broken, and hung down; but he kept pressing forward—every feeling was lost in the one great desire for revenge. A second shot struck him in the groin; and, this time, he *could not* rise. But, as he writhed on the ground, he called to Niel Cameron not to let the officer escape; and implored him to keep on, with all the agony of invocation which such a nature at such a moment might be supposed to use. Niel dashed forward; and, at last, penetrated within ten paces of the officer;—he drew a pistol, fired, and the Frenchman fell from his mule. He raised himself, however, in a moment, upon his feet; and, taking, with his fusee, deliberate aim at Cameron, fired at him as he advanced. The shot told. Niel jumped from the ground to nearly his own height, and was dead before he reached it again! I was so close to him when he fell, that, in hurrying forward, I stumbled over his body, and well for me was it that I did so;

for, as I staggered, a ball grazed my head (I bear the mark to this day,) which, if I had been upright, must have killed me on the spot.

When their officer fell, the French rallied. I now found further resistance useless. There were not above twenty-five of us left, and of those several were wounded. I, therefore, ordered one more charge, just to disentangle us from the thick of the enemy, and desired every man afterwards to shift for himself, and to rendezvous at the further extremity of the wood. The charge was made: but of how I got into the wood, I have no recollection. The next thing I remember is, about the middle of it, finding myself, with about fourteen others, running at double quick time, with a few dropping shots occasionally falling near us, from the French, who came in pursuit. They did not, however, follow us far; and we mustered on the outskirt of the wood. Only twelve answered to their names; and such a spectacle as these presented, I never beheld! All were pale, covered with dust and sweat, and apparently exhausted from excitement and exertion. Some were wounded, and were bedabbled with blood, and faint from weakness. The men scarcely spoke; and they looked at each other with an expression of fierce melancholy, that seemed to say, that, bitterly as their revenge had cost them, it *had* been wreaked!

We remained some time on this spot, to reload, and

recruit our strength; and were about sadly to recommence our march back to our camp, when, to our infinite joy, we beheld a patroling party of our cavalry approach us. I explained to the commanding officer, as briefly as possible, what had happened.—In a minute, we were mounted behind the dragoons, and retraced our steps to the ravine where the skirmish had taken place.

All now was still. The French troops had proceeded on their march, and nothing now was heard, but at intervals the moans of the wounded and the dying. In the ravine itself lay about fifty French, where there were not above six or eight of our men; but, as we advanced upon the heath, the proportion became fearfully changed. Altogether, they had lost upwards of an hundred and fifty men, and we, about eighty. We first sought for the body of Niel Cameron. We soon found it, for I well knew the spot. It was almost cold; but the expression of the face was but little changed. A little further on lay the French officer, who had been the original cause of the conflict; and, to my great surprise, across his body was that of Velasquez! He had fallen above twenty yards distant; but the desire of revenge had given him strength and fortitude to crawl, in despite of his wounds, to where his enemy lay. Upon him he had inflicted five or six desperate gashes with his knife, and had died in the act of striking a blow, which he had not strength to complete; for the point

of the knife had penetrated the skin, and then had been driven no further, the hand having become powerless in death. We had no means of ascertaining, accurately, whether the officer was still alive at the time Velasquez reached him. But, I incline to think that he was not, for there were no appearances of a struggle having taken place between them. Velasquez lay across his body, and had expired in the act of still striking at his enemy. Truly, this was "the ruling passion strong in death!"

Such—as I find it upon my journal of the time—such, without amplification or colouring, is the story of Velasquez, the Caçadore. On the contrary, as I read this over, I am dissatisfied with it, from feeling the impossibility of giving expression to any thing approaching to the reality of the feelings, which the events, as they occurred, created. Still, I think the representation I have given is a sufficient exemplification of the position with which I begun, viz. that Englishmen are scarcely aware of *what it is* to have war within the confine of one's own country. Long, long may this ignorance continue, if it is only to be dissipated by personal experience!

# THE RED FISHERMAN.

BY W. M. PRAED, ESQ.

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"

*Romeo and Juliet.*

The Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads:
If he looked to the Heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.

A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,
He had swayed the crosier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.—
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'er-arching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honey-suckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers.
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess,
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged, and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away,
The space of half a rood;

The surface had the hue of clay,
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew,
Were venomous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes flew,
Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
As ever a company pumped;
And the perch that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped:
And bold was he who thither came,
At midnight, man or boy;
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,
And he sate down to rest on the stump of a tree:
When suddenly rose a dismal tone,—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
"Above,—below!—
"Lightly and brightly they glide and go:
"The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,
"The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
"Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
"Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left, and he looked to the right,

And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him ?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run :
The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
And the Abbey clock struck one !

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod.
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore ;
His arms and his legs were long and bare ;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double ;
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the Abbot saw him throw,
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago :
And the hands that worked his foreign vest,
Long ages ago had gone to their rest :
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly,—
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye:
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within, and a chain without;
The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth;
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!

Cold by this was the midnight air;
But the Abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain,
To mutter a Pater Noster;
For he who writhed in mortal pain,
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent Abbot knew full well,
The swelling form, and the steaming smell;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood,
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,
Of a revelling company;
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sate;
And the Priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things,
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords,
Into passion's thrilling words.

"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set,
"Upon my brow, the coronet,
"Till thou wilt gather roses white,
"To wear around its gems of light.
"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see
"Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
"Till those bewitching lips of thine,
"Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.

" Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win
" A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
" Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
" If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
" Ah ha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,
" Her gallant was hooked before;"—
And the Abbot heav'd some piteous sighs,
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!

From top to toe, the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream, or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are dry,
With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument; still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed,—he knew not why or how,—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
"Oh ho! Oh ho!
"The cock doth crow;
"It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
"Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
"He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;
"Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,—
"The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

The Abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation,
As ever was heard in the House of Peers,
Against Emancipation:
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the king himself three-quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head,
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry,
And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

# THE COMFORTS OF CONCEITEDNESS.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them;" but he who enjoys happiness as the consequence of his greatness is distinct from all three. It is not in the triumph of the warrior, the power of the statesman, the ancestral dignities of the nobleman, or the increasing wealth of the merchant, that happiness can be found, if such advantages are not accompanied by a proudly joyous consciousness of superiority, which condenses and combines all that is most precious in fame, riches, or sovereignty itself. Nature, alike generous to all, bestows this happy temperament, this substantial sense of tangible greatness, as freely in one situation of life as another; and although our northern climate and calculating habits forbid the buoyant spirit of happy conceitedness to appear frequently amongst us, yet English pride will sometimes furnish an admirable, perhaps an enviable, specimen.

Jonathan Honeywood, grocer and tea-dealer, tallow-chandler and general dealer, in the populous village where I resided some five-and-twenty years ago, always appeared to me, not only the most contented, but the most blissful man I have ever seen, heard, or read of. There was nothing shadowy or unreal in his felicity, nothing vapoury or mutable in his sense of enjoyment; for it was established on a perfect conviction, that his own wisdom, knowledge, wealth, and importance,—in one word, his *greatness*, was unparalleled.

Mr. Honeywood, when I first knew him, was a hale man, on the right side of fifty, well to do in the opinion of his neighbours, and, in his own conception, uniquely, and even magnificently, situated. His form resembled one of his own sugar-casks, elongated to five foot six; and his round, full, yet handsome, face, in its expression partook the character of the contents. Oh! what a mantling, creaming glow of self-complacency illuminated his countenance, when he welcomed his first customers, who generally smiled in return; though there were not wanting among them, the cold, the critical, and the ascetic, who

> "Seldom smiled, or smiled in such a sort
> As if they mocked themselves;"

or, in this case, mocked their proud and bustling neighbour. Far happier, however, were those who partook his self-satisfaction, and listened, with greedy

ears, to the assurance, (constantly given them,) that his teas grew on the finest spot of ground in all China, and were reserved by the East India Company for his especial demand. His sugars he might call incomparable, for the canes were cultivated in a peculiar manner, and the extraction conducted by a chemical process used only for him, as the best customer of the Colony. His nutmegs were grown in the most beautiful garden in Ceylon, by an old schoolfellow, who would not sell them to any other purchaser: and, as for his soap and candles, he would say, rising two inches perpendicularly as he spoke, "they need no commendation—I make them myself."

A stranger might mistake this for the empty boast of a shopkeeper eager for gain:—no such thing! Mr. Honeywood had persuaded himself, long ago, that it was all true, and was merely a part of that greatness which environed and pervaded all things connected with him, and, of course, with that business which he did really manage with ability. In like manner, his family was, so far as he could judge, the very finest in the county; at any rate, the parish could shew nothing like it. "True! his eldest son was a little wild;—but youth was the season for enjoyment, and, for his part, he liked John's spirit." "There were people who thought James idle; but, in point of fact, he was only studious—he was really proud of his genius." The younger brats were always denominated "dear little angels," despite of greasy faces and dirty

pinafores; and his daughter pronounced "altogether incomparable." The defect in her shape "was really a mercy, for a *perfect beauty* was a source of endless anxiety: he should have quite enough to do, as the guardian of so sweet a creature."

"As for his wife"—Mr. Honeywood generally dropt into a soft, but neither timid nor melancholy cadence, when he touched upon this tender topic,—"my wife, I may say, is—that is, no persons can live better together than myself and Mrs. Honeywood." This fact was indisputable, for his own good temper neutralized the acidity of hers; his industry supplied her extravagance, and his activity superseded her negligence: to all which failings his self-love rendered him blind, for how could his help-mate escape imbibing his perfection, by the force, alone, of contiguity? It is true, that, as he was the most loyal of men, he was in the habit of referring much of his connubial felicity to his possession of the same virtues and tastes which characterized "the good old king." On these occasions, he affected a knowledge of the sovereign's habits and person, retailed his conversations, or dilated on his domestic virtues, with the familiarity of a groom of the household, altogether surprising to those who were aware that he had never approached within a hundred miles of the royal person.

The same happy intimacy with his subject dilated his rotund form, and animated his bombastic eloquence, when the exploit of any British hero formed

the subject of his eulogizing relation. I have seen him twirl his pyramidal papers, and lay them down, one after another, with the air of a conqueror, whilst he descanted on the fire and the feelings of Nelson, or protested that Sir Sidney Smith had managed the Pasha of Jaffa as well as he could have done it himself; and much do I question whether either of these great men had more satisfaction in their achievements than he had. This happy adaptation of another's talents, or rather the power he possessed of diffusing himself into the minds of others, thus inspiring them with wisdom and valour, was, indeed, a gift the proudest might envy. Often would he address the schoolmaster, or the exciseman, with, "Well, my friend, have you seen the paper, to-day? I find Mr. Pitt has acted exactly as I advised, and Admiral Jarvis has fulfilled my wishes to a T. They are going to make him a Peer—that is right—*I* said it must be done, and I shall illuminate for his victory in such a manner as will make the Squire and the Parson look about them."

Notwithstanding such acts of occasional rivalry, Mr. Honeywood was always on the best terms with both these gentlemen; for the former was a very unpretending man, of ancient family, whose history the grocer knew better than himself, being, indeed, proud of the antiquity of the Honeywoods, who were originally retainers at the Hall. The latter had much of that quiet humour, which could not

fail to be amused with the peculiarities of one who was at once ludicrous and estimable, and who, being a staunch churchman, an upright and humane overseer, was frequently admitted to his study, or met in his vestry. In every point wherein Mr. Honeywood could exhibit his passion for display, on these occasions he wisely omitted none, (for he observed, "that he loved to be appreciated properly, by a learned man and a gentleman;") but there was no point on which he made his importance so absolute, as that which belonged to his military character; it was, probably, that which the clergyman would feel the most strongly.

'Tis true, Mr. Honeywood, as a member of the Yeomanry Cavalry, (that corps, which, he assured all his customers, Buonaparte himself deemed invincible,) could not, at that time, be deemed fit for efficient service. He was now, "more fat than chief beseemed;" his strait jacket pinioned those mighty arms, which should have restored peace to Europe; and his narrow buckskins and pinching boots forbade return to his equestrian exercises; but the consciousness that he *had been* a soldier "bore his spirits up." If he had not "mounted 'i th' imminent deadly breach," yet it is certain, that he had "'i th' elegant lively review," when a "real general" was present; and this glorious recollection was a crowning moment for his self-approbation. It rendered his loyalty, courage, competence, industry, and abi-

lity, incontrovertible; "if he could not argue at a vestry meeting, decide at the poorhouse, and carry all before him at the 'Wheat-Sheaf,' *who could?*"

Fare thee well, honest old Honeywood! Age must have reduced thy loud sonorous pipe, ere this, to "childish treble;" thou canst no longer (despite of summer's heat and winter's frost) place thy broad shoulders against the buttress, and protest, that thou wilt support the church, and thence harangue on the necessity of erecting new stocks, and erasing new principles. If death hath levelled thee with the statesmen whom thou applaudedst, and the heroes whom thou laudedst, let it not be forgotten, that, with all thy harmless and happy conceit, thou wert ever the poor man's friend; and that, whilst haranguing, in magisterial tones, on the fate of nations, many a time hast thou dropped an unbought parcel into the basket of the aged widow, or refreshed, with a draught of thy best ale, the parched lips of the weary mendicant.

# VIRGINIA WATER.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

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## THE CASCADE.

A WILD and solemn scene in the green woods—
A close and shaded scene—where the quick water
Wakes its own musical voice, unvex'd by man.
It is a quiet, heart-entrancing tone,
A mellow sound; in which, amidst the leaps
Of the white sparkling foam, a constant roll
Swells like the deep flow of the organ's peal.
Unwearied minstrelsy! thou art not dull;
But in the noon-tide glow 'twere sweet to dream,
Hush'd by thy murmuring song; and hear in thee
Gushes of choral hymns, the slumbering airs
Of music indistinct, such as the wind
Breathes on its own lute with a balmy kiss.

Faint image of the loud and mighty falls
That headlong tumble down unfathom'd steeps,

And lift, amidst the hills eternally,
A voice more dreary than the whirlwind's roar,
I love thee not the less, that thou hast come
Fresh from the hand of art, a gentle thing,
A pleasant tranquil thing, such as in groves,
Where a soft glimmering light for ever lies,
May mingle with the breeze and the blithe song
Of evening nightingales. Yet thou art not
A crude unripened bauble: for the sun,
And dew, and frost, have long convers'd with thee,
Till thy brown rocky stones are crumbling and hoar,
While the moss clings to them, as if they grew
Here with the hills. The graceful willows droop
Beautiful o'er thee, and the weeping birch
Is listening to thy voice. Fair at thy feet
The acacia blooms; the uncropp'd turf is fresh
With spongy moss, mid knots of rank thick grass,
And straggling fern, and frequent dewy nooks
Where the bright harebell gleams like a precious gem.
Deep by thy side there is a rocky cave,
Piled-up as if in sport, where the high sun
Not often looks through its thick doming boughs.
Here the close lichen, and the delicate heath,
And yellow pellitory, have singled out
Green vegetative spots, where they may creep
Blooming amidst the dark and dripping walls.
Hollowly here the gushing water sounds,
With a mysterious voice; and one might pause

Upon its echoes till it seem'd a noise
Of fathomless wilds where man had never walk'd.

Thy song is varied with the varying clime,
Unceasing fall! when autumn rains have fill'd
Thy parent lake, thou pipest clear and strong,
Yet with no harsh voice; but when winter raves
Thou hast a shout of power, while thy loud swell
Sings through the stripp'd trees with the eddying wind:
In summer, thou art still as the south gale,
And thy low murmur creeps upon the ears
With a monotonous hum, most like the buz
Of honey-seeking bees. Yet never mute
Is thy subduing voice;—and never leafless
Are the thick firs that tower above thy height
In manifold hues. Thou art the abode of life
Through changeful seasons; fragrance and sweet sound
Dwell with thee ever. May'st thou endure as long
As the green woods and the transparent lake:—
Thou art a work of man that Nature loves,
And she will cherish thee.

## THE LAKE.

Heaps upon heaps the frosted clouds are sailing
On the stiff breeze; here high up-pil'd they stand
A clotted mass, blackening against the west

In solemn fullness; here, in all-varying forms,
They course each other down with playful speed;
Here, in soft bars they stretch across the sky,
Drinking in light; and here the steadfast blue
In delicate patches asks the pensive eye
To pierce the glimmerings of its shadowless depth.
A golden ray skims o'er that heathery slip,
And the thick purple flowers shew like a garden,
Midst the uncultur'd hills.

Rich as thou art,
Soul of these sylvan haunts, delicious Lake,
E'en when the flickering clouds obscure the sun
And the sky shows in spots—give me to muse
On thy untroubled banks, when the warm air
Lies like an infant on thy cradling breast.
Then the gull screams not, but the trilling thrush
Makes glorious music in thy skirting woods,
And midst her gusts of song there is a stillness
Which not a ripple stirs, while the hush'd soul
Hugs up its thoughts, as if it fear'd to wake
The spirit that sleeps upon thy quiet breadth.
Or let me gaze on thee, when the soft moon
Sheds a perfusive gentleness around,
While wood, and water, and the cloudless sky
Lose each their features and peculiar hues,
In something lovelier than the eye can pierce—
A subtile, viewless, mute, indefinite joy.
Waveless or rippling, thou art beauteous ever,

Sweet Lake; and beauteous are thy shadowing
banks:
Thou art a place for pure and gentle thoughts;
Thou hast a charm to free th' entangled heart
From low and earthy chains;—thy calm makes
audible
The voice of Omnipresence.

I may not wander now around thy banks
As in my boyhood, ere the treacherous world
Had clasp'd me in its toils, and fill'd my heart
With deep anxieties and dark forebodings.
Self-banish'd from thy haunts of peace, I dwell
Amidst the city's crowded wilderness.
Yet thoughts of other days, most pleasant thoughts,
Bear my soul to thee; and I joy to know
That tasteful luxury doth dwell with thee,—
That temples, graceful as thy silent waters,
Adorn thine islets,—and that flowers as bright
As stars, more sweet than flowers of Araby,
Gleam midst thy willows.—When the evening sun
Glows in thy mirror, I may steal away
From man's loud hum, to fancy that a note
Of that soft music, clarionet, and flute,
And mellow horn, that soothes a monarch's ear,
Reaches my distant longings. But my soul
Rejoices most, that in thy solitudes
Live steadfast thoughts, and glorious aspirations
For a world's welfare. Thou art dear to me,

Fair Lake, for early joys and present hopes;
But thou art destined to become the home
Of thrilling recollections, that will live
In after times—A PATRIOT KING HATH LOVED THEE.

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## SONG.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

COME, touch the harp, my gentle one!
And let the notes be sad and low,
Such as may breathe, in every tone,
The soul of long ago!
That smile of thine is all too bright
For aching hearts, and lonely years,
And, dearly as I love its light,
To-day I would have tears!

Yet weep not *thus*, my gentle girl!
No smile of thine has lost its spell;
By Heaven! I love thy lightest curl,
Oh! more than fondly well!
Then touch the lyre, and let it wile
All thought of grief and gloom away,
While thou art by, with harp and smile,
*I will* not weep, to-day!

## MY DOG'S EPITAPH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

Sleep on, sleep on! thou gentle one;
Light lie the turf upon thy breast!
Thy toil is o'er, thy race is run;
Sleep on, and take thy rest!
In vain, for thee, were the 'larum note
Pour'd from the bugle's brazen throat;
The rolling drum thou heedest not,
Nor noise of signal gun.
Let charger tramp, and warrior tread,
Over the place of thy narrow bed;—
They will not wake thee from the dead:
Thy mortal strife is done.

Sleep on, sleep on! thou faithful slave,
Unmindful though thy master keep
His vigils by thy nameless grave,
And think of thee—and weep!

Not even his voice—beloved of yore,
That stirred thee, when the cannon's roar
Hath failed to move—shall rouse thee more,
Out of thy slumbers deep;
No more, for thee, his whistle shrill
Shall sound through wood, o'er moor and hill:—
Thy cry is hushed, thy limbs are still—
In everlasting sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on! No morrow's sun
Shall light thee to the battle back;
Thy fight is closed, thy laurels won,
And this thy bivouac.
On tented field, or bloody plain,
For thee the watch-fire flares in vain;
Thou wilt not share its warmth again,
With him who loved thee well;
Nor when, with toil and danger spent,
He reposes beneath the firmament,
Shall thine eye on his motionless form be bent,
Thou trusty centinel.

Sleep on! thou friend and comrade tried,
In battle-broil, and peaceful bower;
Thou hast left, for once, thy master's side;—
But never in danger's hour.
Not thus inactive wert thou laid,
On that night of perilous ambuscade,
When the levelled gun and brandished blade
Were at thy master's throat;

Then, fierce and forward was thy bound,
And proud thy footstep on the ground,
While the tangled green-wood echoed round
With thy loud warning note.

Sleep on, sleep on! It is not now
The soldier's cloak, a covering meet,
That shelters thy gentle head, nor art thou
Couched at a soldier's feet.
What boots it, now, if storms be high,
Or summer breezes fan the sky;
Unheeded, alike, they will pass thee by,
They cannot reach thee there.
Hunger and thirst shall assail thee not;
Fatigue and peril are all forgot;
Be foul or fair thy master's lot,
That lot thou can'st not share.

Then sleep;—though gladly would I give
Half of the life preserved by thee,
Could'st thou, once more, my comrade, live
Thy short space o'er with me.
Vain wish, and impotent as vain;
'Tis but a mockery of pain,
To dream that aught may bring again
The spirit that hath flown;
But years roll on, and they who mourn
Another's fate, each, in his turn,
Shall tread one path, and reach one bourne—
Then, faithful friend, sleep on!

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

These stanzas were composed while listening to that exquisite melody, "Rousseau's Dream."

I DREAMT that all the earth and sea,
The sunny bowers, the coral caves,
Were mine, and that my soul was free
To cleave the air, to walk the waves—
I dreamt—but still a stifled moan
Disturbed that dream—I was alone.

I dreamt that every rare delight,
All sounds of song, all scents of flowers,
Hung round my soul's eternal flight—
But days were years, and minutes hours.
I panted for a waking bliss,
A heart to soothe, a lip to kiss.

I dreamt that, in a lowly cot,
Beset with pains and tedious cares,
I bore the humblest peasant's lot,
And wept the frailest mortal's tears—
Yet, happy as the woodland dove,
I ask'd no pleasures—I had love.

# AUGUSTE DE VALCOUR.

## A Story of the old Regime in France.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GILBERT EARLE."

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### PART I.

"Μὰ φεινει—He leaves me."

*Notes to Childe Harold.*

If we were called upon to define the sensation the most painful to the human soul,—should we not say it is the feeling of *isolation*? Does not that feeling enter more or less into every sorrow? Is it not a sorrow, a severe sorrow, in itself? Sympathy, in its strict sense,—fellow-feeling namely,—is the strongest seed implanted in our nature. It is the pabulum, without which the moral being will wither, as the physical without natural food. "There is no one here who cares for me:—among this mass of fellow-creatures, no one joys for my joy, or grieves for my sorrow."—Can any one have thus communed with himself, even from causes merely temporary and local, without acceding to the justice of the proposition I have laid down, that isolation is one of the most bitter ills that suffering humanity is heir to?

And is there any isolation which can compete in severity with that which follows the separation of those who love?—the rending of that tie which is the strongest of all which link human creatures to each other—to which the bonds of nature, and of kindred, are but as flax in the fire—which, not existing till the era of maturity, partakes of its ripened vigour? When two lovers part, what is the rest of the world to them? above all, what is the rest of the world to her who is left?—she remains in the spot peopled with the images of love's memory, thronged with the recollections of fond intercourse. He who goes, goes into busy and animated life; and, true as he may be, such thoughts *can* recur only at intervals; they *must* be chequered by other pursuits and other duties. But she who, like the dove on her nest, is left in the same spot, to brood over the same thoughts, which, in proportion as they have been sweet in enjoyment, are bitter in recollection,—*she* will feel the

"—craving void left aching in the breast;"

—she will know, that, when once woman has surrendered up her affections, every wish, every feeling, every thought goes with them; that to her the world holds but *one:* where he is not, there is nothing—her heart recoils upon itself, and finds no comfort and no rest.

Such, at least, were the feelings with which poor Albertine saw the last glimpse of her lover's form vanish from before her, at their parting. She watched

him as long as he was distinguishable through the trees; and, when he was indeed gone, she sank back upon her seat, in an agony of irrepressible tears. The feeling of dereliction, expressed in the epigraph I have placed at the head of the page, struck upon her heart with all its cold and numbing weight—"He is gone!" she exclaimed, and the exclamation sounded as the knell of all happiness and hope!

Most of those who have loved must be able to recall to their mind some spot consecrated by the feelings of affection, of which it has witnessed the expression,—some place of tryst which is so much dearer to them than all the earth beside, that it seems almost as though it had a separate existence, as though it belonged to another world! At such dear place of wonted meeting had Albertine and her lover now parted. It was beneath an old oak, at the skirt of a wood, hollow from age, and decayed in some of its branches, but too striking, from its position, size, and shape, not to be a known and remarked object. Not far from its base, there rose a welling spring, over which, in distant times, it seemed there had been some work of masonry; for the grey stones, covered with moss, and overgrown with underwood, still formed a sort of rude irregular cairn upon its brink. An old legend attached to this spot. The tree bore the name of the Lover's Oak, and the spring—of the Lover's Well: and the story ran, that, at this tree, a young Troubadour had been wont to breathe his

songs to the lady of the Baron, who dwelt within a bow-shot of the place; that they were suspected, or found, to be songs of love, of which the hearer was, at once, the inspirer and the object; and that one evening, at the hour of meeting, the lady found her lover lying on the brink of the fountain, pierced with wounds, and the water discoloured with his blood. A scroll was placed in his hand, on which were written the ironical words,—"Qu'il chante maintenant!"

This event had, of course, given rise to numberless editions of the legend, of which I have repeated the heads. But all agreed in marking out the well and the tree as objects of interest, from having been the scene of such a catastrophe.

At this spot, Albertine and her lover had been in the habit of meeting. But no guilty bar interposed between their young hearts. The passion which was breathed beneath those old boughs was as ardent as that of the Troubadour, but its purity was its own. Auguste de Valcour was, as yet, unstained by the world. His heart was single as it was fervent,—what heart, indeed, does not lose in fervency as it ceases to be pure? The time at which the events I am about to narrate took place, was at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., a period when a long continuance of a lax and frivolous tone of society had succeeded in establishing an universal depravity of morals and corruption of heart. But these young lovers were far from this Circe's sty: they knew

nothing of love but its nobler attributes: their hearts were in the first phase of pure and ennobling passion! Alas! alas! how sad is it to think that the world, which enlightens the mind, should corrupt the heart; —that the progress towards the maturity of manly intellect should be the progress, also, towards the laxity of feeling and of conduct which men too readily admit! Oh! there is nothing which can repay or replace the pure blooms which the collision of the world brushes away?—The fresh dew of the spirit, which lies upon it in its morning hours, is dried up and destroyed for ever, by the noontide sun of society! And do we not suffer by the change? Can any one look back to the fresh and straight-forward feelings of his heart in youth, without a sigh of bitter regret, to find, in their room, the fickle and factitious sentiments which it gathers in its course through life? The heart, originally, may be compared to a piece of pure amber, and its subsequent ideas to the straws, and spots, and filth, which adhere to its surface, and thereby decrease its value and obscure its brightness.

But these young and unpolluted spirits had never yet mixed with the corrupting world. They loved with that earnestness and unity which are never experienced but in youth. They were not skilled in tracing and analyzing their affection; they only felt its power, and bowed to it, and enjoyed it. Yes! enjoyed it! For what earthly enjoyment can com-

pete with the affection of youthful and unpractised hearts, who love with all the sincerity and simplicity of nature, and with a deep and almost solemn intensity, never to be experienced again by those whose feelings are hackneyed? *This* is the golden age of human existence.—Alas! it passes as speedily as the fabled one of the world has done!

On this evening, Auguste and Albertine first tasted of love's bitterness. He was about to go to Paris, where his father had procured him a situation about the Court. He was to leave the woods, where his childhood had wandered, where his youth had dawned on passion. And this passion it was which checked the feelings of youthful hope and ambition in his breast, and made him wish to know nothing beyond the circuit of his "paternal fields," provided Albertine should pass her life among them.

They were seated beneath the Lover's Oak.—They were both silent. Feelings, too strong for words, oppressed their accents—they scarcely even dared to look into each other's eyes. "You leave me, Auguste!"—at last Albertine said, falteringly. "You leave me, to go and mix in the world; and in the midst of its bustle, and its gaieties and splendour, I shall soon be forgotten!"

"Forgotten!" he answered: "and do you think that possible? No, Albertine, you do *not* think so! you do *not* think I can ever forget what has passed between us; all that you have been, that you are, to

my heart; you do not think"—and he pressed her tenderly to him as he spoke, "you do not think I can forget the Lover's Oak?"

"Ah!" she replied, "you think so now; but in the world you will see brilliant beauties, who will eclipse your poor country girl, and they will see you, Auguste, and you will be courted, and made much of; and they will be present, with their smiles, and their eyes beaming on you; and I shall be at a distance, breaking my heart!"—and, frightened at the picture she had herself drawn, she sank her head upon his bosom, and sobbed.

I have recorded this conversation, not from its peculiarity, for I believe some such expressions are almost universal at the first parting of lovers under similar circumstances, but on account of that universality itself. It is thus general, because the feeling of foreboding, which inspires it, is a natural one, and because, in most cases, it turns out to be true. The man always vows, and the woman observes the vow. He who promises, is forsworn; she who says nothing keeps the oath he breathes. She who says nothing?—No!—but she who makes no protestations, who invokes no witnesses to her truth, but merely speaks woman's love—in woman's language—the finest feeling, the most beautiful expression, in the world!

And why is it that men so frequently falsify, in action, that which is spoken in truth? Why is it that

the fears which they repel so indignantly, as groundless, nearly always are verified at last? It is because men, in their transactions with women, are fickle, selfish, and self-indulgent.—It is because a brief time, and a short distance, are sufficient to eclipse, at least, the feelings of years; and that the gratification of their greedy vanity, and the excitement of their morbid passions, lead them to sacrifice faith, and love, and loyalty, on the shrine of slight temporary enjoyment, and of fantasy which speedily fades.

To do Auguste justice, however, he spoke the truth, as far as regarded present intention, when he breathed the most passionate vows of lasting constancy and love. He had never felt the temptations, and knew not their attractions. His heart bore burden to the expressions of his lips. His heart was *then* pure and true. But Albertine could not be comforted. When she ceased to express her fears for his faith, her lamentations for his departure were redoubled. "You are going," she said, "and the world will excite, and occupy, and interest you.—But for me!—I shall have no resource, but my own sad heart,—no one to confide in, but this dear tree, and this well. Alas! the old motto might be said to me—'Qu'elle chante maintenant!' Ah, Auguste! my heart will be too heavy to sing,—I shall brood over the dear days we have known here; and I shall sigh for them to be renewed!—Shall we, shall we, ever meet here again, indeed? If I thought we should not, I should *die*,

Auguste. I should not complain; but my heart would prey upon itself, and I should pine, and pine, and die. In you I have placed my happiness—my very life.—If you fail me, *it would break my heart.*"

I need not repeat the lover's vows, with which Auguste strove to re-assure her; or represent the fervour with which he breathed them. If they served to render him more dear to her, than ever, they served, by that means, to render more severe the anguish with which she exclaimed, "He is gone!"

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## PART II.

"Lo here upon thy cheek, the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou changed?"

*Romeo and Juliet.*

Auguste arrived at Paris. A new world burst upon his senses, at once! He had heard, indeed, of the gaiety, the luxury, the brilliancy, the splendour, which every where surrounded him; but what he had heard had conveyed nothing which approached the reality. Every moment, new ideas were suggested to his mind. He found things of familiar and every-day occurence, of the very existence of which he had been ignorant. He could render no account, even to himself, of his sensations:

they were too crowded, too varied, too rapid, for him to be able to analyse and classify them.

Nothing, indeed, could be more calculated to dazzle and astonish a young man of quick perceptions and ardent mind, than Paris at the period of which I speak. The corruption of manners, which was more than ever prevalent, was veiled and adorned by the polish of the most cultivated society that, probably, ever was congregated upon earth. Of strong passions, of keen or deep feelings, nay, of real earnestness of any kind, there was very little—but, in lieu of these, there was the outward semblance of exceeding *sentiment;* there was of wit a sufficiency applied and adapted to the every-day intercourse of life;—of a conventional, lively, and piquant manner, which often supplied the place of wit, there was abundance;—and, to crown all, the desire of gratification was controlled only by *bienséance*, not by any consideration of moral duty. The society formed upon these principles was, moreover, distinguished by intellectual cultivation, or by mere superficial acquirement, which resembled it, in a very high degree; and it added the pleasures of the most refined luxury to its other attractions.

Into the midst of this society, Auguste was plunged at once. Young, ardent, and possessed of a newness of feeling peculiarly attractive in a circle so sophisticated and exhausted as that into which he was thrown,—he speedily attracted much atten-

tion, and began to taste those *succès*, which are, above all things, intoxicating to a youthful brain. I have used here a French word, because there is none in our language to express what I mean: and the reason is simple—we have not the *thing*. Nothing can be more characteristic of French society, or more strongly mark the difference between it and that of our own country, than the consideration which is attached to those *succès de société* of which I speak. We say that such and such a person is agreeable, is clever, has great conversational and social powers—but this is all. We never talk of their "enjoying successes,"—or of their "uniting all the suffrages"*—and these differences are not merely those of idiom,—or rather they are differences of the idiom of the national mind, more than of the national language.

If Auguste had not been young, and, beyond dispute, handsome, the tone of new and unpruned feeling so apparent in him would have been considered the raw awkwardness of a newly-caught provincial. But in a man who was graceful in every motion—whose eyes, to use the expression of modern sentimentalists, "had so much soul!"—and whose ardour of manner betrayed a disposition which *could* love *so* fervently,—in a person like this, those very qualities were objects of interest and

* Réunir tous les suffrages.

attraction, which, in one less favoured by nature, would have been that worst of Parisian crimes—a ridicule !* Auguste was, hence, speedily singled out by some of the "brilliant beauties" whom Albertine had feared so much, as a conquest worthy of them. The most prominent of these was a woman sufficiently remarkable for us to give some consideration to her character.

Madame de Serville was, at the time she first noticed Auguste, a widow of about six-and-twenty: and she was as strong an instance as could be selected, of the evil influence of such society as that of Paris then was, in perverting qualities which were meant by nature for nobler ends, and which, under different circumstances, would probably have fulfilled them. She was of a radiant and commanding style of beauty,—with a flashing eye and a haughty lip, that spoke of strong passion and strong pride. She, indeed, possessed both, and strong talents also. In another position, these gifts would, in all likelihood, have led to issues of which they were worthy; but, in the midst of a society so corrupt as that in which she moved, the passion degenerated almost into a profligacy which the pride served but to aid, from the resistance which it caused her to oppose to the pangs of self-reproach that, sometimes, flashed

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* "Un ridicule—ce n'est pas un crime, ce n'est pas un vice, c'est bien pis."

*Dictionnaire des gens du Monde.*

across her;—while the talents enabled her to obtain her objects with greater ease,—and, in some measure, to blind her to her own degradation, by the mental superiority which she felt over the majority of those with whom she mixed.

To a woman like this, who naturally despised the heartlessness she witnessed so universally, a fresh unpractised heart, like that of Auguste, could not fail to be an object of excitement and attraction. Madame de Serville felt the poorness and coldness of the hackneyed men of the world, who paid her their homage in its hackneyed language: she coveted the passionate and devoted attachment of a young heart, yet new to love,—whose feelings should, in the excess of their ardour, possess something of adoration,—whose whole being would be rendered up into her keeping. And this she thought might be found in Auguste de Valcour. She saw the extent to which passion could rule him; she was ignorant that he had already been subjected to its sway.

To the beauty of Madame de Serville, Auguste could not be blind. Her powers of mind, also, he appreciated at the high rate which was their due. She had taken care to make him, more than once, a witness of their display; and his *admiration* of her was extreme. Thus, when he perceived that she distinguished him from the number of men who always surrounded her, he felt gratified and flattered

in the highest degree. His *self*-love was touched :— how often does that lead to love ! Still, his feelings towards Madame de Serville were so widely dissimilar both from those which he now felt towards Albertine, and from those which had marked the dawn of their attachment, that he had not the least apprehension for his truth to her. Nay, in his letters, which, through the midst of the whirl of his introduction into the society of the capital, had continued to be of both great frequency and length, —he descanted upon the attractions and powers of Madame de Serville, and expressed strong regret that Albertine could not become acquainted with one whose qualities she would have appreciated and delighted in so much.

Madame de Serville was five or six years older than Auguste,—an advantage from which she drew all the benefit which deep knowledge of the human heart, and a long practice in working upon its impulses, enabled her to perceive that circumstance gave her. "A cavalier of twenty-five or thirty" will prefer the affections of a young heart, and will take delight in forming and developing it. But a youth, of from eighteen to twenty-two, will be far more intoxicated by the love of a woman some years his senior ; who can draw forth those capabilities within him, of which he himself is not conscious ; and whose conquest will, above all things, gratify his self-love, and (as I have already

hinted) enlist it in the cause of his passion. The attachment of a woman of this age, especially when her qualities of person and of mind are of a commanding kind, raises a young man in his own eyes,—and makes him giddy with the idea that such a woman as this has given herself up, heart and soul, to *him!* Success, always the sweetest of moral drugs, here acquires double force. The assertion, that

> "Of all the trophies that vain mortals boast,
> By wit, by valour, or by wisdom, won,
> The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,
> Is woman's captive heart*——————"

true at all times, is so, doubly, in such a case as that I have described. Indeed, in the passage I have just quoted, the poet refers to a (supposed) attachment, where a far greater discrepancy of years existed, as the parties were, in fact, mother and son; and he uses it as an argument against an objection urged with reference to that disparity.

No one was deeper skilled than Madame de Serville in "the metaphysics of the heart," as they regard the passion love; and she, accordingly, acted upon *this* principle. She first seemed to be attracted by Auguste's blunt and unsophisticated feelings; and, conversing with him upon them, frankly established a species of confidence between

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* Douglas, Act iv.

them, of which she afterwards well knew how to take advantage. In praising the warmth and freshness of his heart, she lamented the short time which it could retain those qualities—she warned him against the corrupting dangers of the world; and, by degrees, it was understood that she was to be his Mentor, to guide him through them. Alas! she was rather like Calypso, who protected the youth from all perils, except those which arose from her own fascinations. Thus, all his feelings and thoughts became known to her as they rose. They were so many landmarks to guide her on her future course. As their confidence increased, she was made acquainted with his whole connection with Albertine; which, though it at first surprised her, and, if she had known it at the beginning, might, perhaps, have prevented her proceeding in her pursuit, now only served to add fresh incentives to her desire to attach Auguste to herself. One of the greatest masters in the knowledge of human nature* has said, in substance, (quoting from memory, I am not certain as to the words,) that a woman is far from being deterred from an incipient liking for a man who is attached to another, by the strong expression, on his part, of that attachment—"for," as Fielding slyly puts into her mouth, "if *her* beauty and accomplishments deserve so much ar-

* Fielding.

dour and tenderness, what do I deserve, in whom those qualities exist in so much more eminent a degree?" In addition to this, the intervention of an obstacle was exactly what was most calculated to rouse Madame de Serville to full exertion. In a mind spent and satiated with over-use, such unreal and unhealthful excitements are of great force. It operated upon her strongly. "He loves another!" she mentally exclaimed:—"that passion shall be rooted out to its last germ, and one of tenfold its force shall supply its place. He shall sacrifice her to me,—he shall love me to that degree, that he shall think he never felt love before!" And she set to work to accomplish this resolve.

After a time, she changed her ground. When she felt that, through the action of frank and familiar intercourse, she had gained a hold upon his mind,—when she saw that the daily continuance of that intercourse had become necessary to his habits of feeling,—then she seemed to retreat from it. She affected to have become suddenly alive to the danger to which it exposed her; and to wish to fly from that temptation which she feared she should not have strength to resist. This she was far from saying in terms; but she insinuated it into his mind with far more force and intimacy than any direct words could have effected. When he first became fully alive to this, his feelings were tumultuous, indeed. Among these, it may seem ri-

diculous that self-reproach should bear a large proportion,—but so it was. Wholly blind to the wires by which his own motions were directed, he believed that he had, by his thoughtless self-indulgence in her society, entangled the affections of one, whose only error was the too candid trust she had reposed in him,—and who, knowing his former attachment, must feel all the pangs and humiliation of unrequited love. And all was for him! and by a woman like Madame de Serville!—by one who, herself, was so high,—who relied on her own strength so confidently!—and *she* dreaded his influence over her heart,—she shunned him, lest her love for him should over-master her utterly! "She need not fear that I should abuse that influence," thought Auguste, in his simplicity; "I will cherish her like a beloved sister; I will support and strengthen her as her best friend!"——This week was the first, since Auguste's arrival in Paris, that the number of his letters to Albertine was less than usual.

"A scene" took place between Madame de Serville and Auguste; her weakness was confessed with tears, and burning blushes, and choking sobs—it was drawn from her unconsciously—the influence of the moment had been too much for her, she had purposed to bury it for ever in her heart—to allow that heart to break silently. Alas! that the language of passion can be thus profaned!—that the difference between its reality and its simulation should be so

slight that the nearest and most skilful observer cannot distinguish the true coin from the base metal!—that the unhappy one who is deceived should be made bankrupt in heart, and hope, and feeling, by the counterfeit. And then, too often, as in gaming, the dupe, at first, becomes the cheat afterwards. The arts which have produced his ruin he employs to effect the ruin of another! And thus treachery, and deceit, and false love, and broken vows, are handed on from one to another, and become perpetual.

It was arranged, at last, as Auguste thought at his own earnest entreaty, but in reality by Madame de Serville's contrivance,—that their intercourse should continue; that it should be on the footing of friendship, of brotherly love. Madame de Serville had seen the never-failing issue of such compacts; therefore, she adopted it.—Auguste's letters to Albertine became few, brief, and hurried.

And what were *her* feelings all this time? In her distant country-home, with no variety to excite, no new objects to dazzle her—how did *she* feel? While Auguste was enjoying the "delicious poison" of admiration, and flattery, and insidious love, what were the inmates of *her* heart? Fear, and delayed and disappointed hope, and the sickening sensation of abandonment—that most cutting of all human pangs, the idea, constantly driven off but constantly recurring, that we are become indifferent to those we love to very madness—such was the train of her

feelings. Yet, she did not reproach him who was the cause of all. She strove to make her letters appear placid and happy, while her heart was bursting; and, if she alluded to his increased silence, it was in a tone of attempted jest, that was the offspring of the saddest earnest. Albertine was one of those mild and gentle beings, who feel unkindness the more bitterly because they express complaint the least: whose only reproaches are the pale cheek and sunken eye, which are caused by solitary tears, and the faded form and faltering step produced by the worm which is at work within. The woman of strong and fiery mind, who, when she feels herself slighted, gives her reproaches vent with all the fury of a volcanic eruption, unmindful of whom she overwhelms or destroys in their course, such a woman *suffers* far less than the poor devoted creature whose heart bleeds and breaks in silence—whose "sorrow" is a "secret" one, which

> "——— breathes no sigh, which sheds no tear,
> But which consumes her heart."

The explosion of the indignation of the one gives her relief—the suppression of the grief of the other destroys her at the core. The feelings of the one are as much compounded of pride and anger as of love; those of the other are truly the pangs of blighted affection—the heart-break arising from ill-requital.

By degrees, Auguste became entirely devoted to Madame de Serville; friendship, fraternal affection,

were cast aside, and love, undisguised love, was avowed between them. The intercourse which he still kept up with Albertine, he felt as an irksome duty. His letters to her were hurried, confused, and obscure. He spake no more of Madame de Serville; scarcely even of his ancient affection to Albertine herself. He strove to write on topics, and in a tone, wholly indifferent; but he felt that they were impertinent to such a correspondence, and his letters were, consequently, unnatural and constrained. When he received a letter from her, he would take it up with a sigh; and then, shunning it, as the Sultan in the Fairy-tale did the warnings of his talismanic ring, he would throw it from him unopened.

One evening he was at a splendid ball, where all that was exalted and brilliant in Paris was assembled. Music, and lights, and flowers, gladdened and breathed over the excited senses. Bright eyes glistened, and young blood mounted and throbbed; every thing spoke of brightness and of joy, as though sorrow, and sadness, and evil passions did not exist upon our earth. Auguste had been dancing with Madame de Serville, and was now seated by her side, gazing upon her beauty, and enjoying her fine and animated conversation. Probably, there never had been a moment of his life at which the thought of Albertine was more totally absent from his mind.

At this moment, he perceived near him, and approaching to him, a M. de Levisac, a young man

who had been his near neighbour in the country, and with whom he had been intimately acquainted there. They greeted each other cordially; and, after some indifferent conversation, M. de Levisac began to give Auguste the news of his country friends. After mentioning several, he continued, "I am afraid of shocking you, but I think concealment in such cases the most misjudged friendship in the world; Mademoiselle de ———, when I left the country, was in a very bad state of health: even you, Valcour, would scarcely know her, she is so changed." The daggers of remorse struck upon Auguste's heart, as his friend spoke; the more so when he found, upon further questioning him, that she had begun to decline just at the time when his conscience told him his neglect had commenced:—the cause suggested itself to him but too readily.

It is strange how sudden and complete are the revulsions of human feeling. A few minutes before, Auguste's whole heart had been devoted to Madame de Serville; his mind was engrossed by her image—he thought, he felt, he lived for no one else. Now, under the touch of pure affection and virtuous regret, that polluted magic was dissolved. Like a running stream, those impulses of our better nature had power to break the spell which bound him. Madame de Serville was surprised at his absence and depression of spirits, during the rest of the evening. But how great was her astonishment, when, the next morn-

ing, she found he had quitted Paris at daybreak, leaving for her the following note :

" She is dying—my conduct has broken her heart —I fly to save her, if it be yet time—to die with her, if all be past. I do not reproach you—I should rather condemn myself. What had I, whose heart was bound to one object—what had I to do with further love? Alas! I fear I have the misery of more than one to answer! Pity me—pardon me—forget me!

" AUGUSTE."

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## PART III.

" Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?"

*Hamlet.*

WHERE the heart is ready to believe, it will not very minutely examine the evidence which is laid before it. Poor Albertine was but too willing to think that she had exaggerated the silence arising from casual haste and occupation, into positive neglect; and, indeed, the unchanged, nay the increased, ardour which Auguste displayed and felt, was sufficient to have misled a less interested observer. The balm of a happy mind spread its blessed influence over her frame. The colour returned to her cheek, the elastic step of healthful youth was restored to her—she re-

covered. In proportion as Auguste had been shocked and terrified at her decay, was he rejoiced at her re-establishment. And, having now experienced his own fickleness—having been exposed, and having yielded to temptations which would again beset him, he determined not, a second time, to trust the happiness of her he held dearer than all the world, to the chances of absence. They were married; and Albertine returned with him to Paris as his bride.

At the time they arrived there, Madame de Serville was in the country; and, therefore, on her presentation to the society in which her husband moved, Albertine was delighted with the estimation in which he was held, without witnessing any thing that could alarm even a love as ardent and sensitive as her's. The first two months they passed at Paris, were, probably, the happiest of both their lives. But this was not destined to last. The tempter was able to destroy the happiness of *this* Paradise also.

When Madame de Serville received Auguste's farewell note, she was conscious that any attempt, at that time, to check the passion which impelled him, would be worse than fruitless. She saw clearly, that remorse for the consequences of his conduct had revived all his old feelings; and that she must wait for a calmer moment to endeavour to regain him. But she resolved, with all the bitter intensity of wounded pride, that, sooner or later, regain him she would. It is true, the motive which had originally

led her to attach him to her, no longer existed. His was no more that young unsunned heart, which she had so much desired to make her's. The corruption of the world had, through her very agency, blunted the force of an early and virtuous attachment; and now that circumstances had recalled him to his former feelings, he had only a polluted and divided heart to give to them. But, conscious as Madame de Serville fully was of this, she was as eager in her determination to win his wayward affections back again, as she had been when she considered them just fresh from the hand of nature. And from what cause? From one which, alas! has led us, often, forward on an evil path, which our simple inclination would have induced us, very readily, to abandon—from one which, nearly always, ensures a bad attempt being pursued to the utmost. This is the desire, which is so strong within us, of *success*—the repugnance, which is still stronger, which we feel towards failure. Here, every incentive most calculated to operate powerfully upon the mind of a proud woman, combined to urge Madame de Serville upon the course she thus meditated. She did not pause, to consider the misery she might create; she reflected not a moment on the deep guilt she was incurring. She had once said: "He shall be mine!" and her only object now was to make him so.

She set about her task skilfully. When she heard that Valcour was bringing Albertine to Paris as his

wife, she determined not to cross the first hours of gratified love. She knew the heart of Auguste to melt and expand under the influence of affection; and she thought it possible, that, at such a moment, he might confess all to his bride; a circumstance, which would have doubled the difficulty of her undertaking. Moreover, her absence almost made her more the subject of Auguste's thoughts, than if she had been at hand; for, in the first place, it led him to believe that she shrank from beholding him the husband of another; and, moreover, as their first meeting could not but be a subject of anxiety to him, its being still to come, caused his thoughts to revert to her at a time, when, otherwise, they would have been engrossed by his present happiness. At length, having given time, as she calculated, for the first delirium of passion to fade, Madame de Serville returned.

She was aware that Auguste knew her to be a proud woman; and upon that consciousness she modelled her behaviour. When she first met him, her manner was that of assumed indifference, with anguish, at intervals, irrepressibly breaking through. So nice was her art; so great was her skill in forming every look, tone, and gesture, according to her preconcerted plan, that it was truly no wonder that Auguste should be deceived; his vanity and his sensibility both contributing to the same end. Few things, indeed, could be more calculated at once to

touch his self-love, and to interest his softer feelings, than the spectacle he beheld of a woman of strong passions and lofty pride, having those passions concentrated upon him, and that pride conquered by the passions, when so directed. When she spake to him, her words were those of indifferent conversation; but her voice, as though unconsciously, grew soft and tremulous, and her eyes, as if against her will, betrayed love and sorrow uncontrolable. She no longer displayed that brilliancy in society, which had been wont so much to dazzle and to charm; her wit seemed extinguished, her powers of fascination appeared to be gone; the dull, leaden weight of one fixed and unchanging grief seemed to prey upon her heart, and weigh down her springs of life. Albertine remarked to her husband that she was disappointed in the social qualities of Madame de Serville, and that she did not recognize in her the brilliant being of his descriptions. Auguste evaded the subject; he felt, as he thought, that the sad change was wrought by him. "I have saved the one," he exclaimed to himself, "but to destroy the other;—like the turning of the earth on its axis, that which has cast warmth, and light, and life on the one side, has plunged the other into coldness and gloom."

Madame de Serville saw the effect she had produced; but she was fearful, if she advanced too rapidly, to lose the ground which she had gained. She proceeded with great circumspection and fore-

thought. For some time, she scarcely altered her manner at all: at last, as she mixed more frequently in Valcour's society, she suffered, as it were, an appearance of the irresistible revival of her former affection to escape her—as if it were impossible to see him, and be near him, without loving him with a passion which out-passed all earthly considerations—which could conquer even the resentment of a proud woman, slighted. At last, he chanced, one evening, when Albertine was kept at home by indisposition, to be compelled, by one of those obligations of society, which seem so trifling, but which often have such serious effects,—to hand Madame de Serville to her carriage. Her hand trembled as she placed it in his, and she seemed struggling between the force of affection, and the resentment of wounded feelings, till, as the step of her carriage was lowered, love appeared, for the moment, to carry every consideration before it; and, tears suffusing her eyes, and her whole countenance working with emotion, she exclaimed—"Auguste!—and is all forgotten?"—Then, as though she was shocked with having so far suffered her feelings to master her, she sprang into the carriage, and, throwing herself back in her seat, hid her face between her hands.

It was some time before she saw Auguste again. She wished him to believe, that she struggled against herself, and that she grieved at what had

escaped her in a moment of violent agitation. When she did meet him next, she saw that the blow was struck—the harpoon was fixed in his heart; it now needed only skill and patience to bring the prey to land.

Let us turn to Albertine!—by degrees slighted, neglected, shunned. At first, her husband's conscience led him to redouble his attentions of manner to her, in proportion as his heart told him she was wronged. Afterwards, he began to feel this to be a great constraint; and he abandoned himself, more and more, to the bent of his fickle inclinations. Ultimately, the very sight of her was a reproach, which cut him to the quick—and he avoided, as far as was in his power, sensations so painful. In similar gradation were the phases of her feelings. Doubt at first dawned painfully upon her mind—the sickening blow of certainty came next. Despair, despair, succeeded. Albertine's soul was, indeed, of a loving nature. She truly resembled that which has been considered the general emblem of her sex—her affections twined, like the ivy, around the object she loved;—*that* removed, like it, she would fade and die. And she, as I have already mentioned, was one on whom sorrow preyed silently. Men, alas! men do not know—they cannot form an idea of—the sufferings of a woman, under ill-requital and neglect. No sensation, at all resembling that, exists in male nature. The shaft of disappointment strikes them

keenly, it is true; but it is not barbed, it is not poisoned, as it is when it is sheathed in a woman's breast. Did we, did we but know, with the knowledge of experience, what such grief is,—we should not inflict it with such lightness and frequency as we do now!

Albertine the more readily yielded to the action of this new sorrow, from the effect which her former one, still recent, had had upon her frame. She was accustomed, (melancholy task!) to compare the two; and, as is ever the case in suffering, that which was present seemed to be the worst. She had formerly thought "if she were but with him, she could bear any thing:—the suspense, the ignorance of absence, were the insupportable part of her trials."—But now, she felt that it was doubly painful to be convinced that even her presence had no effect—that the influence of her eyes, her voice, of her fondness even, had ceased to be!

And was he not conscious of her decline?—Did she thus fade before his sight, without his knowledge: or, knowing it, did he continue the conduct which caused it; he who had been smitten to the heart by merely the report of it, before? It is difficult to answer these questions. That he was quite blind to the work of sorrow upon her person, it would not be the truth to assert; neither was he thoroughly alive to it. The real fact was, that, whenever it floated across his mind, he drove it from him with

that angry impatience, which so often arises from the struggle between our will and our conviction; a feeling which arises from self-condemnation, and from unwillingness to admit its justice.

One day, that Valcour returned to town, from an excursion of a week into the country, with Madame de Serville, he was struck, more sensibly than ever, with the alteration in his wife's appearance. A pang of self-reproach shot across him. "Is it possible," he thought, when she left him; "is it possible, it can be thus? Can I, indeed, be" ———. He paused and shuddered, as he completed the sentence—"can I, indeed, be *killing* her?—Gracious God! what a villain am I become!"

He determined to satisfy himself, whether, in truth, Albertine suspected his intercourse with Madame de Serville. In the fervor of the moment, he went up to her room, to have an explanation with her, at once. She was not there. He paused and looked round; and his heart smote him as he did so. Every thing spoke of her—her books, her drawings, her music, all were collected here—here they had passed many of the happy days immediately succeeding their marriage; here——he became almost choked as these recollections crowded upon him, and, throwing himself into a chair, he gave way to his feelings, uncontrolledly.

When he grew more composed, he perceived that there lay before him the escritoire of Albertine, by

the side of which was a pen, still wet; the paper on which she had been writing was blistered with her tears! He cast his eyes upon it, and perceived that it contained verses;—he could not resist the impulse to read them. They gave him all the information he sought:—

1.

"Now let him sing!" said the scroll of Death,*
"Let the favour'd lozel now give breath,
To the amorous lays which were wont to move
The false and fickle heart to love!"
Quench'd, alas! is the soul of fire—
Cold is the hand which struck the lyre;
The flower of beauty and youth is dead,
And song, and love, and life are fled!

2.

"Now let me sing!"—No! the heart that breaks,
It's moan, for its only music, makes;
The springing lightness and joy, that thrill
Through the soul which the bless'd affections fill,
In me are passed! The nipping blight
Of broken hopes—the gloomy night
Of drear despair—have now o'erspread
My sad and sinking heart, instead!

3.

When by Sorrow's voice the song is sung,
The music freezes on the tongue;

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* The reader will recollect the legend of the Lover's Oak, mentioned at the beginning of this story.

When Sorrow's fingers sweep the lyre,
In their very birth the notes expire!
For, as the wild Æolian lute,
Without the wind, it's bride, is mute,
So, silent and dead, is the widow'd lay,
When the quick'ning breath of the heart 's away!

—— The tears of Auguste mingled with those which Albertine had left upon the paper, when he thus beheld the state of her heart. "It shall be so no more!" he exclaimed, "the quickening breath of the heart shall again restore and animate her being!" He flew to seek her; and poured forth his whole heart to her, in confession and repentance, and promises of reviving and never-fading love! Albertine listened, scarcely daring to trust her ears; confusion, and surprise, and joy, and regret, and love, and hope, all struggled tumultuously in her heart at once; they were too much for her weakened and exhausted frame. "Do you forgive me?" Auguste asked in confusion. "God knows I do!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself into his expanded arms. But when Valcour stooped his face to her's, to seal their reconciliation with a fervent kiss, his lips met lips whose warmth was fled for ever.

## THE SYLPH.

I live in flowery shades, and lie entranced
Beneath the lily buds, and where the rose
Blushes to meet the kisses of the sun.
But I have nobler pastime, and can fly
Swift as the glancing of a summer star,
O'er the young poet's twilight path, to teach
His lip immortal songs; on beauty's couch,
Richer than nard and incense, and the gums
Dropt from Arabian trees, I shed the balm
That chases sorrow;—or in noble hearts
Stung by ingratitude, I wake proud fires,
Making them valour's altars.

From the fields of upper light,
From the day that knows no night,
From the morning's rosy car,
From the lover's azure star,
Joy to weary hearts to bring,
Stoop I on the glittering wing.

When the winds and waters meet,
In their evening concert sweet,
Sending up the heavenward hymn;
And the great Sun's circle dim,
Throwing on the waveless tide
Fiery splendors far and wide,
Dies upon the element—
Like a chieftain in his tent,

After some immortal day,
Perishing in proud decay—
Then I touch the potent string,
That the poet's soul doth wring,
Weaving fancy's magic chain
O'er his bosom and his brain.

At my spell, his glowing eye
Sees some far and foreign sky.
Hark! he hears the pilgrim chime
On th' Italian hill sublime.
Or, along the Danube's side,
Sees where sank the Moslem's pride.
Or beneath the Roman tower,
Emblem of the day of power,
Now in silence and in gloom,
Emblem only of its doom,
Spot where glory sprang to birth,
Where it mingled with the earth,
Sees within the rising mist,
(Twilight's robe of amethyst.)
Rising many an ancient shade
Round whose brows the laurel play'd,
Sovereigns of the sword and pen,
Stamped by nature, Kings of Men.
Or upon the Alpine tract
Marks the rushing cataract,
Daughter of a thousand streams,
Shooting down in crystal gleams,

From the pine-grove deep and drear,
From the granite-strewed glacier,
From the mountain's sparkling brow,
Pillar of eternal snow.
Or, upon thy hills, Tyrol,
Hears the peasant's freeborn soul,
As he bears the stag along,
Give the winds the warrior song.
Or upon the Spanish vale
Sees the sunlight sleeping pale,
While upon the circling hill
Burns its living lustre still,
In Morena's diadem,
Making every rock a gem.

When the thoughts of Beauty stray
To the wanderer far away,
When her eyes the pillow steep,
Thinking of the stormy deep,
Of the sad and savage shore,
Of the battle's hour of gore,
Swifter than the lightning's gleam,
On her eyes I shed the dream.

All her woes behind her cast,
Hill and vale like shadows past,
Seas are smooth before her sail,
Bounds her bark before the gale,

Sunshine all around, above,
All within her hope and love.
Till is reach'd the distant land
Where, upon the welcome strand,
Safe from battle, safe from storm,
Pines the lover's eager form.
To her glowing heart he flies,
All her sighs are passion's sighs,
All her tears are joyous tears,
All forgot the pangs of years;
On her slumbering cheek the dyes
Show the dreams of Paradise.

When the Patriot, sick at heart
With the world's ungenerous art,
Weary of his thankless toil
Hating to behold the spoil,
Scorning tyrant, scorning slave,
Looks for refuge to the grave;
Then I scatter, from my urn,
Drops that thro' his bosom burn,
Drops of Immortality
From the streams above the sky,
Where, the brightest in the zone
Circling of all thrones the THRONE,
Virtue, by the Sacred Mount,
Sits, the guardian of the fount,
Destin'd, in the hour of pain,
On the scaffold, in the chain,

To their glorious end to cheer
The native sons of glory here !
Then upon his eye expand
Visions lovely, glowing, grand ;
Shapes of mighty men, whose name
Flashes thro' all time, like flame
Kindled on the mountain's brow,
Lighting up the world below.
Battles where the generous sword
Smote the brute barbarian horde ;
Tyrants like a broken reed ;
Dungeons ashes, nations freed ;
Peace and glory in the van,
Man the godlike friend of Man.

When the Mourner's weary heart,
Reft of all its better part,
All the past, the future gloom,
Earth a desart, and a tomb,
Longs to lay its burthen down,
Longs to wear its angel crown ;
Then I shed the holy balm
That doth all its anguish calm,
Calling round the slumbering brow
Forms that Saints alone can know.
Voices breathe from Heaven's bright steep,
Glittering pinions o'er her sweep ;
Earth and all its pangs resign'd,
Soars the disembodied Mind !

Rising where no envious cloud
Bears the tempest in its shroud,
Rising where the midnight star
Shines no more thro' tears afar,
But a spreading throne of light,
Spreading still, a Sun of night;
World where all it lov'd are gone,
There in glory to be one;
Sons and daughters of the day,
All their sorrows wiped away,
Knowing as themselves are known.
Bright Immortals round the Throne.

Ζενω.

## THE MILL STREAM.

The Thames is rolling down in floods
  Over the tallest rush,
  And the water makes a tremulous gush
As the light boat onward scuds;
  The swallow playfully dips his wing,
  The small birds in the osiers sing,
  For the brightening sun will a warm gleam fling—
There is light on the Forest woods.

But the river is rapid beneath the glow
  Of the soft and mellowing west;
  Let us look for a shaded and silent nest—
There is discord in this rough flow.—
  The streamlet which glides to the distant mill
  Hath bowering banks and nooks most still;
  There the indolent heart may drink its fill
Of thoughts which in quiet grow.

'Tis a child of the Thames which no human care
  Hath tortur'd into grace;
  She winds along with her own sweet pace;
She is like her sire, most fair;
  She goes curving down with the same wild sweep,
  She hath crystal depths, where the waters sleep,
  While the tufts that about her green banks creep,
Are as lovely as Naiad's lair.

The South breeze plays in the Bineweed's bell,
And bows the Loosestrife's head ;
The Willow-herb kisses her own blue-red,
When the sparkling waters swell.
The dwarf'd oak shews his old hollow root,
The dewberry hangs o'er the streamlet mute,
In clustering knots of purple fruit
Ripe for birds in the ayots that dwell.

Turn the light boat home. See the swallows fly
Like gnats about our heads ;
As they eddy around their osier beds,
How they blacken the glimmering sky ;
There are millions that skim with one steadfast mind ;
Do they come and go with the summer wind ?
With the circling sun do they warm nests find ?
'Tis an unsolv'd mystery.

Let us glide with the stream, for 'tis good to think
Of the spirit that sways that flight ;
To them 'tis a clear and dreamless light,
While man doth but pore and blink
In the dawn of his soul ; for the mighty Power
That hath given to him the world in dower,
*Unsought* doth dwell in his own close bower,
On th' eternal ocean's brink.

## THE LAST SIGH.

BY THOMAS GENT, ESQ.

What earthly tongue, and oh! what human pen
May tell that scene of suffering, too severe!
'Tis ever present to my sight—oh! when
Will the sound cease its torture on mine ear?

Oh! my lost love, thou patient being! never
Thy dying look of love can I forget:
The last fond pressure of thy hand, *for ever!*
Thrills on my veins—I see thy struggles yet.

Thy sculptured* beauty is before me now,
In thy calm dignity and sweet repose;
Alas! sad memory re-invests thy brow
With Death's last agony, and Pain's last throes.

Desolate heart, be still—forgive, Oh God!
The cries of feeble nature, stricken sore!
Father! assuage the terrors of thy rod!
Teach me to see thy wisdom, and adore!

*August*, 1827.

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* Alluding to an exquisite bust, by Behnes.

## SONNET. 1825.

BY W. S. WALKER, ESQ.

——— We receive but what we give,
And in our light alone doth Nature live.

*Coleridge.*

I LOOK'D for thy return, beloved Spring!
As, with a sick man's wish, I pined for thee,
A weak and fretful longing; for, to me,
I thought thy coming would renewal bring
Of powers and loves, now slowly withering;
Thy soft warm sun, thy buds on ground and tree
Opening, the glad tumultuous melody
Of thy young birds, each new and lovely thing,
Within my breast the self-same joy would wake
They waked of old.—O, fond! to deem the spell
Of outward beauty could have power to make
Him happy, in whose heart the living well
Of happiness is dried! Thou camest at last;
And, ere I felt thy presence, thou wert past.

## STANZAS.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

SLUMBER lie soft on thy beautiful eye!
Spirits, whose smiles are—like thine—of the sky,
Play thee to sleep, with their visionless strings,
Brighter than thou—*but* because they have wings!
—Fair as a being of heavenly birth,
But loving and loved as a child of the earth!

Why is that tear?—Art thou gone, in thy dream,
To the valley far-off, and the moon-lighted stream,
Where the sighing of flowers, and the nightingale's song,
Fling sweets on the wave, as it wanders along?
Blest be the dream that restores them to *thee*,
But *thou* art the bird and the roses to me!

And now, as I watch o'er thy slumbers, alone,
And hear thy low breathing, and *know* thee mine own,
And muse on the wishes, that grew in that vale,
And the fancies we shaped from the river's low tale,
I blame not the fate that has taken the rest,
While it left to my bosom its dearest and best.

Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye!
Love be a rainbow, to brighten thy sky!
Oh! not for sunshine and hope, would I part
With the shade time has flung over all—*but thy heart!*
Still art thou all which thou wert when a child,
Only more holy—and only less wild!

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## SOLILOQUY

OF

### A MOTHER OVER HER SLEEPING CHILD.

A MAVIS biggit a bonny nest,
Deep in the flowery birken tree;
A bonny nest, a place of rest,
For little birdies, twa or three.

But wi' sough an' soun' the storm cam doun,
And struck the birdies frae the tree;
And ay synsyne, I'm wae to think,
That sic may be the fate o' thee.

## TO A FRIEND, E. L. E.

[*Written in Illness.*]

BY MR. JOHN CLARE.

In friendship's gentle name, that claims a kin
With poesy's warmth, its feelings to explain,
Why, now my feeble pen would fainly win
The welcome praises from thy lips again;
Although the Muse shrinks from my hand the while,
That with weak hold would yet her stay detain;
Mingling sad tears with every withering smile,
Dreaming of pleasures past, and present pain—
Telling my sick heart that its hopes are vain—
Wishing for health it ne'er may know again.
Well! I can better bear my sinking lot,
Knowing that, when my life shall cease to be,
My very faults, though known, shall be forgot—
And my poor memory find a friend in thee!

# THE MAID OF NORMANDY.

## A Tale.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

THE apartment was furnished with hangings of the richest arras. Gold and silver flaggons curiously carved, fine porcelain, and costly furniture, were spread around, in magnificent profusion. Yet the fair face of the lovely mistress of all this apparent wealth was pale and meagre, her thin form wasted away to a shadow, and in the midst of these splendid ornaments she pined for bread. The army of the victorious Henry V. invested Rouen ; and its citizens, in fond expectation of relief from the Dauphin, or from the Duke of Burgundy, whose faction they had espoused, prepared to defend it to the last extremity. Henry, anxious to preserve so fine a city from the devastating ravages of a storm, and unwilling to reduce his army by the loss of lives in assaults, sate down with calculating policy, calmly to await the progress of famine within the devoted walls.

The parents of Eloise de Torey had died of a dis-

temper during the siege, and she was left the heiress of immense riches, which availed her not. Already the fair orphan had accustomed herself to exist upon the smallest portion of the coarsest viands whereon it was possible to support life. With the generous feeling of youth, Eloise had, scrupulously, obeyed the command of the government, and contributed all the private stores, collected by her parents, in aid of the common stock. Previous to this consignment, she had lived temperately, yet with some degree of comfort: the famishing mother and her hungry infants never departed unrelieved from her door, and she fully shared her slender meal with those less fortunately circumstanced; but, now, she was compelled to witness suffering which she could not alleviate, and to experience, herself, the craving pangs produced by the gaunt fiend who presided over the city; and each privation was rendered keener by the conviction, that she had been tricked into the sacrifice of the provisions so industriously secured by her father, for the furtherance of an artful attempt of her bitterest enemy. No succours arrived. Death, in one of its most hideous shapes, stared Eloise in the face; but, though shrinking from the prospect of lingering through all the stages of famine, she, sometimes, anticipated a fate even more horrible than that of stealing to some remote corner of her splendid mansion, to breathe her last in solitude. Her kinsman, Alain Blanchart, had threatened to dispute her in-

heritance, unless she would consent to become his wife. This man was all-powerful in Rouen : every thing was to be apprehended from his avarice and brutality ; and Eloise, though determined never to consent to the terms which could alone preserve her life and fortune, trembled and shuddered, when the means, which, in all probability, would be used to subdue her resolution, flashed upon her mind ; she turned from the contemplation of the miserable wretches, who were fainting and dying in the streets, and sought an upper window, which looked out over the dark walls of the city to the country beyond. There lay the camp of the cruel king of England ; the lions on its bright banners gleaming in the sun, and the gaudy pavilions of the chieftains spreading their pomp and pride in purple and crimson : and, stretching far behind, the sparkling waters of the Seine shot their arrowy flight through green plains and fertile meadows. Alas ! for the days, when, free as the Zephyrs which played among the flowers, the joyous maidens of Rouen wandered, delightedly, upon the banks of that fair river !

Eloise sighed : she wished for the wings of a dove, that she might flee away and be at rest. The flocks browsed upon the distant hills ; the cattle were thick in the fields below ; the wild woods, and the broad heaths, were stocked with green ; all the landscape smiled, while haggard want had struck its iron fingers into her soul. She sickened at the view

of happiness which was shut out from her, she feared for ever; and, hearing the bell of a neighbouring church ring for prayers, threw her veil around her, and descended to the street.

The orphan heiress was attired in deep mourning: her black garment fell, in graceful drapery, over her tall slight figure; and her dishevelled tresses, undisguised by the towering head-gear which Isabel of Bavaria, Queen of Charles IV., had introduced into France, mingled the rich gold of their waving curls with the sable folds of her veil: her cheek was of marble paleness, but had not lost its beauty with its crimson glow; one transparent white hand was clasped over her flowing robe, upon her breast; and she glided noiselessly along, more like the shadow of some fair creation than a being formed of flesh and blood. An order from the council, enforced by the spears of the city-guard, had cleared the highways of those miserable objects with which they were usually crowded, and Eloise was obliged to draw up on one side, to allow a free passage to a flag of truce, which, escorted by a squadron of men at arms, preceded a knight from the besiegers' camp, despatched, by the King of England, with a message to the Governor. A ray of hope shot through the maiden's heart, while she gazed upon the snowy herald of peace, as the white banner waved in the breeze; and, in the joyful expectation that he came laden with offer of mercy from the conqueror of

Agincourt, she raised her imploring eyes to the warrior, who paced proudly, on his noble steed, through the street. Never had they rested upon a more majestic form, a more interesting countenance, than that of Sir Lionel Mowbray.

While thus intensely, yet timidly, gazing on the man who seemed to hold her destiny in his hands, (for, with the capitulation or the deliverance of Rouen, the persuasions of Alain Blanchart must cease,) the sudden fall of a shield, which had been carelessly poised upon the spike of a balcony, close to the feet of the cavalcade, frightened the horse of an English esquire: he started from the ranks, and, after plunging in a violent manner, reared upon his hind legs and threw his rider. Obeying the first compassionate impulse, Eloise knelt down by the prostrate soldier, and, with her delicate fingers, swiftly unlaced his helm. The knight, who had previously surveyed the fair passenger with looks of admiration, now dismounted, to offer his services and thanks for the kindness accorded to his follower. A few words of courtesy passed between Sir Lionel and the lady, as both engaged earnestly in the same gentle office; but, with the arrival of fresh assistance, the knight lost his fair companion, who modestly retired when her presence became no longer necessary. She hurried to the church, and prayed, long and devoutly, for the success of the warrior's mission; though, sometimes, her aspirations were

checked by a remorseful feeling, and she paused, to accuse her throbbing heart of selfishness, in preferring its own private interests to the welfare of France, now menaced with servitude under a foreign yoke. But it was all in vain; the horrors of a union with Alain Blanchart, and the fearful consequences of her refusal, were too strongly painted, by imagination, to be effaced; every loyal, every patriotic feeling was swallowed up in the dread of becoming the victim of an unprincipled ruffian's machinations.

Eloise reached home before the Council broke up. Despite of the exertions of the guard, who had received orders not to permit the starving population of the city to exhibit their lank visages in the eyes of the English deputation, groupes of gaunt wretches were congregated together, and were speculating, with clamorous joy, upon the prospect which Henry's embassy presented, of a speedy termination to their agonies. Unconscious of the secret pleasure with which she had before contemplated the English knight, Eloise approached the lattice, attributing this anxiety to obtain another glance of the handsome soldier, to her eager desire of learning the nature of his reception by the authorities. Meanwhile, the crowd of vagrants had increased, and a murmur ran amongst them, that Alain Blanchart had successfully opposed the party at the Council board, who were inclined to capitulate upon very honourable terms, offered by the King of England. In an instant, all

was confusion and ferment; wild cries arose from the famishing multitude, who now thronged, in dense numbers, to the spot; curses and execrations were poured upon the heads of those who were deaf to the prayers of their starving townsmen, and loud threats of vengeance denounced upon the traitorous Blanchart. But, while the uproar was at its height, a partisan of this imperious burgess's patron ingeniously contrived to turn the tide of public indignation from his patron, by declaring, that Henry of Lancaster had mocked the distressed city, by a pretended negociation; and that the king had sworn, whenever it opened its gates, to put all the inhabitants to the sword.

The rage of the populace now took another direction; and, at this juncture, Sir Lionel and his followers, having received an answer from the Governor, attempted to repass to the English camp. At once, the furious mob, eager for a victim, trampled the flag of truce in the dust, dragged the Englishmen from their proud steeds, dispersed the city-guard, and would have torn Sir Lionel to pieces, but, dexterously springing from the grasp of those who had forced him from his horse, the active knight (recovered from his surprise at this gross violation of the law of nations) placed his back against the wall, and held his foes at bay, brandishing a heavy mace, with such strength and velocity, that, for a time, none dared approach within reach of the murderous weapon.

Forcing the crowd to retreat, he fought his way to a portal;—it was the gate of the De Torey mansion. Eloise, who had watched the English hero's gallant defence, and saw symptoms of declining vigour in his failing arm, rushed down stairs, opened the hall-door, and, before the thronging multitude could press forward to cut off his retreat, she had swung a heavy bar across the massive pannels of this oaken barrier, and secured the knight from danger. A yell of despair announced the bitter disappointment of the miserable creatures, goaded on by famine to deeds of violence; the bells from the churches rang out; the drums beat to arms; and all the magistrates were in motion, to appease the tumult; but, ere the garrison could assemble, the crowd had dispersed, and happily, as their rage had been chiefly directed against Sir Lionel, no lives had been sacrificed to this blind ebullition of popular indignation.

Breathless, from exertion, some minutes elapsed before the knight could find utterance to thank his lovely preserver; but, when sufficiently recovered to speak, he poured forth his acknowledgement in a strain of passionate eloquence, which thrilled the maiden to the soul, and she felt that, if Alain Blanchart could woo her thus, it would be difficult to remember his errors, and to persevere in the path of duty.

Swiftly flew the minutes in this too brief and too delightful interview. Sir Lionel, though loth to

quit the side of the gentle being to whom he was so deeply indebted, was yet eager to sally forth to succour or revenge his comrades. Fatigued, but unhurt, the spells of beauty could not detain him when danger called for action, and he had just resumed his armour and his mace, at the arrival of a strong guard, which prevented the possibility of further outrage; and assuring Eloise, that, whatsoever should be the fate of Rouen, her abode should be sacred, he pressed his lips upon her hand, mounted his courser, and vanished from her sight.

The incident of the morning furnished the lovely orphan with food for contemplation. She marvelled at the lively interest which she had taken in the welfare of one of the invaders of France, the soldiers of that inhuman conqueror who had driven the citizens of Rouen to a frightful alternative, that of surrendering disgracefully while a prospect of relief remained; or of seeing their fellow creatures drooping and dying, by hundreds, around them. Soon, however, the wandering thoughts of Eloise were concentrated in one feeling; the hour of Alain Blanchart's customary visit was at hand. Weak, from long abstinence, and sunk to the lowest state of dejection, the forlorn girl entertained more than usual dread of the approaching interview. What if her resolution should fail, and, for the sake of temporary security, and for the luxuries with which he tempted the appetite, ravenous for food, she should

consent to wed her sister's murderer ? Eloise raised her eyes to a picture which represented the once beautiful form of Gabrielle, the martyred wife of a cruel tyrant, now a saint in heaven, and she regained firmness. The recollection of the long series of cruelty which had reduced the sweetest and gentlest of her sex to an untimely grave ; of the unhallowed nature of the union which would bind her to a man with whom marriage was forbidden by the canon law ; and the too great probability, that, instead of fulfilling his promise of obtaining the sanction of the church to their horrid nuptials, he would cast her off to infamy and scorn ; re-nerved her soul and determined her to undergo all the persecutions which inventive malice could frame, to avoid the dishonour of those base proposals which, in the plenitude of power, the chief magistrate of Rouen had dared to offer. Alain Blanchart claimed the wealth of the deceased Pierre de Torey as the heir of the eldest daughter, Gabrielle, attached to the party of the Duke of Burgundy. He had induced the citizens to espouse the cause of that factious prince, against the Dauphin ; and, ruling all things according to his will, in a place which, at his persuasion, had cast off its allegiance to the crown of France, he experienced little difficulty in obtaining an iniquitous decree in favour of his pretensions to the inheritance of Eloise.

At the accustomed hour, the orphan's unwelcome suitor appeared : a grim smile pressed across his

hard features, as he announced the decision of the Council, and his consequent right of possession in that house, where he was now an undesired guest. At his command, a pair of folding-doors, leading to the adjoining apartment, flew open, and disclosed a banquet, which, in this season of privation and scarcity, seemed fit for the festal board of kings. Eloise pressed her thin hands over her eyes, that she might not see the tempting viands; and listened, with a fainting heart, to the disclosure of his barbarous purpose, his offers of securing her property by an hateful marriage, and his threats of immediate expulsion, should she persevere in her refusal. The prospect of becoming an outcast and a wanderer;—of being forcibly driven from the door of that house wherein she had first seen the light, and which she had been so long taught to consider as her own, by the most undoubted right;—the horrors which she must encounter in the few days which would intervene between her banishment from the house of her fathers, and the grave;—these subdued the spirit of Eloise, which had hitherto towered above her misfortunes. Sinking on the earth before him, she, with tears, implored her pitiless kinsman to allow her to die in some remote corner of the mansion, of which she had been so long the mistress, and to delay his entrance until sorrow and hardship had performed their final work, and she had found rest in another world. Alain Blanchart was inexorable. A fawning

priest, whose plump rotundity of figure plainly evinced that, however frugally the rest of his fraternity had existed, he had not been obliged to participate in the general fast, stepped from the adjoining chamber, and, opening a missal, offered to commence the holy service, which would give the trembling suppliant to the man she loathed. Eloise looked round in wild amazement: no help was near; the crisis of her fate approached; but one glance at the picture of the meek Gabrielle gave her strength and courage to repel the author of her sister's miseries; and, again pausing to take a last look of that dear and familiar scene, she rushed despairingly from the apartment, and from the house, now filled with the minions of its new lord.

A church gave the wretched orphan shelter for the night; and, on the following morning, she commenced a painful pilgrimage through the city, in the faint hope of receiving succour from those whom, in the days of her prosperity, she had called her friends. She knocked at the gate of a convent, which owed half its wealth to the pious donations of her ancestors. A pale attenuated form appeared at her summons; but charity had grown cold within the inhospitable walls, and the prayers of the petitioner were rejected. The abbess, with pretended zeal for the welfare of the sisterhood, refused, for their sake, to admit another claimant on the scanty store which its magazines contained; and, disap-

pointed in her first effort, Eloise turned her trembling foot-steps to other portals. They were all closed. Hunger had barred every heart, and frozen its sympathies for one who had only to accede to Alain Blanchart's proposals, to obtain an ample supply of food. The wrongs which she had suffered, the injustice which had driven her into the streets, excited little compassion; her honorable scruples were deemed too fastidious for encouragement in times of such keen distress; and those who did not insult her by their reproaches, were deaf to her solicitations, and left her to perish.

Eloise repaired again to the church, trusting that, within its holy walls, she should find a tomb; but even this last refuge was denied to the persecuted wanderer. The chief citizens of Rouen had received a distant hope of relief from the Duke of Burgundy, and, as their only chance of being able to hold out until succour should arrive, they determined to expel all those poverty-stricken persons who were compelled to subsist upon public charity. Strict orders were forthwith issued, to clear the churches and highways of the ghastly objects who infested them, and to thrust them without the walls. Eloise was included in this proscription. Blanchart no longer desired to marry her, for love never had any share in his proposals; he wished to avoid the odium of a harsher measure. But, since she had not found a single

friend to espouse her cause, he rejoiced that he had escaped the censure of the church, for disobedience to its most sacred injunctions; and, anxious to be rid of claims which might meet with attention in less troublesome times, he advocated the cruel measure which doomed a crowd of houseless wretches to certain death. A few of the sufferers shared in the melancholy apathy of Eloise, and obeyed the mandate in silent despair; but wild cries arose from the greater part of the famishing multitude, thus inhumanly abandoned to a dreadful fate. Mothers pleaded for their dying children; and the deep groans of aged men were mingled with the wail of helpless infancy. A faint expectation, that the besiegers would permit them to pass through the hostile lines, animated the breasts of these afflicted outcasts; but the stern victor, anxious to increase the distress of Rouen, refused to permit egress to the starving host; and, as they approached the camp, they were driven back, with flights of arrows, and were compelled to take shelter under the walls and in the ditches of the town. Eloise surveyed the sad spectacle, with mute horror; the progress of death, though certain, was slow; the gaunt spectre, as if enjoying every agonising pang, refused to inflict a sudden stroke, and lingered until the last faint struggle of expiring mortality yielded to its devastating power.

Dizzy, sick, and exhausted, as the wretched or-

phan wandered from group to group, amidst the pale and livid companions of her misery, she still felt the principle of life strong within her, and trusting that some random arrow (for the English, with a mockery of mercy, directed their death-winged shafts over the heads of the fainting suppliants) would secure her from the dreary, wasting, harrowing tortures of famine, she advanced towards the enemies' rampart. Aroused, by hunger's keenest anguish, from the dull torpor which had hitherto benumbed her faculties, she staggered forward with quick, but uncertain, steps; her long black veil, now stained and tattered, and her fair locks, despoiled of all their silken gloss, were lifted by the breeze, and floated, wildly, round her haggard form. She raised her beseeching hands and eyes to heaven, and, in that upturned look, encountered the gaze of Sir Lionel Mowbray, who stood, leaning on his sword, on the parapet above: her lips parted, as if to give utterance to a prayer, but a fearful cry alone escaped them, and her trembling limbs suddenly refusing their support, she sank upon the cold earth. Eloise, though too weak to rise, still retained her senses, and was awake to the keenness of her distress. As hour after hour passed heavily away, she clung eagerly to the hope, that the English knight, who owed his life to her exertions, would send assistance in her present extremity. The shades of evening mantled around, without bringing the expected relief; and, at

length, her eyelids closed, the pulsations of her heart grew weak, a mist enveloped her, and she became totally unconscious of her situation.

In this dreary interval, the sufferings of Sir Lionel, obliged to remain a passive spectator of the calamitous state of one to whom he was so deeply indebted, were painfully acute; but he dared not openly disobey the commands of a relentless king; and, unable to endure the piteous sight, he turned, with a hurried step, to his quarters, where a sick page, the gift of a friend killed in one of the sallies of the besieged, demanded his attention. Sir Lionel had been absent a longer time than usual from the youth's couch; and, though, at any other period, he would have grieved for his early dissolution, he was now more surprised than shocked to find that the boy was dead. The means of snatching Eloise from the brink of destruction immediately presented themselves; he prepared the corpse for interment, and made the tent ready for the reception of a fairer guest.

When night closed in, he stole through the darkness, unperceived, to the spot where his gentle preserver lay stretched, apparently in her last sleep; and taking the insensible burthen in his arms, conveyed her to the safe asylum which the page had occupied. Eloise awoke to life and happiness. Her strength and spirits restored by warm and genial food,—attended and guarded by a valiant knight, who, a model of

chivalric courtesy, observed the most scrupulous delicacy in his demeanour towards her,—health revisited the fading flower, and she was enabled to take upon herself the character and office of the warrior's page. And now, secure from danger, the worshipped idol of one of the bravest and best of those gallant soldiers who crowded round the standard of their heroic sovereign, the happiness of Eloise was only clouded by her anxiety for the unfortunate people of Rouen. The city, at length, capitulated, upon the severe terms imposed by the English monarch. The exiled heiress, still in the garb of a page, followed in the conqueror's train, in his triumphant entry to the proud Norman capital. Passing, on the ensuing morning, to the house from which she had been so unjustly expelled, she crossed the market-place at the moment that the headsman had performed his horrid office on the body of Alain Blanchart, the only person, amid those whom the King of England refused to include in the indemnity granted to the citizens, who suffered death. Restored to the inheritance of her forefathers, the happy Eloise rewarded the fidelity of Sir Lionel Mowbray, by the gift of her fortune, and her hand, in marriage.

## VENUS

### TAKING THE BOW FROM A SLEEPING CUPID.

QUEEN of smiles! fling down the bow:
Hearts are, like thine own hand, snow.
Love is sleeping, and in vain
You would waken him again;
And that bow's no more divine,
Even in such a hand as thine.
Smile thy smile,—and sigh thy sigh,
Both will pass unheeded by.
—Out upon our heartless age!
Stain upon the poet's page!
Now, the sweetest kiss and smile
Barter for their gift the while;
And the lover's heart is sold
For, what is not worth it, gold.
Once, there was more stirring time
Chronicled in minstrel rhyme,
When the young knight onwards prest,
For the colours in his crest;
When it was enough to say,
Bright eyes watch your course to day;
When the maiden kept her faith
Like a thing of life and death;

When the true heart wont to prove,
Not to only say,—I love.
Where hath history such a page
As of that chivalric age?

Can it be, I have gainsaid,
What my lute's religion made?
Have I said, that Love was cold?
Said, that faith was bought and sold?
Now, shame on the poet's song
Which could do his creed such wrong!
Yes, Love! by the burning cheek,
Blushes which thy language speak,
By the after paler sign,
Which doth tell of hope's decline;
By the drooped or flashing eye,
By the rose-lip's lonely sigh,
(These are tokens still we see!)
Tell they not, oh Love! of thee?
I should say, that still thou art,
Judging but from mine own heart.
Oh yes! spite of chance and change,
Worthless vanities that range,
Golden bribe, and worldly stain,
Smile and sigh still hold their reign.
Love of old ruled but as now—
Queen of Beauty! take the bow.

L. E. L.

# THE WITCH OF THE NORTH.

BY THE REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

> And thus I won my Genevieve,
> My sweet and beauteous bride.
>
> *Coleridge.*

## INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

From the lone silence of my dreamless cell
A wizard voice hath call'd me:—I obey,
And fain would greet that summons with a lay
Which should outshine my brightest.—Oh! 'tis well,
That the last notes that ever this weak shell
Perchance shall utter, thus should melt away,
Hymning the name of that most gentle fay,
That e'er on Poet's spirit laid a spell!

Come, my own Muse—thou *Feeling*, who dost rest
In my heart's inmost sanctuary; thou
Who art the soul of all my musings blest,
Dreams, wishes, hopes, affections! aid me now
To twine, for Her, the brightest and the best,
A wreath which shall not shame her peerless brow.

# The Witch of the North.

THERE is a witch, whose freaks in English story,
Ballad, or ode, have never yet been sung;
Although 'tis said that poets, young and hoary,
Sages, and wizards, at her feet have flung
Rich tribute: warriors, from their dreams of glory
Drawn by her potent charms, have meekly hung
Their laurels on her threshold: lawyers wise
Have bowed before the magic of her eyes.

Within a Northern cavern, dim and vast,
This lady-witch was born; a twilight gleam
Of everlasting icicles was cast,
From the arch'd roof, on the maternal dream
Wherein she was conceiv'd; faint music past
From the earth's bosom, while each breeze and stream
Murmur'd and sigh'd delight, and every flower
Breath'd tenfold fragrance on her natal hour.

A fairy form was her's, and well she wore
Its light aërial beauty; from her cave
Into the northern vapours, thick and hoar,
When first she pass'd, a path the vapours gave
To her, as to a sunbeam; the wild roar
Of torrents paused, as o'er Loch Lomond's wave
She glided like a zephyr; each fir-grove
Grew bright in the effulgence of her love.

Amidst the Northern forests, lakes, and hills,
Her infancy was nurtured, and she grew
Remote, and unacquainted with the ills
Of the corrupted South: 'tis said, she drew
Sweet inspiration from the rocks and rills,
From the free air, and from the mountain dew*
Of her wild clime, and that her wizard ken
Pierced far beyond the dreams of elves or men.

And to her beck, while yet she was a child,
A thousand strange and savage natures came;
Yea, whatsoe'er of wonderful and wild
The grim North teems with, her sweet looks could tame;
The kelpie crouched before her, when she smiled,
With claws curled in, and eyes of softened flame;
Brownie, and elf, and warlock, came to enrich
The festal pageants of this wondrous witch.

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* Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Her's was a reign of love; her mild dominion
Was o'er the heart and will of living things;
Her gentle voice could bind the eagle's pinion,
Her gentle looks rob dragons of their stings:
Yet more than this—'tis the receiv'd opinion,
That the sly witch held secret communings
With dread mysterious powers, and made her eye
Familiar with the realms of phantasy;

So that the Muses, from their viewless bowers,
Would oft descend, obedient to her spells,
And crown her forehead with Pierian flowers;
With music and with light they filled the dells
Wherein the witch abode; and she, for hours,
Would listen to their harpings, till the cells
Of her most secret thought began to teem
With shapes unknown to woman's brightest dream.

Some say, that Germany sent forth her sages
To do meet homage at the witch's feet,
Bearing that wondrous science, hid for ages;
The witch received them in her calm retreat,
Heard them discourse, and, from their mystic pages,
Drained secret draughts of knowledge—pure and sweet,
Which the fool scoffs at:—but the witch well knew
That this same knowledge was both wise and true.

Thus childhood passed, but ere her young cheek shone
With the first blush of womanhood—ere yet,
Encircled in the Queen of Beauty's zone,
The perfect graces of her form had met,—
Ere her young heart had love's first rapture known,
Or love's first sorrow made her eyelids wet,
From her enchanted cell the witch went forth,
And left the fruitful vineyards of the North.

What drew her from her solitude, and why,
Quitting that mountain paradise, she came
To shiver in our frosty Southern sky?
And whether on the tempest's wings of flame,
Or on a broomstick, she thought fit to fly,
No record now informs us; but the dame,
Beyond all doubt, in after years, was found,
Playing her wicked pranks on English ground.

Beneath the shadow of a castled steep,
In which the ashes of ancestral kings,
Rocked by the roll of ages, soundly sleep,—
Hard by a forest, where, in moon-lit rings,
The fairies still those gamesome revels keep,
Hallowed by Shakspeare's sweet imaginings,
The witch her dwelling fixed, and with strange power
Raised, and adorned, a bright enchanted bower;

Wherein, with potent cabalistic scrolls,
And spells contriv'd by necromantic lore,
And charm'd elixirs, mix'd in magic bowls,
Of power to penetrate the inmost core
Of human hearts, and e'en in rudest souls
Love's quenchless flame to kindle or restore—
Framing strong lures to tempt and to betray,
The wizard-maiden dwelt for many a day.

The deep recesses of her inmost cell
Were garnish'd with quaint treasures: lovers' sighs
Fill'd many a magical receptacle,
And tears were there, distill'd from rival eyes,
In crystal phials, seal'd and labell'd well;
And, mixt with these, lay quips and phantasies,
And dark enigmas brought from Faëry-land,
Which none but bards and witches understand.

And daily did the witch, by her sweet wiles,
Increase these treasur'd hoards; pale youths would come,
Laden with vows and raptures, miles and miles,
To do her wayward bidding; friends and home
Poets would barter for her thrilling smiles;
And studious sages burnt full many a tome
Of the old crabbed lore, that from her eye
They might imbibe love's sweet philosophy.

She had a chariot, which the Muses brought her,
Built by themselves, shaped like the horned star
Which gems the forehead of Latona's daughter,
And drawn by winged dreams; and in this car
Whene'er the witch was wearied, with the slaughter
Of Southron hearts, she used to roam afar
Into the realms of shadowy thought, and spy
The secrets of the land of poesy.

O'er the steep mountains, on the pathless air,
Through the unfathom'd depths of the dim sea,
Did these swift dreams the magic chariot bear;
Wherein she sat unharm'd and terror-free;
In heaven and earth's veiled regions whatsoe'er
Man's thought hath imaged, it was her's to see
With an undazzled eye;—such power the Muse
Into her favour'd children doth infuse.

The witch ne'er slept at night, but, in a trance,
Within her car lay folded; the moon's ray
Gilded her pale and tranquil countenance,
As the fleet dreams conveyed her, far away,
Through the star-spangled, limitless expanse
Of this mysterious universe; she lay,
Surveying all things, tho' it seem'd she slept,
And, as the view might move her, laugh'd or wept.

Her soul's deep eyes were open'd; in that hour
All day-light's dull realities were laid
Asleep, and in her flight was given her power
To view the phantoms of the night, which stray'd
Through human haunts; on many a young girl's bower
She gazed, still haunted by her lover's shade;
Gay dreams she saw, and fancies, bright and fair,
Couch'd on young eyes which had not look'd on care.

She saw the lean and dull-eyed Night-mare feed
On the crown'd tyrant's breath; a demon foul,
The fearful rider of that shadowy steed,
From its black wings cast terror on his soul;
While, one by one, full many a ruthless deed,
From the dark caverns of his conscience stole,
Making sleep hideous:—in his prison cell,
Meanwhile, the fetter'd patriot slumber'd well.

And oft she saw the thirsty Vampyre drain
The life-blood from the heart that lov'd him best,
And the pale Goule, with terror and with pain,
Gorge his foul meal, Death's lone and loathly guest.
But there were gentler phantoms; love's strong reign
The grave dissolves not; from their buried rest
Maidens, in bridal white, and wives arose,
To lighten many a broken heart's repose.

Throng'd by that pale and wandering company,
The midnight streets seem'd busy, as by day,
Save that no sound was heard, but silently
Each phantom glided on its lonely way :—
Meanwhile, in distant woods, the witch could see,
Threading their moon-lit mazes, elf and fay ;
And many another wondrous sight was her's,
Not to be dreamt of by philosophers.

These were her midnight pranks ; by day, she wander'd
In the fair bowers of old romantic lore ;
And now o'er Spenser's sweet creations ponder'd,
And now o'er sweeter Shakspeare's.—Hell's dread door
The Florentine unbarr'd to her ; she wonder'd
And wept o'er Ariosto's countless store
Of sad and mirthful fancies ; Milton gave
To her the knowledge which o'er-leaps the grave.

And, beside these, a household troop she kept,
Of poet-genii, by her spells fast bound
To work her will, and each was an adept
In his own trade ; some roam'd the world around
From East to West, and never stay'd or slept,
Till they the choicest phantasies had found,
And all the honey'd thoughts that might be worth
The witch's quest, in heaven, or hell, or earth :—

Which, when these swift and subtle sprites had caught
In their strong toils, straight to the witch's home
(As bees their gleanings to their queen) they brought
The nectarous freight, which to a honey-comb
Of labyrinthine fancies others wrought;
And all was treasured in a magic tome,—
Some favour'd spirit's present:—but the history
Of this same present still remains a mystery.

Howe'er, 'tis certain that each page was fill'd
With sweet and witching rhymes, while, day by day,
Immortal ink the poet-genii spill'd,
To swell the precious store, and many a lay
Was weekly added, whose rich music thrill'd
All gentle hearts, and bore men's thoughts away
To a dream-paradise:—such wondrous skill
These Genii had to work the witch's will.

Yet, ere such fiery spirits could be tamed
Down to complete subjection, charms were used,
Too dreadful (save by witches) to be named,
And many a potent herb was cull'd and bruised,
And many a philtre mix'd and fetter framed,
And many a mystic page full oft perused;
For, of all sprites that roam beneath the sky,
The wildest are the sprites of poesy.

Philosophy hath grasp'd the lightning's pinions
And tamed the rebel sprites of frost and snow,
Hath ridden on the storm through air's dominions,
And chain'd the myriad forms that sleep below
Ocean's dread depths; but on her dearest minions
Philosophy herself could ne'er bestow
Power to controul that wild fantastic brood,
Which the strong magic of the witch subdued.

The wars, and all the triumphs which she won
O'er these rebellious Genii, and the pains
Wherewith she tamed them, when the fight was done,
Are themes too mighty for the puny strains
Of a poor Southern bard:—but there was one,
A stubborn genius, whom, 'tis said, her chains
Could scarcely bind; dread punishment had he,
Which must be sung in saddest poesy.

This Genius came from a fair Western land,
A wilderness of woods and streams and vales,
And rocks rough-hewn by nature's giant hand;
And (if in old traditionary tales
We may believe) on musings, lone and grand,
His soul once fed, and he had spread the sails
Of his broad wings for many a venturous flight,
Which baffled e'en the wizard-maiden's might.

But he was sadly changed;—his once proud wings,
Which used to bear him, swift as Dian's sphere,*
Through thought's vast realms, in rapturous wanderings,
Hung weak and plumeless now; his leaf was sere,
Though he had seen but four-and-twenty springs;
And, on his lip, a cold habitual sneer
Had quell'd thought's outward workings:—you might trace
Anticipated years upon his face.

He look'd on beauty (though it pleas'd him well)
With a most calm and unimpassion'd eye,
As if he knew some antidote to quell
The poison of Love's darts:—none heard him sigh,
Or any tale of amorous passion tell;
But he would prate, with careless courtesy,
To woman, or to witch, as might befall,—
View their enchantments—and despise them all.

'Twas rumour'd of him, that, in former years,
A crush'd and tortured victim he had been
Of that relentless power, whose anger sears
E'en super-human hearts: some anguish keen
Had dried the inward fountain of his tears,
And lent strange coldness to his heart and mien;
And 'twas this coldness taught him to defy,
As he long did, the witch's sorcery.—

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* I do wander every where
Swifter than the moone's sphere.
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Fool!—Fool!—with taunting and irreverent
speech,
And sneers, and scornful gibes, he durst provoke
The spells and dread enchantments, from whose
reach
He *seem'd* secure; with many a bitter joke,
He scoff'd at fays and witches, all and each,
Vowing, that Genii who could wear their yoke
Were mean and abject slaves—and *chiefly* they
Who bow'd beneath the Northern witch's sway.

For in the North, this foolish sprite averr'd,
No charms could e'er be forged, of force to bind
A noble heart;—the country, he had heard,
Was peopled by the dregs of human kind;—
A race barbarian, ignorant, absurd—
To thought profound, and genuine wisdom,
blind—
As for the witch—she might have tamed his betters,
But *he* must still decline to wear her fetters:—

Which, when the lady knew, for wrath she tore
Her raven tresses, while, from either eye,
Flash'd a bright light, such as the vapours frore
Kindle, at evening, in the Arctic sky;
She knit her brows, and clench'd her hand, and
worse,
By all the nameless powers of sorcery,
That, if to magic art she had pretence,
The Genius soon should rue his insolence—

That night, the Wizard lady sat awake,
Weaving dread charms in her most secret cell,
And muttering rhymes which made all nature quake,
Wherewith she was accustom'd to compel
The strongest of her spirits to forsake
Their favourite haunts in heaven, or earth, or hell;
For, ere the morning, by their potent aid,
A spell, to bind the Genius, must be made.

Anon they came;—pale dream and solemn vision
Spread their light pinions at that awful call,
And silently and swiftly, through the Elysian
Portal, arose to her enchanted hall;
Aërial troops, in many a quaint division
Rang'd by their several leaders,—each and all
Observing, in the most respectful manner,
The signals of Queen Mab's imperial banner.—

And all night long, with swift, unwearied hands,
Those patient spirits toil'd incessantly,
Obedient to the witch's dread commands:
Some brought strange herbs, some bruis'd them skilfully;
Some for ingredients flew to the far lands
Of fiery Ind, and spicy Araby.—
Yet, all was finished ere the lark awoke,
Or, through the darkness, morn's first twilight broke.

* * * * * * * *

What pass'd in that impenetrable drift
Of supernatural hail, and rain, and snow,
Is yet a secret, which, that man should sift,
Fate wills not; so the world must never know
Whether the witch's demons did uplift
The Genius (some assert that it was so)
In their strong arms, and bear him swiftly forth
To some enchanted cavern in the North;—

Or whether, by their dark, infernal power,
He, on that spot, was cast into a trance,
Wherein he saw more sights, in one brief hour,
And feller, than e'er blasted waking glance;—
Or whether pangs, that did his soul devour,
Compell'd him (while, in swift and frightful dance,
Those demons yell'd around him) to obey
The witch's pleasure, boots not here to say.

But 'tis most certain, that, from that dire morn,
His looks were strangely alter'd—that his brow,
Which such a steadfast calm of late had worn,
Grew fever'd, and his eye was restless now;
And if his lip still curl'd with outward scorn,
'Twas that no mortal eye might ever know
The spell that did torment his inmost soul,—
The secret fire, which he could not controul.

O thou, whose wild, and oh! most potent verse
Did, from the Tuscan Muse, such favour win,
As taught thee the dread frenzy to rehearse
Of Charlemagne's most famous paladin,—
If my deep reverence for thy strains could nurse,
In me, a power and tenderness akin
To thine, I might describe, in fitting strain,
The pranks that spoke this sprite's distracted brain;

And how, at night, from his perturbed slumber
He oft would start, and, with wild gestures, cry
That Northern imps and goblins, without number,
Were tearing him piece-meal remorselessly;
And that strange fetters did his limbs encumber,
And that strange visions danc'd before his eye:—
And how, ere daylight broke, he used to wander
Into lone woods, to poetise and ponder.

Sometimes, in moody and abstracted fit,
He sat for hours, and then would start, and swear
The North produced all genius and all wit,—
All that was bright, and wonderful, and fair;
And that no poesy was ever writ
Which with the Northern could at all compare;
And that ——— but he discover'd, in a word,
That all his former notions were absurd.

And, from the boldest and most scornful sprite
That ever mock'd at necromantic power,
He grew a slave, tamed down and humbled quite,
The most submissive in the witch's bower;
And did her bidding meekly, day and night,
Toiling, at her command, through sun and shower;
And ran, and flew, to please her, miles and miles,
And never ask'd for wages—save her smiles!

And his old pinions, which had droop'd so long,
(As if he had been moulting,) soon began
To reproduce their feathers, fair and strong,
Of hues unnumber'd, like an Indian fan;
So that, again, through all the realms of song
He soar'd at will, and wheresoe'er he ran
Or soar'd (as you may guess) he brought each sweet,
That he could gather, to the witch's feet.

Yet was he discontented, though subdued;
For the fair witch would never smile on *him*;—
Witches, in fact, it should be understood,
Are not more free, than mortal maids, from whim;
Whence this most cruel witch esteem'd it good
To fill his soul, e'en to the very brim,
With adoration of her charms, that so
Her cold despite might work him fiercer woe.

Therefore, not yet abandon'd she her wiles,
But rack'd his bosom still, and, when she saw
His eyes fix'd on her, oft would lavish smiles
On many a peacock, whom he deem'd a daw
In pilfer'd plumes,—base rabble that defiles
A poet's pen,—fops learned in the law,—
Coxcombs, and drones, and dandies,—brainless knaves,
Who the poor Genius wish'd were in their graves.

Yet he complain'd not,—but ador'd her still,
In dumb and patient hopelessness;—such fear
Temper'd his love, such charms were wont to thrill
His sinking heart, whene'er the witch was near;
Yet oft with secret tears his eyes would fill,
And when he deem'd that no intrusive ear
O'erheard him, in wild words of rage and grief,
The fulness of his bosom found relief.

Still rail'd he not on *her*, but madly flew
On her chief minions, with irreverent gibes,
And stung them, with keen satire, through and through,
Reviling the whole race, through all its tribes:
He laugh'd at all her lovers, old and new,
And call'd them rogues, and dolts, and lying scribes;
(To jeer at folks, who were esteem'd so sensible,
It must be own'd was highly reprehensible.)

And then he swore, by those love-beaming eyes,
It was a grievance, not to be endur'd,
That some vain, shallow, witless imp should rise,
And of the witch's favour reign assur'd,—
Nay—haply make her very heart his prize,—
While *he*, a spirit to her tasks inured,
And gifted with high power to work her will,
Was thus cast off,—despised,—rejected still!

This could not last:—One day, the Magic Book
Fell in his way, (by chance or by design,)
And tempted thus, these artful means he took
To end his grief:—in many a mystic line
He traced (although his hand with terror shook)
His soul's most secret workings, in such fine
And subtle phrase involv'd, that none but she,
For whom 'twas meant, could solve the mystery.

And he petition'd (this presumptuous elf!)
That, if his lady's heart was yet unwon,
He might adventure for the prize himself,
And do whate'er by prowess could be done,
To throw all rival suitors on the shelf,—
Adding, with grave audacity, that none
(Save only *He*) were competent to prize,
According to their worth, those soul-lit eyes,—

And then he vow'd, with many a solemn oath,
That, should the witch e'er deign to let him be
Her earthly guide, he then would plight his troth
To serve her with most strict fidelity,
And show her all his wonders, nothing loth;
For he possess'd Apollo's master-key,
By which are open'd, to the sons of verse,
The hidden chambers of the universe.

And that with love which none but poets feel,
And reverence such as none but poets pay,
He would watch over all her future weal,
And deem her his sole treasure, night and day;
And when Death's slumber should her eyelids seal,
And her soul flit to Paradise, away,
Still, upon earth, her sacred name should be
Link'd with his own in Immortality.

Here pause we,—for the night is on the wane.
Whether the Genius still was doom'd to grieve,
Or some kind fortune eas'd him of his pain,—
Is matter which, in verse, I yet may weave:—
But months must first roll by,—for such a strain
Is fitter far for some calm summer eve
Than for these merry winter nights, when we
Begin to dream of Christmas revelry.

*November*, 1824.

# THE ORPHANS.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

I AM old enough to remember several of the most crowded and fashionable watering-places, when they were quiet and unambitious villages. Watering-places, like most other things in this life, are spoiled by success. It is now difficult for a solitary thinker, or for a newly-married pair, or for a simple and unexpensive family in search of rest and health, to find some scattered hamlet looking out upon the broad sea; where the *one* snug and silent inn affords comfort and *welcome;* where the *one* bathing-machine is supported by the dozen invalids, who are established in the neighbouring cottages; and where the *one* coach duly departs for London three times a week. Such places *were*, twenty years ago; but improvement has ruined them. The old inn has shot up into a new hotel, with splendid mirrors and pert waiters;—the white cottage, round whose latticed porch the honey-suckle once crept in unforbidden luxuriance, is metamorphosed into a red boarding-house, "with a green door and brass knocker;" the steady and

duly watched-for stage has yielded to a crowd of "Flys," and "Balloons," that come and go every hour, with intolerable uproar. Peace is banished. The beach is crowded, the library is crowded, the baths are crowded, the very fields and foot-paths are crowded. There, in unmitigated supremacy, presides the insufferable despotism of Fashion, with its attendant train of fashionable milliners, and fashionable preachers, and fashionable singers. The whole place is become a hot-bed of folly and profusion;—the contests between the pride of rank and the pride of wealth are perking themselves into your face at every turn;—all the natural relations of society seem overthrown, or have given place to the most constrained and artificial displays; the entire population is "making believe." It becomes impossible for any person of common sense long to exist in such an element;—and we fly back to London, for comparative serenity—for air almost as pure—for domestic comfort—for real occupation—for any thing, in preference to that eternal round of aimless curiosity, and insipid amusement, and tedious masquerading, which universally make up two months at a watering-place.

I was staying, about ten years since, at a delightful little village on the Southern coast, which, like many other pretty objects, is now ruined by having its beauty praised and decorated. The sea was not the only part of Nature *then* to be seen. The gardens

were natural, the hedge-rows were natural, the people were natural. We could ramble along the sands all the morning, without being stared down by the drivers of barouches, or the driven in donkey-carts; we could sit in the balmy evening air, and listen to the solemn roll of the eager surf, or gaze upon the tranquil course of the harvest-moon, or awake our own heartfelt melodies, without being elbowed by a mob of coquettes and coxcombs. But why do I linger upon these recollections? Is it that those days were days of happiness, and that the same sun which gilds the smiling plain behind me, lights not the dreary hill which I have yet to climb? It may be so.

It was at the period I mention, that our party had wandered, one sunny afternoon, to an inland village. There was amongst us all the joyousness of young hearts; and we laughed, and sang, under an unclouded sky, "as if the world would never grow old." The evening surprised us at our merriment; and the night suddenly came on, cloudily, and foreboding a distant storm. We mistook our way:—and, after an hour's wandering through narrow and dimly-lighted lanes, found ourselves on the shingly beach. The tide was beginning to flow; but a large breadth of shore encouraged us to proceed without apprehension, as we now felt satisfied of the direction of our home. The ladies of our party, however, began to weary;—and we were all well nigh exhausted,

when we reached a little enclosure upon the margin of the sea, where the road passed round a single cottage. There was a strong light within. I advanced alone, whilst my friends rested upon the paling of the garden. I looked, unobserved, through the rose-covered window. A delicate and graceful young woman was assiduously spinning; an infant lay cradled by her side; and an elderly man, in the garb of a fisherman, whose beautiful grey locks flowed upon his sturdy shoulders, was gazing with a face of benevolent happiness upon the sleeping child. I paused an instant, to look upon this tranquil scene. Every thing spoke of content and innocence. Cleanliness and comfort, almost approaching to taste, presided over the happy dwelling. I was just about to knock, when my purpose was arrested by the young and beautiful mother, (for so I judged was the female before me,) singing a ballad, with a sweet voice and a most touching expression. I well recollect the words, for she afterwards repeated the song at my request:—

SONG OF THE FISHER'S WIFE.

Rest, rest, thou gentle Sea,
  Like a giant laid to sleep,—
Rest, rest, when day shall flee,
  And the stars their bright watch keep;
For *his* boat is on thy wave,
  And *he* still must toil and roam,
Till the flowing tide shall lave
  Our dear and happy home.

Wake not, thou changeful Sea,
Wake not in wrath and power;
Oh, bear *his* bark to me,
Ere the darksome midnight lower;
For the heart will heave a sigh,
When the loved one's on the deep,—
But when angry storms are nigh,
What can Mary do,—but weep?

The ballad ceased;—and I entered the cottage. There was neither the reality nor the affectation of alarm. The instinctive good sense of the young woman saw, at once, that I was there for an honest purpose;—and the quiet composure of the old man shewed that apprehension was a stranger to his bosom. In two minutes, our little party were all seated by the side of the courteous but independent fisherman. His daughter,—for so we soon learnt the young woman was,—pressed upon us their plain and unpretending cheer. Our fatigue vanished, before the smiling kindness of our welcome, while our spirits mounted, as the jug of sound and mellow ale refreshed our thirsty lips. The husband of the young wife, the father of the cradled child, was, we found, absent at his nightly toil. The old man seldom now partook of this labour. His Mary's husband, he said, was an honest and generous fellow;—an old fisherman, who had, for five-and-forty years, been roughing it, and, "blow high, blow low," never shrunk from his duty, had earned the privilege of spending his quiet evening in his

chimney corner;—he took care of the boats and tackle, and George was a bold and lucky fellow, and did not want an old man's seamanship. It was a happy day when Mary married him,—and God bless them and their dear child!—It was impossible for any feeling heart not to unite in this prayer. We offered a present for our refreshment; but this was steadily refused. The honest old man put us into the nearest path; and we closed a day of pleasure as such days ought to be closed,—happy in ourselves, and with a kindly feeling to all our fellow-beings.

During my short residence at the village I have described, I made several visits to the Fisherman's cottage. It was always the same abode of health, and cheerfulness, and smiling industry. Once or twice, I saw the husband of Mary. He was an extremely fine young man, possessing all the frankness and decision that belong to a life of adventure, with a love of domestic occupations, and an unvarying gentleness, that seemed to have grown in a higher station. But ease, and independence, and luxurious refinement, are not absolutely essential to humanize the heart. George had received a better education than a life of early toil usually allows. He had been captivated, when very young, by the innocent graces of his Mary. He was now a father. All these circumstances had formed him for a tranquil course of duty and affection. His snatches of leisure were

passed in his little garden, or with his smiling infant. His wife's whole being appeared wrapped up in his happiness. She loved him with a deep and confiding love; and if her hour of anxiety were not unfrequent, there were moments of ecstacy in their blameless existence, which made all peril and fear as a dim and forgotten dream.

Seven years had passed over me, with all its various changes. One of the light-hearted and innocent beings who rejoiced with me in the happiness of the Fisherman's Nest, as we were wont to call the smiling cottage, was no more. I had felt my own sorrows and anxieties,—as who has not? and I was in many respects a saddened man. I was tempted, once again, to my favourite watering-place. Its beauty was gone. I was impatient of its feverish noise and causeless hurry;—and I was anxious to pass to quieter scenes. A recollection of deep pleasure was, however, associated with the neighbourhood;—and I seized the first opportunity to visit the hospitable cottage.

As I approached the green lane which led to the little cove, I felt a slight degree of that agitation which generally attends the renewal of a long suspended intercourse. I pictured Mary, and several happy and healthy children;—her husband, more grave and careful in his deportment, embrowned, if not wrinkled, by constant toil;—the old man, perchance, gone to rest with the thousands of happy and

useful beings that leave no trace of their path on earth. I came to the little garden :—it was still neat ;—less decorated than formerly, but containing many a bed of useful plants, and several patches of pretty flowers. As I approached the house, I paused with anxiety ;—but I heard the voices of childhood,—and I was encouraged to proceed. A scene of natural beauty was before me. The sun was beginning to throw a deep and yellow lustre over the clouds and the sea ;—the *old man* sate upon a plot of raised turf, at the well-known cottage-door ; a net was hung up to dry upon the rock behind him ; a dog reposed upon the same bank as its master ; one beautiful child, of about three years old, was climbing up her grandfather's shoulders ;—another, of seven or eight years, perhaps the very girl I had seen in the cradle, was holding a light to the good old man, who was prepared to enjoy his evening pipe. He had evidently been labouring in his business ;—his heavy boots were yet upon his legs ; and he appeared fatigued, though not exhausted. I saw neither the husband nor the wife.

It was not long before I introduced myself to the "ancient" fisherman. He remembered me with some difficulty ;—but when I brought to his mind the simple incidents of our first meeting—and more especially his daughter's song, while I listened at the opened casement, he gave me his hand, and burst into tears. I soon comprehended his sorrows,—and

his blessings. Mary and her husband were dead! their two orphan girls were dependant upon their grandsire's protection.

The "Song of the Fisher's Wife" was true in its forebodings for poor Mary; her brave husband perished in a night of storms. Long did she bear up, for the sake of her children; but the worm had eaten into her heart, and *she* lies in the quiet church-yard, while *he* has an ocean-grave!

Beautiful, very beautiful, is the habitual intercourse between Age and Infancy. The affection of those advanced in life for the children of their offspring, is generally marked by an intensity of love, even beyond that of the nearer Parents. The aged have more ideas in common with the very young, than the gay, and busy, and ambitious, can conceive. To the holy-minded man, who wears his grey locks reverently, the world is presented in its true colours: he knows its wisdom to be folly, and its splendour vanity; he finds a sympathy in the artlessness of childhood; and its ignorance of evil is to him more pleasing than man's imperfect knowledge, and more imperfect practice, of good. But the intercourse of my poor old fisherman, with his two most dear orphans, was even of a higher order. He forgot his age, and he toiled for them;—he laid aside his cares, and he played with them;—he corrected the roughness of his habits, and he nursed them with all sweet and tender offices. His fears lest they should be de-

pendant upon strangers, or upon public support, gave a new spring to his existence. He lived his manhood over again, in all careful occupations; and his hours of rest were all spent with his beloved children in his bosom.

Excellent old man! the blessing of Heaven shall be thy exceeding great reward; and when thou art taken from thy abode of labour and love to have thy virtue made perfect, thou shalt feel, at the moment of parting, a deep and holy assurance, that the same Providence which gave thee the will and the ability to protect the infancy of thy Orphans, shall cherish and uphold them through the rough ways of the world, when thou shalt be no longer their Protector.

# THE SWAMP SPIRIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY."

WHERE the hidden stream is strongest,
Where the bull-rush grows the longest,
Where the broad morass is deepest,
Where its slippery bank is steepest,
Where the path is wildest spreading,
Faint to sight, and weak in treading,
Where the lost benighted stranger
Wanders on in doubt and danger,
Where the wood is gloomiest lowering,
Where a victim's to be won;—
There the Goblin, Will, is cowering,
There is mischief to be done!
There am I,
With my lanthorn and cry,
Mocking of mortal ear and eye!

When the Winter-night is darkest,
When the storm is roaring starkest,

When the mountain-torrents flowing
Man and steed are overthrowing,
When the snow is wildest falling,
When the winds are most appalling,
When the moon is redly gleaming,
When the mist is thickly steaming,
When the avalanche is lowering,
When the darkness hath begun ; —
There the Goblin, Will, is cowering.
Then there's mischief to be done !
There am I,
With my lanthorn and cry,
Mocking of mortal ear and eye !

## TO MARY.

BY THE REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

My Muse hath long with silence dwelt,
  My harp been long unstrung;
I cannot feel as I have felt,
  Nor sing as I have sung.
E'en to the verge of middle age
I've brought my earthly pilgrimage,—
  My heart 's no longer young;
And, sooth, 'tis time, at twenty-seven,
My Muse should be the bride of Heaven.

Yet, Mary, ere I cease to float
  For aye on Fancy's sea,
I'll freight once more my "crescent boat,"
  With fairy gifts for thee:
And thou, I trust, wilt not despise
Such scant and sorry merchandize,
  Unworthy though it be
Of him, who, in his better day,
Was rich in rhyme and roundelay.

But if my lyre hath now decay'd,
'Tis not from age alone :—
Sore havoc with its strings was made,
Ere yet my youth was flown :
And haply, Mary, *thou* canst tell
Of one who nurs'd my fancy well,
And rear'd it with his own,
'Till discord fell 'twixt him and me,
And left me—what I now must be.

My heart hath found a resting-place
Since then, at love's sweet shrine ;
And he, now freed from grief's embrace,
Shall soon repose in thine.—
A patient fight ye both have fought,
And well your steadfast faith hath bought
Such bliss as shall abide,
When youth and passion's reign is o'er,
And fancy's dreams delude no more.

'Twill be a joy, in after years,
That I've beheld thy face ;
Have seen thee in thy smiles and tears,
Thy goodness and thy grace ;
That I shall know, whate'er betide,
How lovely and how loved a bride
My friend's fond arms embrace ;
What beauty, worth, and talent shed
Their brightness on his nuptial bed.

And though beneath remoter skies
Our lot must now be cast;
Though different cares and sympathies
Round each must gather fast;
Though brief the computation be
Of future hours which *ye* and *we*
Together shall have past;
And feelings, now too deep for tears,
Must perish in the wear of years;—

Yet still, in feeling's late decline,
When Hope and Fancy flee,
'Twixt thee and me, 'twixt thine and mine,
A bond of love must be:
And though a month hath scantly flown
Since first our friendship's seed was sown,
I trust no time shall see
Our souls bereft of thoughts like these,
And yet more dear remembrances.

PLYMOUTH,
September 1, 1827.

## ON HOUSEKEEPERS.

"Gil Blas, me dit-il, je te recommande seulement d'avoir de la complaisance pour la dame Jacinte. C'est une fille qui me sert depuis quinze années avec un zèle tout particulier."

*Gil Blas*, Livre ii. Chap. i.

I MUST confess, that, fearless as I feel towards most persons, a strange instinctive awe too often comes over me, when I meet with a Housekeeper. I must be more explicit.—I do not mean a man, who, having a house of his own, is recognized by tax-gatherers as a Housekeeper, or a Householder; nor one, who, from keeping ever at home, acquires the name. I speak of that important female personage, that under-mistress, and upper-servant, who assumes the right of talking confidentially in the dressing room of her mistress, and screaming her commands in the servants' hall; she, who *keeps* the upper house in order, and the lower house in awe; she, who *keeps* the stores of the house under lock and key, and the keys of the house in her pocket, and much of the consequence of the house in her carriage—has *she* not a peculiar right to the name of Housekeeper?

I wonder what Housekeepers are like, when they are young! or, if they have been known young, I cannot remember to have seen one. We hear, indeed, that Mrs. Haller, the fair, frail, lovely Mrs. Haller, became a Housekeeper; but, I conceive that idea of Kotzebue's to have been one of the monstrous absurdities of the German Drama.

The youngest Housekeeper I ever saw was, indeed, a fine manly woman, about forty! a very Amazon in appearance and character! with a flashing, coal-black eye, a strong muscular arm, broad, square shoulders, and small hips! She had hired herself to an old surly mastiff of a man, and, when I encountered her, she was trifling with a stout mop. Her cap, which looked as if she had never lifted a needle to its many rents, was half off her head, and she was stamping in her pattens on a stone pavement. What nerves that woman must have had!—'With a mop?' 'A Housekeeper with a mop?'—Yes, *she* was no dawdling, fine-lady Housekeeper. She chose sometimes, by way of amusement, to do the dirty work herself, 'just to shame that idle baggage, the housemaid!' just to let her see that, when she gave her orders to have a thing done, she knew how it ought to be done,—she *could* do it herself.

Persons of far higher pretensions than Hannah Mortimer have handled a broom under very similar pretences. A gentleman, whom I know, called on Madame Catalani, during her first visit to England,

when she was so young and beautiful, when her unrivalled voice was in its most exquisite tone, and she herself was reckoned so peculiarly charming. She was then residing in her pretty cottage ornée, at Brompton. He found her, a large broom in her hands, —sweeping with all her might. It might have been a blush, but, far more probably, it was the fine healthy glow of exercise which flushed her expressive countenance, as she looked up and laughed.

"I was beginning," she said, "to have your English complaint. I began to feel dull, and nervous, and unwell, without knowing what to complain about; so I took away the broom from the housemaid, and now I am quite well—my ennui has left me—I am myself again." I just mention this anecdote, to prove that there could be nothing derogatory to the dignified office of a Housekeeper, if one of that class, (I feel I should be guarded in what I say,) that most respected class, or order, or profession, should occasionally in her wisdom, or by way of relaxation, take into her grasp a broom, or a mop.

Hannah Mortimer, for methinks it seems unnatural to call her Mistress Mortimer, was a celebrated heroine in a village where she once resided. She was then in the service of an old single gentleman. His house was in a very lonely situation, and he was known to be possessed of much property. The old man had never been robbed; and, without a thought of housebreakers, he had allowed many of the lower

windows of his house to remain, for years, without shutters or fastenings of any kind. One winter night, the snow was on the ground, and every fire and candle was extinguished in the small lonely house. Hannah had gone to bed—she had slept soundly, for a few hours, when she was suddenly awakened—by what ?—the snoring of the housemaid, who slept in the same room. So she thought, and catching up one of her shoes, she threw first that, and then the other, at the girl's head. The snoring ceased. Just then, a door was heard to creak heavily upon its hinges,—the girl huddled under the bed-clothes. Hannah sprang boldly out of bed. Having hastily thrown a petticoat and shawl around her, she was in a moment at the door of her master's chamber. The old man called out, for he was awake; but she heeded him not. She knew that he was safe. "And now," she shouted, in a voice that would have shamed a man's, striding swiftly down the stairs—"now, you rascals! what are you about there?" A man rushed past the foot of the stairs, as she reached it. She flew after him through the kitchen, and the wash-house, into the back yard. There, by the faint light, and the whiteness of the snow on the ground, three dark figures might be plainly seen: two of them were about to lift a heavy sack over the low wall. Their companion, the fellow who had fled before her, was making away in another direction. Hannah looked around her; and the gleam of some-

thing which rested against the side of the house met her eye. It was a plough-coulter, which one of the thieves had brought with him. She caught it up; and it was well she did, for the men returned, and a very short but violent scuffle ensued. The undaunted woman successfully opposed their entering the house, hitting right and left, with the formidable bar of iron. They were desperate fellows, who would not have stopped at murder; but assistance came just as Hannah dropped the weapon she had wielded so stoutly. Her arm was broken, but her master's property, and probably his life, was saved.

But I must turn from these records of a sternness enough to make any one tremble before a Housekeeper. I fear that poor Hannah, though a useful housekeeper when the house was to be kept from thieves, must have been a little too fierce, a little too savage, in times of peace! We will turn to softer themes, to a tale of domestic happiness and love.

There were two heavy, middle-aged merchants; they were either Dutch or German, I know not which, but their name was Vanderclump. Most decided old bachelors they were, with large, leathern, hanging cheeks, sleepy grey eyes, and round shoulders. They were men not given to much speech, but great feeders; and, when waited upon, would point clumsily to what they wanted, and make a sort

of low growl, rather than be at the trouble to speak. These Messrs. Vanderclump were served by two tall, smooth-faced dawdles: I never could discover which held the superior station in the ménage. Each has been seen trotting home from market, with a basket on her arm; each might be observed to shake a duster out of the upper windows; each would, occasionally, carry a huge bunch of keys, or wait at table during dinner; and, in the summer evenings, when it was not post-day, both of them would appear, dressed alike, sitting at work at the lower counting-house window, with the blinds thrown wide open. Both, I suppose, were Housekeepers.

It happened, one cold, foggy Spring, that the younger brother, Mr. Peter Vanderclump, left London to transact some business of importance with a correspondent at Hamburgh, leaving his brother Anthony to the loneliness of their gloomy house in St. Mary Axe. Week after week passed away, and Mr. Peter was still detained at Hamburgh. Who would have supposed that his society could have been missed? that the parlour could have seemed more dismally dull by the absence of one of those from whom it chiefly derived its character of dulness? Mr. Anthony took up his largest merchaum, and enveloped himself in its smoke by the hour; but the volumes of smoke cleared away, and no Peter Vanderclump appeared emerging from the mist. Mr. Anthony brought some of his heavy folios from below; and, in

their pages of interest, (no common, but often compound, interest,) lost, for a while, the dreary sense of loneliness. But, a question was to be asked! Peter's solemn 'yah' or 'nein,' was waited for in vain. Forgetful, and almost impatient, Anthony looked up —the chair was unoccupied which his brother had constantly filled.

Mr. Anthony began to sigh—he got into a habit of sighing. Betty and Molly (they were soft-hearted baggages) felt for their master,—pitied their poor master! Betty was placing the supper on the table one evening, when her master sighed very heavily. Betty sighed also, and the corners of her mouth fell —their eyes met—something like a blush crimsoned Betty's sleek, shining cheek, when, on raising her eyes again, her master was still staring at her. Betty simpered, and, in her very soft, very demure voice, ventured to say "Was there any thing she could do?" Mr. Vanderclump rose up from his chair. Betty, for the first time, felt awed by his approach. "Batee!" he said, "My poor Batee! Hah! you are a goot girl!" He chucked her under the chin, with his large hand.—Betty looked meek, and blushed, and simpered again. There was a pause—Mr. Vanderclump was the first to disturb it. "Hah! Hah!" he exclaimed, gruffly, as if suddenly recollecting himself; and, thrusting both hands into his capacious breeches pockets, he sat down to supper, and took no further notice of Betty that night.

The next morning, the sun seemed to have made a successful struggle with the dense London atmosphere, and shone full in Mr. Vanderclump's face while he was at breakfast, and set a piping bullfinch singing a tune, which his master loved rather for the sake of old associations, than from any delight in music. Then Lloyd's List was full of arrivals, and the Price Current had that morning some unusual charm about it, which I cannot even guess at. Mr. Vanderclump looked upon the bright and blazing fire; his eye rested, with a calm and musing satisfaction, on the light volumes of steam rising from the spout of the tea-kettle, as it stood, rather murmuring drowsily, than hissing, upon the hob. There was, he might have felt, a sympathy between them. They were both placidly puffing out the warm and wreathing smoke.

He laid down his pipe, and took half a well-buttered muffin into his capacious mouth at a bite; he washed the mouthful down with a large dish of tea, and he felt in better spirits. That morning, he entered the counting-house rubbing his hands.

Within an hour, a crowd of huge, dusky clouds shut out the merry sunshine, and the Hamburgh mail brought no tidings whatever of Mr. Peter. Mr. Anthony worked himself up into a thorough ill-humour again, and swore at his clerks, because they asked him questions. When he entered his apartment, that evening, he felt more desolate than ever. Betty

placed a barrel of oysters on the table—he heeded her not ;—a large German sausage—his eyes were fixed on the ground ;—a piece of Hamburgh beef—Mr. Vanderclump looked up for an instant, and, Europa-like, his thoughts crossed the sea, upon that beef, to Hamburgh. Gradually, however, a genial warmth spread throughout the room, for Betty stirred up the fire, and let down the curtains, and snuffed the dim candles ; while Molly loaded the table with bottles of divers shapes and sizes, a basin of snow-white sugar, and a little basket of limes, of well-known and exquisite flavour ; placing, at the same time, a very small kettle of boiling water on the fire.—" Why, Mollee ! my goot girl !" said Mr. Vanderclump, in a low and somewhat melancholy tone, (his eyes had mechanically followed these latter proceedings,) " Mollee ! that is ponch !"—" La, Sir ! and why not ?" replied the damsel, almost playfully, " Why not be comfortable and cheery ? I am sure"—and here she meant to look encouraging, her usual simper spreading to a smile,—" I am sure, Betty and I would do our best to make you so."

" Goot girls, goot girls !" said Mr. Vanderclump, his eyes fixed, all the while, upon the supper table—he sat down to it. " My goot girls !" said he, soon after, " you may go down, I do not want you ; you need not wait." The two timid, gentle creatures instantly obeyed. More than an hour elapsed, and then Mr. Vanderclump's bell rang. The two matronly

maidens were very busily employed in making a new cap. Betty rose at once; but, suddenly, recollecting that she had been trying on her new and unfinished cap, and had then only a small brown cotton skull-cap on her head, she raised both her hands to her head to be certain of this, and then said, "Do, Molly! there's a dear! answer the bell? for such a figure as I am, I could not go before master, no how. See, I have unpicked this old cap, for a little bit of French edging at the back." Molly looked a little peevish; but *her* cap was on her head, and up stairs she went. Mr. Vanderclump was sitting before the fire, puffing lustily from his eternal pipe. "Take away," he said abruptly, "and put the leetle table here:" he pointed and growled, and the sagacious Molly understood. She placed the table beside him, and upon it the punch, which he had been drinking. "Batee, my poor Batee!" said Mr. Vanderclump, who had not yet noticed that Betty was absent. "It is not Betty, but Molly, Sir!" replied the latter damsel, in a voice of child-like simplicity, "Hah!" said he, apparently considering for a moment, "Hah! Batee, Mollee, all the same! Mollee, my poor Mollee, you are a goot girl! Get up to-morrow morning, my poor Mollee, and put on your best gown, and I will marry you!" Molly was, as she afterwards declared, struck all of a heap. She gaped, and gasped with astonishment; and then a power of words were rushing and racing up her throat to her tongue's end:

a glance at her master stopped their explosion. His hands were in his pockets, his face towards the fire, his pipe in his mouth. "Yes, Sir;" she replied, humbly and distinctly. A few tears trickled down her cheeks, as she curtseyed low at the door, and disappeared. She knew his ways she thought within herself, as she walked very slowly down the stairs, and she congratulated herself that she had not risked another word in reply. "And now, Betty," she said, as she entered the kitchen, "I'll put the finishing stitch to my cap, and go to bed; for master will want nothing more to night." She sat down quietly to work, and conversed quietly with Betty, not disclosing a word of her new prospects. Betty, however, observed that she took off the trimming with which her new cap had been already half adorned. "Why, bless me! Molly!" she cried, "you are not going to put on that handsome white satin bow, are you?"—"Why yes! I think I shall," replied Molly, "for now I look at your cap, with that there yellow ribband upon it, mine seems to me quite old-maidish."

The next morning, Molly got up before her sister, and put on her best gown and her new cap. The morning was dark and dull, and Betty was sleepy, and Molly kept the window curtain and the bed curtains closely drawn. Unsuspected, she slipped out of the chamber, her shawl and her bonnet in her hand.

As the clock struck eight, Molly was standing be-

side her master before the rails of the marriage altar; and, not long after, she burst upon the astonished eyes of her sister, as Mrs. Vanderclump.

In due time, Mr. Peter Vanderclump returned: but a slight coolness arose between the two brothers, and Mr. Anthony, at the suggestion of his wife, took a small house in Copthall Court, Throgmorton Street. Mrs. Vanderclump was fond of the country, and longed for a window that looked into the Drapers' Gardens! Betty was invited to accompany her sister; but no—Betty was also cool—she was nothing but a Housekeeper! and no company for gentlefolks! She was poor Mr. Peter's servant, and could remain where she was!—and so she did: but poor Mr. Peter soon began to feel very lonely; and, one evening, in the innocence of his heart, quite unconscious of his brother's manner of wooing, he took Betty's hand, and said; "Batee, my poor Batee! you are a goot girl! get up to-morrow morning, and put on your best gown, and I will marry you."

There was a time, when, on visiting Show Houses, I had an instinctive dread of a bustling, illiterate guide. I fancied myself romantic then; and would stand apart from the common gapers and gazers, feeling my own superiority, and shutting my ears to the intrusion of all vulgar discoursing. But, now! —I know not how it is! I feel, perchance, a more enthusiastic delight in fine pictures; yet I move on

through the splendid apartments, at the very elbow of the Housekeeper, (if the Housekeeper of the family indulge us with a lecture on the paintings;) I hang upon her words, and follow, with obedient gaze, her upraised wand.

She knows not that she herself is an object of interest to me; that her importance, her language, her very dress, are my delight. It is cruel to disturb that harmless importance; and ah! that language, that happy volubility of words! many of her own coinage, passed as if, with her, forgery were no crime. The air of perfect nonchalance with which she stops before a splendid Titian, and bids you mark its beauties and defects, her own eyes scarcely glancing on the picture, as if she had its glories all by heart, and hardly cared to descend to aught beyond their bare recital, for the edification of our lower intellects.

And then her dress—so entirely free from the pretension to finery and fashion, which one meets with in dressy servant maidens: no servile imitation of the style of her mistress; and yet, differing so entirely from that of an inferior domestic—perchance a bandana kerchief, forming a fillet for her head, and slippers of a sad-coloured stuff upon her tender feet.

The finest specimen of a Housekeeper I ever met with is Anne Worthington, or, to speak with deference, Mrs. Worthington, or, being, that she has

ever lived in single blessedness, Mrs. Anne Worthington.

My mother was a little girl, when Anne Worthington first entered the service of her father, as my grandmother's maid. The lady with whom she had lived before that time, was a friend and near neighbour of Mrs. Sheridan, the authoress of 'Nourjahad' and 'Sidney Biddulph,' and Anne remembers Master Richard Brinsley Sheridan to have been a very idle boy, and very slovenly in his dress and appearance. From the hour when she first became the attendant of my grandmother, to the present time, Anne Worthington has continued in the same service, bearing ever the same high character. I think she may have had many offers of marriage, if a certain stateliness of manner, perfectly feminine, did not keep the fellows at a distance. I am sure she must have been very handsome! Her dark lustrous eyes, and red lips, and delicately fair complexion, are too remarkable, now she is an old woman, not to have been very attractive when set off by the charming freshness of youth. But she had other thoughts, other pleasures in her chaste prime of womanhood, and was not one who studied to catch a lover's eye with outward beauty. Sir Thomas Overbury would have said of her, "She leaves the neat youth telling his luscious tales, and puts back the serving man's putting forward with a frown; yet her kindness is free enough to be seen, for

it hath no guilt about it." She was always fond of books; and her lot, like that of Bridget Elia, was to be "tumbled early into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition." She read through Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, and the old Folio Translation of Josephus, in the hours she stole from sleep, when, owing to the delicate state of her mistress's health, her bed was placed in the dressing room. Fearful of fire, she used to place her book near the rushlight on the hearth, and there, stretched upon the floor, and supporting her head upon her hands, she leaned her face over the large prolix pages, till it was often too late, or rather too early, for her to get into bed, and the cold, pale light of dawn supplied the place of the expiring rush-light.

How well I can recall the awe-struck feeling with which I regarded her, if she came across me in some stolen visits to the servants' hall, or to the kitchen; or if she caught me just peeping among the tempting, but guarded treasures of her store-room, when, by some rare chance, she had allowed herself to be called away, leaving the door ajar. In my grandmother's dressing room she was formidable, for they seemed in league together, whenever I was brought up to answer for certain offences committed in the garden or orchard. My dear grandmother, though possessing a heart which overflowed with affection, and all sweet and kindly sympathies, was a rare hand

at a trimming; she would fix the steady searching glance of her bright eye full on one's face, till the simple dislike of being stared at sent-up blushes, which were deemed to be the sure proofs of guilt. I remember trembling with fear, silly urchin that I was! when she held up, in terrorem, a bunch of peacock's feathers, which she named a rod, and called her only left fearful colleague, Anne Worthington, to bear witness to her threats, that, if I committed the offence again, I should most certainly be scourged with that same rod. I almost fancy that, in her grasp, the light and painted plumes underwent some strange metamorphosis, for, in my own hands, such feathers seemed soft and beautiful playthings, as they do to all children.

There was one room in which Anne Worthington was not feared by the children of the family; there, her unwearied good temper and kindness were perfectly captivating. I remember the room as it was then furnished, with a few old drawing-room chairs, once all gilding and damasked satin, then sadly tarnished and faded; the window-seat covered with seedling flowers, in large garden-pots, with a very little green watering-pot *en attendance*. On the walls were pictures, some of them of birds, (marvellously beautiful they seemed to me,) the blackbird, the jay, and many others, their plumage all of real feathers. There were also bas-relief heads, *en profile*, of our good king George the Third, and Queen Charlotte;

and two pictures from Cotes, of the Duchess of Argyle, and the Countess of Coventry, those matchless beauties of their day. The two latter pictures were neither prints nor paintings, but, apparently, a sort of engraving in coloured glass. I know not how to describe them; but I dare say, from what I have said, my reader will know what I mean.

This apartment was Mrs. Worthington's own sitting room. Here I, and my brothers and sisters and cousins, were always welcome. Here seated, some on the same large chair, some on high stools, some on low, and all surrounding the blazing turf-fire, (she always burned turf from the broad heaths near the house,)—here have we sat, during the long winter evenings, listening to her charming stories. Tales she could tell, of foreign land, and fairy land, and every land; and we could never exhaust her stock. Then she could go back to the days of our great-great-grandmother, Bryan, and far beyond, for family anecdotes. How that two great aunts, ladies of high rank in Scotland, had been beheaded for their devoted attachment to the Stuart family; and how that the elder branch of my grandmother's family had lost all their estates because they were true to their faith and to their king; while the younger branch abjured their religion, and paid their court to those in power, and so bought back the lands and houses for an old song. And she would draw us nearer to her, as she described the beauty and modesty of my own dear

mother and her sisters when they were young (modest and lovely they indeed were;) and how charmingly the elegant dress of their youthful days became them, the jacket and petticoat of fine India muslin, with just a shade of brown powder in the hair: white powder had a mean look! for her part, she could not bear it for young persons. She has never ceased, however, to wear it in her own hair.

I could never remember Mrs. Worthington looking otherwise than as she now does. Though, of course, she is in years, not now a young woman, she is as strait and erect as ever, in her person; her shoulders have the same youthful fall, and her head is thrown slightly back, with the air of one who would bridle at the mention of her beauty. Her appearance is at times peculiarly striking, as much from the style of her dress, as from the perfect ease and propriety, I might almost say dignity, of her manners. They have a good old fashion at the Grange. On birth-days, and wedding-days, and many other days of rejoicing, an invitation is sent, by one of the grand-children of the Squire, to request the presence of Mrs. Worthington at the dessert. In she comes, with the quiet and smiling self-possession of one who is conferring, rather than accepting, a compliment; ay, and conferring it kindly, and graciously, and nobly. In she comes, moving along with light but stately step, in the full array of stiff and rustling silks, and starched muslin, and crèped and powdered hair.

I remember an amusing mistake, when a friend of mine, then in the neighbourhood of the Grange, rode over one summer evening, to join our young and happy party. I believe we were going to dance that evening. I introduced him to those of my family whom he had not seen before. I had forgotten to present him to one person; till, with that courteous reverence, so charming in a young man towards old age, he stopped before an elderly lady, and, turning to me, his look said very plainly, "You have surely forgotten one of the elders of your family; do I not seem very rude? Do not you mean to introduce me?"—"Ah!" I exclaimed, instantly; "I must introduce Mr. Harcourt to you, Mrs. Worthington." But, ere I had spoken, our dear Mrs. Worthington had felt his silent attention, and stood up to acknowledge it. On my speaking, she curtseyed to the very ground. He still thought, (till I afterwards explained to him who the stately old lady was,) that I had introduced him to one of my great aunts.

When her beloved mistress was dying, Anne Worthington made a solemn promise that she would never leave her aged master; and that promise she has kept, with a devotion quite extraordinary in these selfish days. He is now eighty-one, and she still thinks him the finest gentleman of his time. Nothing, in her opinion, can be too good for him, and she feels —nay, fires up at the slightest neglect, where he is concerned. She knows no fault in him, but that, in

utter disregard of her counsel and entreaties, he *will* set off by himself, and walk, no one knows whither, and return, after two or three hours' absence, quite tired out: she generally watches for him, and takes her station upon the steps. He pretends to meet her, bearing himself bravely, with the military swagger and the careless smile, which, perhaps, distinguished him, when, in his youth, he belonged to the "Saucy Greens," the nick-name of his regiment; but when she begins to scold, (a privilege of undeniable use on such occasions,) his unresisting obedience, and his hurrying steps, as he follows, she leading the way, to his dressing-room, plainly betray that he is a coward at heart.

And now, though I could say much more of her, I will not weary thee, gentle reader! We will leave Anne Worthington to that service which is such a pleasant duty to her. We will leave her where she loves to be, with her garden-flowers and her books about her; of all those books, deeming the Holy Bible the best and sweetest reading. We will leave her, with the character Orlando gives to his father's old and faithful servant:

> "How well in thee appears
> The constant service of the antique world;
> When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
> Thou art not for the fashion of these times."

# LONDON.

## VIEWED AT NIGHT, FROM A NEIGHBOURING HILL.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN, ESQ.

BEHOLD the mighty city stretched beneath:
The moonbeams on its dim and silent towers
Slumber, and, wide and far, on either side,
Bright lamps, in rows, stand thick, as if a host,
With torches in their hands, were marshall'd there,
For some night-ceremony. The sailor thus,
Musing in darkness, 'mid the giddy shrouds,
Sees, on the deep, the reflex of the stars,
Tremulous and quivering to the passing wind.
And, hark! at intervals a sound is heard,
Like ocean's murmurs coming from afar,
When on the sullen waves, tempests, nigh spent,
Struggle and pant in dying agonies.
The passions now, as, after weary flight,
Fierce Alpine eagles toil towards their nests,
To fold their wings in slumber. Stiller grows
The hum of life each moment, till anon,
As midnight, wrapt in vapours, passes by,

Silence sits empress o'er a dreaming world!
Ah! could I now uncurtain every brain,
And view the visions wild, that visit them
This moment! or, with those whom sleep forsakes,
Share all their meditations, proud or sad,
As science, love, or guilt is pondered deep!
Within those dusky domes, how many souls,
In contest hard with Death, are fluttering now,
On lips all pale and cold, and heedless grown
Of tried affection's thickly-falling tears,
Straining their gaze towards another world,
Shrouded and hidden in the clouds of doubt.
Perchance, th' adjoining chamber, lighted gay,
Holds happy lovers, in each other's eyes
Reading eternal constancy and joy;
And ignorant that, in the soil of fate,
The bitter seeds of pain, regret, and grief,
And misery, and lasting woe, are sown,
And ripening quick for them! Ah! let me turn
To these calm fields, and wind-unruffled trees,
That, silvered by the moon, an Eden seem,
Fraught with soft peace to soothe the troubled soul.
Here, hand-in-hand with Silence, let me oft
Stray, musing on the dreams that still disturb
My heart by day. Those stars, this lovely earth,
Th'abode of doubting, daring, heedless man,
Wake thoughts of other days, thoughts of delight,
That peopled thick the dawn of life, and left
Tracks not to be erased by Death or Time.

# PALINODIA.

Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quem præcepit——
*Hor.*

THERE was a time, when I could feel
All passion's hopes and fears;
And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,
By smiles, and sighs, and tears.
The days are gone! no more, no more,
The cruel fates allow;
And, though I'm hardly twenty-four,—
I'm not a Lover now.

Lady, the mist is on my sight;
The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my bloom is blight;
I'm not a Lover now!

I never talk about the clouds,
I laugh at girls and boys,
I'm growing rather fond of crowds,
And very fond of noise;
I never wander forth alone
Upon the mountain's brow;
I weighed, last winter, sixteen stone,—
I'm not a Lover now!

I never wish to raise a veil,
I never raise a sigh;
I never tell a tender tale,
I never tell a lie;
I cannot kneel as once I did;
I've quite forgot my bow;
I never do as I am bid,—
I'm not a Lover now!

I make strange blunders every day,
If I would be gallant,
Take smiles for wrinkles, black for grey,
And nieces for their aunt:
I fly from folly, tho' it flows
From lips of loveliest glow;
I don't object to length of nose,—
I'm not a Lover now!

The Muse's steed is very fleet,—
I'd rather ride my mare;
The Poet hunts a quaint conceit,—
I'd rather hunt a hare;
I've learnt to utter yours and you,
Instead of thine and thou;
And, oh! I can't endure a Blue!—
I'm not a Lover now!

I find my Ovid very dry,
  My Petrarch quite a pill,
Cut Fancy for Philosophy,
  Tom Moore for Mr. Mill:
And Belles may read, and Beaux may write
  I care not who or how;
I burnt my Album Sunday night;—
  I'm not a Lover now!

I don't encourage idle dreams
  Of poison or of ropes;
I cannot dine on airy schemes,
  I cannot sup on hopes:
New milk, I own, is very fine,
  Just foaming from the cow;
But, yet, I want my pint of wine:—
  I'm not a Lover now!

When Laura sings young hearts away,
  I'm deafer than the deep;
When Leonora goes to play,
  I sometimes go to sleep;
When Mary draws her white gloves out,
  I never dance, I vow;
"Too hot to kick one's heels about!"—
  I'm not a Lover now!

I'm busy, now, with state affairs,
I prate of Pitt and Fox;
I ask the price of rail-road shares,
I watch the turns of stocks:
And this is life! no verdure blooms
Upon the withered bough.
I save a fortune in perfumes;—
I'm not a Lover now.

I may be, yet, what others are,
A boudoir's babbling fool:
The flattered star of Bench or Bar,
A party's chief or tool:
Come shower or sunshine,—hope or fear,—
The palace or the plough,—
My heart and lute are broken here;—
I'm not a Lover now!

Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my bloom is blight;
I'm not a Lover now!

# THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

His pulse was faint, his eye was dim,
And pale his brow of pride;
He heeded not the monkish hymn
They chaunted by his side.

He knew his parting hour was come;
And fancy wander'd now
To freedom's rude and lawless home,
Beneath the forest bough.

A faithful follower, standing by,
Ask'd where he would be laid;
Then round the Chieftain's languid eye
A lingering lustre play'd.—

"Now raise me on my dying bed,
"Bring here my trusty bow,
"And, ere I join the silent dead,
"My arm that spot shall show."—

They rais'd him on his couch, and set
The casement open wide ;
Once more with vain and fond regret
Fair Nature's face he eyed.

With kindling glance and throbbing heart,
One parting look he cast,—
Sped on its way the feather'd dart,
Sank back and breath'd his last !

And where it fell they dug his grave,
Beneath the green-wood tree ;
Meet resting-place for one so brave,
So lawless, frank, and free.

# TITIAN'S LAST PICTURE:

## A Tale of Il Fascino.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF LONDON BRIDGE."

An Evil Eye seemeth to emit some malignant and poisonous spirits, that take hold of the spirits of another; and is said likewise to be of the greatest force when the cast of the eye is oblique. This passion has also been noted to be most dangerous, when the Evil Eye is cast upon a person in glory, triumph, and joy.

*Lord Bacon's Sylva Sylvarum.*

I know not, whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me.

*Shakspeare.*

WHOEVER has seen so much of the world as to "have swam in a gondola," on the bosom of the spacious Adriatic, or along those canals which separate the Hundred Isles of Venice, must remember an ancient mansion called Di Ca Barberigo; since it is distinguished from the many other Venetian Palaces at present in decay, by having been once the residence of the admirable and excellent Titian. Though it is now more than two centuries and a half since

that prince of Painters fell an early and too noble a victim to the plague; yet a gallery, still called *Scuola Tiziano*, probably shews one of his apartments: whilst its desolate saloons contain his portraits of Doges, which almost walk out of the canvas; his famous weeping Magdalen, feebly protected by an old green curtain, and more than half devoured by the tooth of Time; and the lineaments of two Saints, the first and last efforts of his pencil, which are yet esteemed as some of its principal ornaments. The *Custode*, who shews you these, is, of course, contented to repeat to every visitor the same story which she was at first taught, with all its original mistakes, and probably some peculiar to the last reporter; but when I saw the unfinished Sebastian, upon which this splendid Painter was employed, even when the pestilence seized him, it was in the society of a young Italian from Titian's own birth-place of Cadore; whose numerous anecdotes of the Artist's life, imparted a double pleasure to the contemplation of his works. He also related the unrecorded history of that Last Picture; and if, like the unfinished Will of Sir Philip Sydney, written to an imperfect bequest, it were interesting before, the reader will imagine how much that interest was increased, when he unfolded the circumstances of the following narrative.

It will doubtless be very well remembered, that Charles V., the Imperial patron of Titian, died in the year 1558, a twelvemonth after the worthless

satirist, Pietro Aretino; whose great talents had so dazzled the Painter, that he regarded him as one of his dearest and most eminent associates. The decease of these two persons wrought so deeply on his mind, that he suddenly gave himself up to the painting of sacred subjects only, as well as to a closer retirement than had been his wont. Even in the most splendid part of his career, however, when he was invited to become a resident at the proudest Courts of Europe, when Charles V., Francis I., Henry VIII., and the Popes Paul IV. and Leo X., solicited him to be their honouring, no less than honoured, guest, he refused to leave his beloved Venice, where he lived magnificently and in his own entire independence. The house in which he, at length, secluded himself and died is now unknown, but its situation is yet pointed out in that part of Venice called the "Sestiere di San Marco," near the Church of Santa Maria dei Miracoli, on the north-eastern side of the Canale Grande.

But the close of Titian's life was said to be also overclouded by a circumstance still more immediately painful; which was, the wild and disorderly conduct of his son Piombino; since it was not only altogether unworthy of his own reputation and his father's eminence, but was rendered yet more notorious and degrading, from his Ecclesiastical profession as a Canon of Milan Cathedral. It was some time, however, before the Painter became perfectly

aware of his son's vices, and still longer before he gave credit to them; though he was, at length, but too fatally convinced in the following manner.

There lived in one of the little narrow shops which crowd the passage of the Rialto, known by the sign of the Three Moors, a very famous Carver in wood, who had learned that art under Francesco Vecellio, the younger brother of Titian, whose excellence was most displayed in the decoration of architectural cabinets of ebony. This Sculptor was named Messer Ercole: he was a dear friend and admirer of Titian; but, from his gigantic size, strength of arm, and violence of disposition, he was usually called *Il Bastonáccio*, or the Cudgel. As the two artists were frequently employed in the decoration of the same edifice, Messer Ercole used to exert himself the more whenever their labours were to be placed together; and so much did he prefer Titian's fame to his own, that he was well satisfied if his richest altar-carvings, his largest crucifix, his finest saintly effigy, or his most elaborate tabernacle, in any degree improved the effect of his friend's painting, or caused their names to be mentioned in connection. One evening, about eighteen o'clock, in the Summer of 1576, as he was at work, in his little open shop, upon a very fine figure of St. Guglielmo the Hermit, in the famous coat of mail which he wore as a penance next his body, a Stranger, attracted by its beauty, paused to look at and admire it. "*Venite, Signore,*"

said the Carver, with that free and blunt courtesy, for which such impetuous dispositions are often remarkable; "Come in, Signore; I have but a *botteghino* to ask you into, its true; but there's room for you to sit down at any rate."

"Save you, for your courtesy, Messer Scultore," answered the other; "I'll come in to you with a very good will; for, though I have but just landed at Venice, I walked from Stra to Fusina in the hottest part of the day, and would gladly rest me: the rather, however, to look at such work as yours. Santo Benedetto! it is indeed a most rare piece."

"*Ma si!* Signore," returned the Carver, "and so it ought to be, for 'tis to stand near a most glorious picture of St. Sebastian, by my dear friend, the great Tiziano Vecellio."

"Why, truly," replied the Stranger, "he is a famous painter, and a rich man, no question; but if he be no better than his son, the Canon of Milan, I'd rather stand by him in this world than the next."

"I'll tell you what, Signore Vagabóndo," answered the Sculptor, looking very intently upon his work to restrain his passion; "I'll tell you what, you're come to the wrong person if you mean to rail against any of my dear friend's family: his very shoes are worth you and all your generation. But, perhaps, though, you don't know that I can handle something besides my scarpello, and can break a head as well as carve one?"

"Quiet thee, quiet thee, Messer Scultore," replied the Stranger, rising from his seat, and looking at him steadfastly and sternly; "I know what I know; and perhaps, if we came to blows, I could do as much as another. But I can tell you a secret," continued he, casting an oblique glance at the effigy, his eyes appearing to emit a pale and deadly light; "you'll never finish that figure which you're carving so choicely!"

"Get out of my house, thou spiteful wretch! before I toss you into the Canale Grande," rejoined Ercole, whose anger was rapidly rising; "and if you're either a wizard, or the devil, you'll swim to shore again. By St. Mark! if you don't speedily begone, I'll call the Sbirro, and have you laid by the heels for a villanous sorcerer!"

"Who asked me in hither?" said the Traveller in a calm contemptuous tone; "I should never have entered your hovel, unless you had invited me."

"No, truly," answered the Sculptor hastily, "for I have none but Saints in my shop. However, now I turn you out again; so go, whilst your bones are whole!"

"I am departing," added the Stranger, "but you and Vecellio both will remember me; and if you desire to know any more about the *holy* Canon Piombino, ask Tobbia the Gondolier to row you to that solitary Lazzerétto by the Isola San Lazzaro: you may go at any hour, but it's best in the quiet

evening. And remember that you will never complete that effigy, nor your *dear friend* Titian his Sebastian, for the same Church !"

"Lying prophet of evil, and envious wretch ! take that !—and that !—and that !"—exclaimed the enraged Messer Ercole, striking violently at the Stranger with a large piece of ebony; "Dog of the earth ! contemptible reptile ! abandoned villain ! monster of iniquity ! I shall pound thee into dust, and give thy bones to the hangman !"—and as he spake, he continued laying about him in the wildest and most ungoverned fury; the noise of which, and the loudness of his execrations, soon drew a crowd of his neighbours about the shop.

"Why, Messer Ercole !" said Piero, the gold-chain maker; "what in God's name are you about ? is thy brain turned ?"—"Brother Scultore," exclaimed Ugo the gold-beater, "you'll break the house down ! by St. Matthias, now, but I would I might have you to hammer for me."

"Friend Carver," rejoined Paolo, who lived at the *Margherita*, or Pearl, next door, and was a famous artist in the splendid glass toys with which Venice once abounded; "you'll ruin me, body and goods if you don't leave off. Half the *conterie* and curious glass-work for Tiziano Vecellio is broken already, and—" The rage of Messer Ercole became so ungovernable at these words, that Fra Barnaba, a Monk of the Cordiglieri, who stood in the crowd, said,

"Alas! my children, he is possessed! the Devil is our invisible enemy, and our brother here is fighting with him, and—Holy Virgin! if he hath not broken off the arm from the effigy of Santo Guglielmo for a weapon! Friend Ercole! Messer Scultore!" continued the Priest, shaking him, "look, thou hast spoiled and defaced the blessed Saint's image of its arm; cease this idle fury, and tell us what possesses thee."

The Ebony-carver, being almost tired of laying about him, now left off to take breath, and stared with astonishment at the crowd about his shop; wondering also, especially, that his visitor had not remained to receive the last of his exclamations and cudgelling. The neighbours, however, abundantly returned his wonderment upon hearing his story, since they all unanimously affirmed that no such person as he described had been seen that evening upon the Rialto. It was, notwithstanding, generally agreed that he must have been a Neapolitan from his habit, and in all probability a dreadful *Jettatore*, or one who produces evil to another by a certain deadly power contained in the eyes. To this fascination they generally attributed Messer Ercole's destruction of his own work, which was fated to be unsuccessful from the very moment the Stranger fixed his side-long glances upon it; and most of them were convinced that no human power could ever finish it. Some of the neighbours, however, who knew the

worthy Carver's impetuosity, ventured to hint that if he got in a passion, he would transform the effigy of the meekest saint that ever wore sackcloth into a carnal weapon, without being influenced by the dreadful glances of a Jettatore; but they were instantly scouted as little better than the wicked. When all this wondering and gossiping had continued some time, and Messer Ercole was almost inclined to make the arm of Santo Guglielmo work the miracle of clearing his shop, from the very midst of the crowd came the original subject of this adventure,—Tiziano Vecellio himself.

There seemed to be upon his brow more of solemnity and care than it had yet exhibited, even in these his later days; and it was almost with melancholy that he returned the salutations of the assembly, which began to disperse, as, taking the Carver by the arm, he invited him to pass an hour with him in a gondola, between those solitary little islands lying to the South and South-east of Venice. Overflowing with his recent encounter, the fervent Messer Ercole began rapidly to relate it; but when he had concluded, how great was his surprise to hear that his friend was acquainted with the mysterious personage, and that he had an important disclosure to make concerning him.

Having descended from the Rialto into the Campo di Bartolommeo, opposite the Eastern end, which spreads out before a fine old Palazzo, then belonging

to a member of the Council of Ten, Titian inquired of the Gondolieri who were waiting for a fare, each stretched out at length in his vessel, for one Tobbia; upon which, a tall man in a tattered habit, with a sallow melancholy visage, came forward and silently received them into his barque. When they were seated, and the gondola had begun to glide down the Canale Grande towards the Dogana da Mare, and the Isola della Zuecca, Titian looked out upon the waters, which were then blazing like a mirror of gold from the vivid beams of the setting sun, and stretching out his hands, he exclaimed; "I thank thee, Oh God! that thou hast given me, though verging on my hundredth year, yet to enjoy the evening breeze, and still to have so little of the infirmity of old age as to come forth to partake of it! Now do I feel the truth of thy Prophet's words, that 'at even time there shall be light;' for there is light in that glorious sunset, and there is light in my vesper-hours, though they be swiftly sinking into the darkness of death." He then turned to his companion, and addressed him with, "I have sought you this evening, my dear Ercole, to communicate a secret which only a brave man can disclose to a brave man;—I shall not live to see the coming Winter!"

"St. Mark defend you! Signore Tiziano; though you have lived longer than most men, I trust in God that you'll yet see another Summer, and many

more to boot. Who should desire to live if you do not? For my part, if any one asked me, as Creso did the old Philosopher, 'who is the happiest man?' I should say, Tiziano Vecellio, to be sure; for he has prosperity, honour, matchless talent, a fair family, and a wise and virtuous heart."

"You speak warmly," answered the veteran Painter; "and yet, though I have touched the very summit of happiness and splendour of which my art or my life is capable, few would believe that, in my proudest and most glorious moments, I have experienced the successful malignity of a foe over whom I have no power!"

"What do you mean, *caro amico?*" demanded Messer Ercole; "can it be that spiteful knave whom I thwacked this evening, who is your enemy?"

"Yes," replied Titian, "it is he; but you shall hear my story, which I have never yet uttered to mortal. Nearly eighty years since, when the freedom and boldness of Giorgione's pencil first drew my admiration from the stiff and harsh designs of Giovanni Bellino, under whom I was then studying, I sought his friendship, and we drew and painted together, until my pictures became so like his own, that they were not unfrequently mistaken. Rivalry was far from my breast, but suspicion soon took possession of his, and he speedily brake off all intercourse with me, and refused me admission to his studio. One of Giorgione's favourite disciples,

also, imbibed his hatred to me. He was a Neapolitan, named Pilato, and he had a remarkable habit of casting sidelong glances, whenever he was displeased, when his eyes seemed to flash with a pale and malignant light. As it had been several times observed that some accident followed this practice, Giorgione's other pupils gave him the name of Il Basilisco, and the Evil-eyed."

"Out on the villain!" said Messer Ercole, "he ought to have been denounced to the Ten, and burned for a Wizard."

"*Lasso! amico mio*," replied Titian, "we did not then know that he possessed in so great a degree the fatal gift, so common to his countrymen, of the *Jettatura*, or casting of destructive glances which terminate in evil!"

"Well, but Signor Vecellio," returned the Carver, "you were soon taken out of the sphere of that scoundrel Devil's-kin."

"Yes," said Titian; "the death of Giorgione left me almost without a rival, and the splendid and imperial Charles the Fifth, for whose death I have so long mourned, soon raised me above my most sanguine hopes: but even in those moments, when I have been most honoured by the favour of Kings and Pontiffs, I have felt most keenly the power of Pilato's glances. You well know,—and if perchance the biographers of a future time should ever write of Tiziano, they will record how his imperial patron

gave him wealth and dignity; admitted him to his private friendship, and invested him with the jewel of knighthood; how his own hand raised from the ground the pencil which had fallen from mine, saying that 'Tiziano deserved to be attended by Cæsar;' how he declared that I had thrice given him immortality by having thrice delineated his form upon the canvas; and how, when it was observed to him that so great a Prince should not bestow such honours upon a Painter, he replied, that *he* could indeed create nobility, but, that only the Almighty could create a Tiziano. These things I know that you remember, and I now speak of them only to say, that, in every moment of my highest glory, I have beheld, in the admiring crowd, Pilato looking at me with his usual side-long glances, though, before I could detain him, he was gone!"

"Aye, truly, Signore Vecellio," returned Messer Ercole, "and so he did with me this very even; whilst I was trying to convince his sconce with a piece of stout ebony, he was gone, as you say; whilst his evil eyes had made me spoil the figure of the holy Santo Guglielmo. But did anything follow his malevolent looks upon your prosperity?"

"Generally some misfortune, of greater or lesser consequence," replied Titian; "one time, my daughter Maria sickened; and at another, I lost my way in travelling in Germany, wandering all night in a gloomy forest, scared by unearthly sights and noises.

He appeared to me, also, before my brother Francesco's death; and once, when I was standing before the portraits of my two sons, Orazio and Piombino, he suddenly entered the apartment, and, looking at them with his oblique glances, he said, sarcastically, 'Ah! they'll not perpetuate the name of Vecellio with much honour I take it!' and what has followed? Why, one has dissipated my wealth in the idle mysteries of the laboratory, disregarding the pencil which he well knows how to use, and which hath to me proved the art of making gold; and the other, whom I have placed in the Church of Milan, is reported to be a profligate and a villain."

"So that same shadow of the devil would fain have persuaded me," answered Messer Ercole; "and for proof of it, he referred me to the Lazzerétto by the Isola San Lazzaro; and, by the Holy Lion," added he, looking out, "we are close upon the spot!"

The bright glow of sun-set, as the gondola glided onwards to the Canale di San Giorgio, had faded into a placid and beautiful moonlight, in which the calm canals of the city slept beneath the deep shadows of its lofty buildings. In the interest awakened by Titian's story, the rapid progress of the vessel from Venice had been unmarked, though the scene had been continually varying; for, when the water-palaces, which line the Canale Grande, had receded from the view, the Church of San Giorgio rose out of the trees and verdure of its little island. This was

succeeded by the spires and swelling dome of the Tempio del Santissimo Redentore, the *capo d'opera* of Palladio appearing, as the barque turned the point of the Isola della Zuecca; whilst, at intervals, a fort or a Lazzerétto seemed to start on its little island out of the waters. On one of these watery solitudes, a pest-house reared its high and gloomy walls, which looked still more melancholy from the almost unbroken silence which reigned around; since the few gondolas to be seen on that part of the Adriatic, though illuminated according to the Venetian custom, were gliding about like floating stars, or fire-flies upon the surface of the lakes of Virginia. The only sounds were the occasional cries of the gondolieri, as a boat glided near the vessel, and the plaintive and shrieking tone of Tobbia, who was chanting a portion of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso; which preceded the verses of Tasso, as the *Cante alla Barcaricola*, or Songs of the Boatmen. The part he had selected was that passage in the eleventh Canto, where Orlando discovers Olympia chained to a rock in the Island of Ebuda, waiting for the monster which is to devour her; and as the gondola approached the lonely isoletta, he was singing the 57th stanza, wherein Olympia declares that death rather than deliverance will best alleviate her sorrows. They, who are acquainted with the original, know that it commences:—

"Io v'ho da ringraziar, ch'una maniera
Di morir mi schivaste troppa enorme:"

and in the language of the last and best translator, it runs thus :—

"I have to thank thee, that, from death too dread
And monstrous, thy good arm deliverance gave;
Which would have been too monstrous, had I fed
The beast, and in his belly found a grave :
But cannot thank thee that I am not dead,
Since death alone can me from misery save.
Well shall I thank thee for that wish'd relief,
Which can deliver me from every grief."

As this strain and the silent plash of the oar approached the Lazzerétto, a white hand, which the moonlight touched with an almost unearthly lustre, was stretched forth from one of the lofty iron-grated windows in a part of the building appropriated to persons of disordered intellect. "*Venite per me? Cari Amici!* do you come for me, my dear friends? do you come for me?" exclaimed a soft voice, in which melancholy was blended with hope, which, as the vessel glided on, sank into the mournful cry of disappointment.

"*Lasso! Poverina!*" exclaimed Tobbia, ceasing from his song, "God's pity be upon thee! but I fear that only death will turn the key of thy prison: ever in the same strain, whether it be morning or midnight, when the plash of an oar disturbs these silent waters, then is heard thy sorrowful cry of '*Venite per me.*' "

"And who is that unfortunate captive?" said Titian.

"'Twas told me, Signore," answered Tobbia, "that she is called Donna Elena, the daughter of a Noble in Milan, who hath fallen under the arts of a seducer, because she was said to have been blasted by the evil-eye of a malignant Neapolitan. God wot! I can well believe it, since I know full well that it is true: look at me and at my habit, Gentiluomini; I am starving, and have scarcely spirits to row my gondola, or to chant a verse of a Barcaricola; and yet my heart is bleeding for that imprisoned poverina."

"Here, *buon uomo*," said the venerable Titian, holding out his purse to the Gondolier, "take this, and let us disappoint the Jettatura for once at least; but tell me, do you know the name of the seducer of that unhappy captive?"

"*Molto ringraziaménto, Signore*," answered Tobbia; "the poverina was sent hither by her family to hide her sin and their disgrace in secret; the Jettatore and the seducer concealed themselves; but I was told about ten days since, by a stranger whom I rowed to the *Riva dei Schiavone*, that the latter is called Piombino Vecellio, a Canon of Milan Cathedral.—Holy Father!" exclaimed the Gondolier, as he saw Titian fall into his companion's arms, "is the Signore ill?"

"Yes, yes;" hastily answered Messer Ercole, "though he is the best and heartiest vecchierello in all Venice, yet that tale of sorrow hath overcome

him; therefore, make what speed you can back, and land us at the Campo Gesuiti: compose yourself, caro amico," he continued to Titian, in a lower voice, "this may not be true;" and administering such consolation as he might, he returned to the dwelling of the prince of painters.

Without disclosing this adventure to his family, Titian's first care was to send for the Canon Piombino, and to provide for the relief of Donna Elena, who, however, was soon after more effectually aided by death. When that Ecclesiastic came to Venice, the Painter desired him to be conducted alone to his studio, where he was employed upon his painting of St. Sebastian, which he felt convinced was never to be perfected. As Piombino drew near the apartment, he was struck with the splendid and impressive appearance which his father presented, as he viewed him at a distance through an open door. He was standing by his easel, his pallet and pencils resting behind him; and he was habited in that rich dress, in which he so often painted the nobility of Venice, and which, from its Eastern character, is such an appropriate costume for the wise, the venerable, or the illustrious. His attitude was one of motionless contemplation, with one hand resting in his girdle; and he was decorated with some of those golden marks of honour, with which he had been invested by the gratitude of so many sovereigns. The room was partially shaded by a rich curtain, and in

its state and furniture, appeared truly worthy the residence of a Titian. It may well be conceived that the Painter addressed his son in the words of virtue and wisdom, which would inspire a "divine old man," scarcely less distinguished by his worth than by his talents. Yet, when he spake of the anguish with which the discovery of his son's profligacy had filled his breast, he declared, pointing to the picture where the martyred Sebastian was pourtraved, pierced with arrows, that his own sufferings were scarcely less exquisite. "I feel, Piombino," said he, "that the extreme old age to which it hath pleased Heaven to lengthen out my life must shortly close, and, therefore, let me yet hope that one Veccellio will live to adorn the name with virtue. For my own part, I have sought less after wealth and honour than after the knowledge of my art and the favour of my God: and my reward hath been the splendours and renown of this world, to which, I trust, will be added the glory of the next!"

It was not long after this conversation, that the venerable Titian was attacked by the approaching pestilence, which, not being suspected by the physicians, was improperly treated, and he fell one of its first victims in the year 1576. It very speedily, however, burst into a furious plague, which ravaged Venice; and with its numerous other victims carried away Orazio Veccellio, Titian's son, Tobbia, the Gondolier, and Messer Ercole, whose effigy was thus

left unfinished as the Jettatore had foretold him. That evil-minded person, however, about the same time met with a singular and terrible retribution; for, in the midst of his triumph over a hated rival, when he had cast upon him one of his most deadly glances, his sidelong looks fell upon his own visage in a mirror, and he never afterwards recovered from their influence.

For Titian, even in the midst of that terrible affliction to a city, a raging pestilence, his remains were interred, with all the state then given only to the ancient nobility, at the foot of the altar of the Crucifix, in the Chapel of St. Antony, in the spacious Church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, where his own picture of the Assumption yet remains. He is covered only by a small square stone, bearing an Italian distich, recording that,—

> "Here lies great Titian, who, in all he drew,
> Rivall'd both Xeuxes and Apelles too."

## THE FIRST BALL.

Ay, wreathe the tresses o'er thy brow,
The pearls amid thine hair,
And gaze until that young cheek grow
A thousand times more fair.
With sunny smiles and blushes bright,
The Parthian arrows, which to-night
Must the young beauty wear;
Clasp the last ruby of her zone,
And now go forth, thou lovely one!

And, glad as fair, it is thy first,
Ah! *that* the charm hath made.
Thou hast not seen the bubble burst,
Nor watched the flower fade;
And little dream'st an hour will be,
When festal scene shall seem to thee
A silence and a shade.
Thou knowest not, pleasure has the wing,
As well as song, of bird in spring.

Oh! spring is beautiful as brief:
The cheek forgets its rose,
The colour withers from the leaf,
And, worse still, I know those
Who wear their outward breath and bloom
Like blossoms placed upon the tomb
To hide the darkest woes.
For, soon as these fair hues depart,
They fade yet faster from the heart.

But thou, as yet, canst only see
The festal hall, where Night
Reigns, thron'd like a divinity,
With incense and with light.
Like music and like echo meet
The harp-notes and the silvery feet,
And thousand flowers unite,
In gather'd beauty to declare
Their soul's sweet secrets to the air.

What dost thou dream of, lovely one?
Of pleasure?—Look around,
Behind the veil and mask, for none
Unveiled, unmask'd, are found.
Mark yon fair girl: the tears have rush'd
To her blue eyes, the cheek has blush'd,
As with a crimson wound;—
And why? your head is bound with pearls,
While hers hath but its own bright curls!

Or, pass you such poor triumph by;
The pride is on your brow,
And laughing lip and flashing eye
Another hope avow.
What dost thou dream of, lovely one?
Of hearts, that but a look hath won?—
Looks shaft-like from a bow,
That slay by chance?—Now, out on thee!
To think of such cold vanity.

Or do you dream a dearer dream,
And can such dream be Love?—
No star hath such a fatal beam
In yon wide heaven above.
Go, waste your first, your sweetest years;
Go, wash away your rose with tears;
Go, like a wounded dove;
The poison'd arrow in your side
You cannot bear, you yet must hide!

Mark her, who by yon column lone
Leans with dark absent eye;
A blush upon her cheek is thrown,
'Tis from the red wreath nigh:
She's musing over some sweet word,
Long whisper'd but still freshly heard,
Some honey flattery;
Careless perchance, and lightly spoken,
But which the heart too oft hath broken.

Why should I speak these words of doom
To one of fairy glee?
Alas! who ever look'd on bloom,
Nor thought how it would be?
Soon, nothing but a thing to keep,
For weary memory to weep,
And thus it is with thee;
For all thy beauty and thy breath
Are nurst by care, to end in death!

L. E. L.

# OCEAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY."

Θάλλαττα, Θάλλαττα. The Sea! The Sea!
*Xenophon.*

THE Sea!—the Sea!—the dark-blue Sea!
By Painters loved, by Poets sung;
How holily it looks to me
When moon-light rays are o'er it flung:
It is as if that radiant road,
Which shines across the flashing foam,
Should lead the enraptured mind to GOD,
The soul—to its immortal home!

The Sea!—the Sea!—the raging Sea!
When storms athwart its face are driven,
Is great and glorious yet to me,
Though barques be wreck'd, and navies riven:
The rocks that girdle-in the land,
Unshaken, brave the tempests all;
So Faith shall rise,—so Virtue stand,—
When worlds and spheres to ruin fall!

The Sea!—the Sea!—the placid Sea!
By morning, noon, or evening's light,
Still speaks of marvellous scenes to me,
Which lie conceal'd from mortal sight:
O'er gems and pearls its waters stray,
Within their coral caves enshrined;—
So modest Virtue shuns the day,
And Genius shrouds it in the mind.

Ocean!—Creation's eldest child!
What mighty works are found in thee!
The fair, the wondrous, and the wild,
Unknown,—but to the Deity!
So spreads Eternity above
Yon azure Heavens, as vast and fair;
Unseen, till death the veil remove,
And souls are lost in rapture there!

## IMPROMPTU

### TO A BEAUTIFUL GROUP OF FLOWERS,

*Painted from Nature.*

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Oh ! fair and lovely flowers !
By Friendship's hand pourtray'd ;
Unlike your sisters of the vernal bowers,
Ye cannot fade,
Or know a change ;—for Time
Exerts no power to chase your deathless bloom ;
Ye will not pass away, with Summer's prime,
Into the tomb !
No ! fair and lovely Flowers !
Amid the chilling showers,
Of surly Winter's blast ;
*Here*, ye 'll still bloom, and bring to mind the hours
Of seasons past !
Thus, to the mourner's eyes,
Dim'd by affliction's storm,
Art's magic power supplies
The lost—lov'd form !
Thus, does the lover gaze
On the fair sculptur'd urn,
Dreaming of happier days,
Ne'er to return !

## TO PSYCHE.

BY THE REV. C. HARE TOWNSEND.

And can'st thou link thy lot with mine,—
With mine, so early fraught with woe?
And can'st thou youthful joy resign,
To dwell with me—and sorrow, too?

Can'st thou devote thine opening days,
To soothe a troubled soul to rest;
And bear with all the moody ways
Of a world-wearied, wounded breast?

Can'st thou regard, with partial eye,
Faults cooler Reason would reprove;
The doubts, the causeless jealousy
Of one who cannot wisely love?

Th' unjust reproach, the frown severe,
With angel patience can'st thou meet,
And, with a blended smile and tear,
Bring me repentant to thy feet?

Oh, think, if in a wayward hour
I chide thee, sweet, without a cause,
For me, that Fancy's vivid power
Embodies all her pencil draws!

To fret my heart, to fire my frame,
How many inward pangs combine!
For not alone a poet's name,
But, ah! a poet's soul is mine!

The sentient nerve, high thoughts that swell,
In vain, beyond life's little span—
These make the *poet*—who can tell
What agony they cause the *man*?

The very gifts that charm the throng,
The very fire that prompts his strain,
The woes that idly please in song,
To him are real springs of pain.

Hence my frail skiff so vaguely steers,
As shifts the gale its random course,
While Wisdom smiles, and Folly sneers,
And Indiscretion points remorse.

No measured beat my pulses keep,
No equal calm my spirits know;
Wildly they wake, or sullen sleep,—
Now raised too high, now sunk too low.

Alone, or in the festive crowd,
Though heaven and earth around me shine,
My heart itself is as a cloud:—
And can'st thou link thy lot with mine?

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## SONNET.

BY THE REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

Now, lady, that our parting is so nigh,
Fain would I think that thou, in future hours,
Amidst thine own Dunedin's queenly towers,
Or, haply, Scotland's mountain scenery,
Wilt tow'rd the South turn no unkindly eye,
Nor scorn to think of these poor woods of ours,
And friends who dwelt in Windsor's sylvan bowers,
And him who frames this sorry minstrelsy.
Believe me, in no false or hollow guise
Sing I to thee my parting madrigal;
For I have found thee gentle, good, and wise,
High-minded, simple-hearted—and withal
Belov'd of her whose deep, soul-beaming eyes
Hold my rapt spirit in such pleasant thrall

## THE MARRIED ACTRESS.

Women have their stars, like men, and the star of Matilda Myrtle was whatever star presides over theatres. She was born in a country-town visited four times a year by one of the most formidable companies that ever caricatured Sheridan or Shakspeare. At twelve, she played Juliet at school, with prodigious applause. At fifteen, she grew a genius, and studied, alternately, the sampler and the "School for Scandal." At seventeen, she became romantic, and pined for glory. At eighteen, she was upon the stage!

The early career of all actresses is much the same: dress, admiration, head-aches, exhausted eyes, and eternal farces, are the chief cares and pleasures of their souls and bodies. Some are unlucky; and, after a campaign, in which the world discovers that they have mistaken their profession, are sent to acquire the graces in the circuit of the country barns. But Matilda was among the fortunate: she had taste, and sang with touching sweetness; she had talent, and

played with easy vivacity; her figure, if not bewitching, was feminine, and her face, if not fatal, was expressive. In short, she became a public favourite. All that was graceful in the loves and sorrows of the drama was her peculiar province; the sighs and smiles of youthful passion could be pictured by no other skill; the anguish of the rejected child, the love of the innocent wife, the fond frenzy, and the tender despair, were her's without a rival. Wealth flowed in upon her; and last, and most hazardous of her triumphs, —lovers came in merciless profusion.

There is a vast deal of the tender passion perpetually wandering through the world; but routs and drawing-rooms, with all their morning practises, and midnight quadrilles,—and even with the masquerade and waltz, are the frigid zone to the temperature of the green-room. A perpetual fire of billets-doux pours in upon the idol; and if a conflagration could be kindled within her bosom by embossed paper and perfumed wax, a handsome actress would be burned to the ground within the first week of the season.

At length, one lover came,—fashionable, fond, and devoted beyond all the language of devotedness. Matilda still spurned the chain: but who can for ever resist time, importunity, and a handsome man of five-and-twenty, who swears that he will drown himself. She yet resisted long; and, with the dexterity of woman, detected all the little arts by which the lover sought to have an opportunity of flinging him-

self at her fairy feet in the presence of the wondering world.

She detected him behind her coach, in partnership with her footman, and dismissed them both, without a character. She saw him through the beard of a rabbi, who persecuted her with the cheapest shawls and attar earth. She declined injuring the revenue by dealing in Brussels' lace, which the most elegant of smugglers offered her at fifty per cent. under prime cost. She lost the patronage of a match-making peeress in her own right, by refusing to shine at a blue-stocking party, in which the faithful and ill-used Sir Charles was to display in the deepest azure. She affronted a veteran baroness, by refusing to take a seat in her box, to receive a lecture on the subject; and, during the week before her benefit, when Plutus himself marches with his hands in both his pockets, to have the honour of paying at once for his box, and the sight of the fair object of popular adoration, she shut herself up from human eyes; and, in bitterness, worthy of a chancellor of the exchequer in the fall of stocks, lamented the hour when this enemy of her peace and purse first cast his glance upon her captivations.

But if her persecution in private was severe, it was inveterate, indefatigable, and intolerable in public. From the moment when, blooming from the hands of the tirewoman, and exhilarated by a full view of her attractions in the pier-glass of the green-room,

(a glass which, if gazing could wear it out, would not last a year in any theatre in England,) she tripped upon the stage; to the moment when, loaded with applause she withdrew, and, as the curtain fell, bore all hearts with her, one eternal opera-glass was pointed towards the scene:—she saw this optic-ordnance, with its crystal muzzle levelled point-blank, upon her figure; now covering her countenance, now sending its full discharge into her fair and agitated bosom, now leisurely ranging over her form, to revert with exhaustless attack, to a face blushing through all the rouge, that was to blush through the five endless acts of a modern comedy.

What was to be done?—To repel the assailant was impossible, except by ordering his assassination; to love him might be difficult; but to marry him was easy. She made up her mind, and then, as is the way of women, applied for advice. Her confidant and privy-councillor was a pretty actress, in her own style, her frequent double, when she was better engaged than in theatres and seized with a sudden and violent indisposition—to make her appearance.

"There," said Matilda, pointing to a pile of MSS. "there is my task for the week to come; who could endure such drudgery!"

"Horrible!" said Sophonisba.

"Those managers are absolutely barbarous," said Matilda. "Can they imagine that minds, memories, or spirits, can hold out under this eternal study?"

"Perfectly impossible," said Sophonisba.

"I would rather quit the stage, or London, or the world, than lie at the mercy of those task-masters. Better be milking cows, or making cheese, or teaching brats in a village-school, or nursing an old husband, or doing any of the hundred miseries of women, than wasting life, health, talents, and temper, on the stage," declaimed Matilda.

"Undeniably true;—what I have thought a hundred times a day, but never could express as you can, my dear friend," said Sophonisba, charmed with the chance of getting rid of her.

"Yes, my dear Sophy, by quitting the stage, I should escape a sea of troubles. What woman on earth could endure wading through the infinite mass of stupidity that lies upon that table. And then to stand before the public, the ridiculous figure that every ridiculous writer imagines to be charming; to bear the blame of all,—the worn-out jest, the dull dialogue, the unnatural character that every dramatic dunce conceives to be wit, eloquence, and nature. Even to disgrace my figure, such as it is, by the burlesque dress, and horrid materials, that would make even beauty hideous; and do all this—not once, but every night in every year, of a miserable toilsome, thankless existence."

"You speak like a hundred oracles," said Sophonisba. "It is absolutely scandalous, that talents and beauty like yours should be condemned to our

unhappy profession; chained like a galley-slave to the oar!"

"Or like a wretch condemned to the mines, working for the profit of others, of tyrants, till he dies!" exclaimed Matilda.

"Or like a recruit in a marching regiment, beguiled in a moment of inexperience, into his dreadful trade; and, from that hour, not daring to call his soul his own, till hardships break up his constitution for the hospital, or the field consigns him to the grave!" still louder exclaimed her friend.

"Then, dear Sophy, the morning rehearsal; the march through hail, rain, and snow, to shiver on a stage, dreary as a dungeon, with no more light than serves to show the faces of the condemned drudges to each other."

"Then, the evening performance, whether out of spirits or in; the frightful necessity of looking delighted, when you are miserable, and of smiling and singing, when you would give the world for leave to yawn and go to bed," said her friend, with a face of despair.

"Then the misery of failure; the chance of being hissed by some drunken wretch, privileged by the *halfprice* of the shilling gallery. The certainty of being attacked by the horrid criticisms of the public prints, ill-treated every day in the week, and twice worse on a Sunday."

"Yes; to be the habitual *pis-aller* of the newspa-

papers, when there is no parliamentary nonsense or suburb squabble to fill their columns;—when ministers are gone to sleep, and the Old Bailey hangs no more."

"Melancholy fate! Then the chance of illness, that may, in an hour, destroy the features of the beauty, or leave the singer without a note; and the certainty, that every year of a profession, which, like ours, wears out life, will be leaving room for horrid comparisons, even with ourselves," murmured Matilda, casting an involuntary glance at the mirror.

"Then the being excluded from all society, by the perpetual labour of the stage; or being asked to the party of some supercilious woman of fashion, to be lionesses. Let me die first!" murmured Sophonisba.

"Yes; to stand upon a pedestal and play candelabra, for the honour and glory of her drawing-room; to be shewn, like the laughing hyæna, for the mere oddity of the creature; or perched like a parrot, or a kangaroo upon its hind legs, for the tricks and teazing of all the grown children of the 'exclusive world.' It is what I have endured with my soul wringing, but never *will* endure again!" exclaimed the agonized Matilda.

"Then, my Matilda, to return with an aching head at two in the morning, and find a peremptory note from the theatre, with a packet of stuff that you must force into that aching head before rehearsal on that very day; a business which, of course, compels

you to sit up till morning; or, if you sleep, fills you with horrid sights and sounds of angry managers, pitfulls of puppies, hissing, grimacing, and groaning at you, and whole theatres in uproar for your utter ruin."

"Or, after having worn my eyes red, and laboured myself into a mortal fatigue, that would make one envy a post-chaise driver at an election, or a donkey at Brighton in the season, or a ministerial member ordered to sit up for *all* the divisions, or a pedestrian curate with three churches and *no* connection with a lord, or any thing that in this weary world is the very essence of weariness, to find that all goes for nothing; that the thing, you have to appear in, is hissed from the first scene, and sent to the dogs,—author, actress, and all,—by a discriminating audience, of whom one half are half-seas over."

"Misery indescribable!—Ah! for you, my dearest Matilda, to appear before such an audience. I have a hundred times said to myself and said with grief, at the hard fate of our profession,—'Shall such a being, so graceful, so lovely, so formed to ornament and delight the first circles, be exposed, night after night, to the rudeness, the clamour, and the caprice of a multitude, not one of which was fit to have come within the same walls with her, to have breathed he same air, to have'"—

"Oh, you flatter, my dearest Sophy. But the truth is, that no woman of common sensibility can feel at

her ease before the mixed kind of persons that in the theatres take the liberty of insulting every thing one looks, says, or does. But then the love!—What can be more dreadful, than to be the perpetual object of the most odious admirations; to be honoured by the flames of *gentlemen* from Cheapside, and clerks in banking-houses, ready to be hanged for your sake; to be set down as the goddess of some thriving pawnbroker, or create pistoling in the souls of two apprentices in the very depths of Whitechapel."

"Heavens! I die at the very thought. But, no! they keep their absurdities to themselves;—direct advances are out of the question."

"Come, confess, my Sophy,—have not you yourself been showered with notes in this style:

'Madam,

'Inspired by your divine beauty, and being a professor of dancing, I have the honour to adore you.'

Or thus:

'Divine girl of my soul, I have worshipped you for this fortnight; I am an ensign in a crack corps of the local militia, and, if the billiard table does me justice, you shall have as handsome a settlement as'——

Or in the graver style of love;

'Madam,

'I scorn to disguise either my feelings or my circumstances, on any occasion whatever; I am between sixty and seventy; it is a calumny that calls me between seventy and eighty. I have a cough, 'tis true, but it is not dangerous, for I have had it these forty years.

I have a monthly twinge of the gout that confines me to gruel, flannel, and my arm-chair, for half the year; and now and then, at the full of the moon, I have been suspected of being not quite in my mind. But I admire you with all the constancy of years, and all the ardour of youth, and shall be happy to receive so lovely a wife to the glowing bosom of,——

'Yours, till death, &c.'

Or, the still more substantial eloquence of

'Honoured Madam,

'Having been, during the last twenty years, perruquier to the corporation of London, a lover of the drama, and, moreover, wanting something elegant to attend the aldermen's ladies in their calls at my establishment, I have fixed my eyes upon you for honourable'——

Or, read this specimen of the dashing style, that I have just received, and ask, should I not tremble?

'Angel of the drama! delight of Drury! sweet magician of melodrame! I am a wild young fellow, in love with you to distraction. I scorn all kinds of masquerade in matters between us; I tell you, with the proudest consciousness of candour, that I have not one shilling to rub to another. Within these two days, I have smiled my adieu to the gates of the King's Bench, and, in two minutes more, I will be at your feet, if you command me; disdain me not, my enchantress, for, if my passion is potent, my hate is horrible; if my fondness is flame, my revenge is ruin. I shall wait at the New Hummums, just half an hour, for your answer. Come live with me, and be my love; nay, if you *insist* upon it, my wife. But if I hear nothing from you, as surely as you play Juliet this night, you will find a Romeo in the front row of the pit, with a brace of pistols loaded with slugs to the muzzle, one of which he will fire at your too lovely, too perfidious face, and the other into his too tender, too adoring bosom. I am in despair. Life is valueless; love me, and I shall secure an engagement in the Bir-

mingham company for us both; scorn me, and we die together.
'Adieu, Charlotte!

'Yours, till seven o'clock this evening, pistol in hand,

'WERTER.'

"Frightful, but too true, Matilda. A popular actress ought always to insure her life at the commencement of the season. There's cunning Fanny Fickle fired at as regularly as a partridge in September; and poor Angela Love's exquisite skin has been riddled in the most merciless manner. Yes; we are a perfect pigeon-match; with only this difference, that they fire at *us* in our cage."

"And then, my kind Sophy, the horrid equivocal, or unequivocal, attentions of coxcombs, every word on whose tongue is the most impudent condescension. To be hunted, from party to party, by Cornet this, of the Lancers, and General that, of the Guards; to be given over as the peculiar property of Colonel Jilt, that plague of the green-room; and be declared to be ready to drop into the mouth of my Lord Piper, that plague of every other room, if he would but take the trouble to swallow us."

"All undeniable, and all abominable; but what is to be done, but fly the stage and the world together," sighed Sophonisba.

"Nothing, but to die,—or marry. The alternative is painful; yet, my dear, *if* there were a being devoted to one for one's self alone!" sighed Matilda.

"Oh, that is all a tale of other days. Man is, of all animals, the most selfish, and the actors are—

"Heavens! you don't think that I would marry any human being that *ever* had any thing to do with the stage. In one word, I wanted your opinion about Sir Charles," said Matilda, covered with a rosy blush, 'love's proper hue."

"The man of all men that I would have chosen for my inestimable friend. But you *must* not quit the stage yet. What am I to do, deprived of my model, my guide, my inspirer?"—

"I have asked your advice; and, upon it, will depend my acceptance or rejection of Sir Charles. Say —no, and I dismiss him at once, and am an actress for life," firmly pronounced Matilda.

"That will I never say," and Sophonisba's zeal for matrimony flowed back full tide: "my dearest love, you must consult you own happiness: perish the stage! perish all inferior ties! and let your beauty and your talents shine in the circle for which they were formed. Now, take this pen, and write an answer to a lover who will make you the envy of one sex, as you are already the admiration of the other;—write instantly."

"And yet I have some lingering doubtings, some childish fondness for the stage;" and Matilda's cheek grew pale.

"Impossible!—For the stage, for weariness, exposure, caprice! No, my love, your decision must be fixed; and here is the note that I have this moment written to Sir Charles, in your name." Sopho-

nisba's cheek glowed with anticipated triumph, as she handed the note to the reluctant bride.

The deed was done: Sir Charles flew to the feet of the young actress, on the wings of romance. A week of delightful hurry vanished away in bridal preparation. Of that week, not a moment found Sir Charles without a speech, a present, or a project for making the path of life a path of rose-buds. Matilda had no time to think of the past, or the future. She married, was called your "ladyship," was on board the French packet,—was in Paris,—before her head could cease to whirl, or her day to be a dream of white dresses, showy liveries, and the handsomest chariot-and-four that ever glittered over the chaussée from St. James's Church to the Tuilleries.

The dream continued, though its objects were changed; and in it, the fair Matilda was swept, with English rapidity, over the Alps, through luxuriant Lombardy, to regal Milan; was enraptured in the marble halls of Florence; was more enraptured in the antique majesty of Rome; was still more enraptured among the picturesque delights of Naples; till, saturated with banquets, concerts, and the Teatro de San Carlo; having seen the royal boat-races, the museums, the old king, the young king, Pompeii and Vesuvius, till loyalty and curiosity sank under the burden; she left them all, and flew through the gay Bolognese, to queenly Venice, already half devoured by the Sea, and altogether devoured by the

Austrians; to the Milanese Lakes, with their wooden Islands, and their palazzi of plaster; to the Simplon, disgraced by the panegyric of so many coach-loads of tourists—every fool of them labouring to write something more foolish than the fool who wrote before;—and closed her weary wings in a Ferme ornée, wrapt in the thickest of all autumnal vineyards on the Lake of Geneva. A month of ripe grapes, Ferney, Mont Blanc, poetic moonlight, and boating on the blue waters, exhausted the glories of Swisserland. She returned to England, entered her mansion in Portman Square, and—the dream was done.

There are two worlds even here;—the real and the imaginary; the world of man, and the world of woman;—Sir Charles had returned into his, at the moment when Matilda's vision was done. He was honorable, liberal, and loving. But his horses and his tenantry, his club and St. Stephen's, shared the soul that love had exclusively filled during the first year. He had gone through the regular stages of the tender passion, and was now in that temperature which makes an excellent *husband!*

Matilda was fonder of him than in their earliest union. Yet she pined. Her colour fled;—in the midst of all the means of enjoyment, she was unconsciously discontented. One evening, as she was sitting in an apartment, filled with luxury, and opening out on a garden breathing exotic fragrance, her involuntary sigh attracted the attention of Eugenia,

a young relative of Sir Charles, who, as she raised her eyes from a volume in her hand, was struck with the contrast of so much unhappiness in a countenance so formed to please. The western sun threw a faint tinge upon the cheek, and touched the profusion of ringlets that clustered over it with rich lights; but the lip was pale, the eye was sunk, and the white hand that supported the cheek was languid and thin. Eugenia anxiously inquired whether she was indisposed?

"No," was the answer; "I never was freer from actual illness in my life."

"Yet, you are evidently unhappy. Has Sir Charles offended?"

"No, he is the kindest of the kind; and yet, Eugenia, I feel a weariness indescribable; a loss of interest in existence; a weary depression of heart and senses, which would almost reconcile me to abandoning life;—possibly, I am dying."

Eugenia approached her in alarm, and, taking her hand, asked whether its wild yet feeble throbbings might not be the mere effect of the summer's day? Whether she had ever been liable to fluctuations of spirits?

"Never," was the answer. "For six years, I led the happiest life that woman could lead. I was the gayest of the gay. I never knew a moment's dreariness while—I was upon the stage!"

"You surprise me:—it may have had its amusements; but the labour, the actual toil"—

"Was absolutely nothing," was the reply. "Or, if it were something, habit gives ease. One part is so like another—originality is not the vice of modern authorship—that a single play generally lets one into the secret of every other during the season. I have known one French Melo-drame figure in the fourfold shape of Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, and Farce, for a year together."

"But the horror of appearing before an audience: I should absolutely die of the first fright," said Eugenia, with a shudder.

"Women are sometimes very courageous animals," said the mourner, with a rising smile. "Half our fashionable acquaintance exhibit an intrepidity which I never dreamed of equalling. Have you ever observed Lady Maria driving the reluctant Duke into the matrimonial net, in the face of the whole laughing world; or the vigour of my Lord Apathy, under the hottest fire of all kinds of scandal? No: the Actress is too much absorbed in her part, to think of any thing else after the first five minutes, and after all, what is there to terrify her in applause?"

"But failure;—the miseries of having to bear the sins of some dull writer, and be answerable for the innumerable *sottises* of the stupid of this stupid world."

"Quite a jest," said Matilda. "Nothing is more easily disengaged than the Actress from the downfall of the author. The public hiss the play and applaud the performer, at the same moment. They pity the charming Miss A—— for 'having had a part so unworthy of her talents;' or give Miss B—— credit 'for the delightful vivacity with which she put life into the abominable dullness of the dullest dialogue that ever trickled from human pen." —A smile rose on the melancholy cheek.

"But, then, to be excluded from the world; if it were by nothing but the perpetual employment of the stage?"

"Excluded from what world?" pronounced Matilda, with a glance of scorn. "From the tedious, common-place, and worthless world that we are now condemned to; from the honour of mixing with idiotic young men, who spend life in yawning, and making every one else yawn; or wicked old ones, whose vice is as hideous as its marks upon their countenances; or with vapid young ladies, whose whole soul contains but two ideas,—a sense of their own perfections, and a longing for the rent-roll of some uncouth lord of the adjoining acres; or old ones, with but two others, how to beg, borrow, or steal a match for their sons and daughters, and how to level the reputation of every woman of honour to their own."

"Yet, to know none but actors; a strange race, as

I should conceive; and not very captivating to a refined taste," laughed Eugenia.

"You had better not make the experiment, my dear," was the reply, "if you wish to have your 'bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne.' There are varieties of character among them, it is true, and perhaps no one should chuse there, who was determined to be the wife of a Prime Minister or a Chancellor But recollect, what they have been, and are:—almost all urged to the Stage by a taste for pleasantry, by natural liveliness, by that very turn for wit, for song, for the drama of life, that makes human beings most amusing and amused. The Stage cultivates all those powers, fills the story-teller with anecdote, the humourist with jest, the man of observation with a knowledge of the oddest portions of life. Some, too, are beings of real genius, glowing with fine thought, touched with the true poetry of mind, eloquent and various in conversation, and with manners softened and polished by the graces of the Stage. Some of those, too, are handsome,—for such the Stage chooses from society: and now, Eugenia, only wonder that I remained long enough uncaptivated, to be the wife of Sir Charles."

"But those were the sunny hours," said Eugenia. "How could any one endure the incessant rehearsals, the late hours, or even the wearisome repetition of the same characters?"

"I never knew the misery of late hours," said Matilda, with a yawn, "until I lived in the world of duchesses. How I envy those untireable skeletons the faculty of keeping awake all night. I was generally sunk into the soundest of all slumbers, before any woman of rank in town had put on the night's rouge, for the first of the half dozen parties, that she must terrify with the moral of her physiognomy before morn. My dreams, too, were delight itself,—no horrid round of spectres, predicting broken fortunes and public disclosure. But the sounds of the stage, still in my ear, heightened by the magic of sleep into deliciousness; the figures of the Drama living again before me in lovely procession,—myself a queen, or a sylph, or in some bower of roses and all kind of sweets, receiving the homage of half the kneeling world; or some other idea, equally strange and charming." Her fancy kindled her fine face, as she said these words, and she looked the handsome creature she had been.

"I must give up the question," said Eugenia; "but if you looked as dangerous on the stage as you do at this moment, you must have been horribly plagued with the attentions of all kinds of strange men."

"Rather say perplexed, my dear," and then the cheek wore a still livelier crimson, as Matilda rose and walked to the magnificent mirror. "The number of attentions that one receives may be embar-

rassing, and the admirers may be now and then very odd people. But, *entre nous, ma chère*, no woman ever dies of excessive admiration. Some of those attentions were elegant, and from the elegant;—the simplest pleasure of knowing that the world thinks well of one's appearance *is* a pleasure; but the delight of being the object of high-bred admiration, of receiving the unequivocal homage, that, paid to an actress, can be paid only to her beauty and her genius, is absolutely the most intoxicating draught that can steal away the understanding of woman." She stood arranging her fine hair before the mirror.

"I acknowledge your ladyship's victory," said Eugenia, "and will leave you but for a moment, to dress for the Countess's Soirée. In the mean time, here is the evening paper, just arrived, and full of foreign wonders, fashions, the opera, and the arrival of the French ambassador, covered with ribbons, and leaving all the belles of Paris in despair. *Lisez donc.*"

On her return, she found Matilda sitting at the table, with her eyes fixed on the paper, her colour gone, and tears stealing down her cheek. Astonished and alarmed, she gleamed over the paper to discover the fatal news:—it was neither battle nor shipwreck, but a paragraph in almost invisible print, in an almost invisible corner:

"Last night, the favourite Drama from the French, 'Julia, or The Recovered Daughter,' was performed. The lovely So-

phonisba Sweetbriar played the heroine with the universal applause of a crowded house. If nothing can efface our recollection of its former exquisite representative, at least, its present one is without a rival."

"There!" exclaimed Matilda, starting from the table; "there! see an example of the basest perfidy. What an abominable creature! I now see what was the purpose of her cunning advice! insidious wretch.—I was in her way, and she was determined to remove me." She burst into a flood of tears.

Eugenia attempted to soothe her—all was in vain. She, at length, asked whether she should order the carriage to be ready for the Soirée. "Yes," said Matilda, "order it; and instantly, too, for I must see this abominable woman's performance before I sleep, if I am *ever* to sleep again. I will never put faith in human protestations while I live."

The carriage was ordered; Matilda arrived at the theatre as the curtain rose. She saw her wily friend looking pretty enough to make any woman miserable. She heard the applauses reiterated; the clever actress played better and better, until Matilda could endure the sight no longer, and flew out of the house. She flung herself on Eugenia's neck, and owned that, with every means of happiness, she was the most unhappy being alive. "Her habits had been broken up, the natural pursuit of her mind was taken from her, the current of her original delights was turned off, and fashionable life, opulence, and

enjoyment, could not refill the deserted course." "Let no actress," said she, "ever dream of happiness, but in adhering to the profession of her heart, her habits, and her genius!"

Matilda withered like an autumnal flower; free, but foggy, England threatened her with consumpsion. Travel was prescribed, and the Swiss and Italian atmosphere kept the flower on its stalk,—and no more. Within six months, letters from home informed her that Sir Charles had died, like a patriotic Englishman, of a victory at a contested election in the height of summer. She gave many a tear to the memory of this honest, loving, and by no means brilliant husband. She loved him; and, if she could have conceived it possible to make his figure succeed on the stage, she would have certainly not loved him less; but now the world was before her. Sophonisba was still playing *her* "Julia," drawing tears from half the world, and receiving proposals from the other half, which she was too cunning to accept. Matilda ordered a post-chaise and four, drove through Fondi, with a speed that knocked up her escort of chasseurs, and distanced Il Gran Diavolo, who was on the look-out for her equipage, with a full levy of his smartest-drest thieves; rushed through Lombardy, to the astonishment of even the English; and scarcely slept, ate, or existed, till she stopped at the St. James's Hotel.

Her family affairs were despatched with the swift-

ness of a woman determined on any purpose under heaven. Her arrival was incog.; her existence had been, of course, utterly forgotten by her "dear five hundred friends," within the first week of her absence. She gave Eugenia a portion with a country-curate, who had won her heart during a walk through the wonders of Oxford; and, next morning, sent for the rival manager, by her original name;—her title was cast aside for ever. He waited on her, with an expedition most incredible to those who best know the movements of those weights of the theatrical machine; heard her offer with rapture; and announced the re-appearance of the public favourite, in red letters, of a length that was a wonder of the arts.

Matilda appeared; she delighted the audience. Sophonisba disappeared; she found that she had nothing to do but to marry, and she took pity on the silliest heir to the bulkiest estate among the dukedoms. Matilda enjoyed the double triumph; glowed with new beauty, flashed with renewed brilliancy, was the fortune of the manager, the belle of the day, and was supposed to be one of the principal holders in the last three loans of the last War.

## STANZAS.

λιποῦσα δ Εὐρώπης πέδον
ἤπειρον ἥξεις Ἀσίδ ἄρ ὑμῖν δοκεῖ
ὁ τῶν θεῶν τύραννος εἰς τᾶ πάνθ' ὁμῶς
βίαιος εἶναι.

They told me, thou wilt pass again,
Across the echoing wave;
And though thou canst not break the chain,
Thou wilt forget the slave.
Farewell, farewell!—thou wilt not know,
My hopes or fears, my weal or woe;
My home,—perhaps my grave!
Nor think nor dream of the sad heart,
Whose only thought and dream thou art.

The goblet went untasted by,
Which other lips caressed;
And joyless seemed the revelry,
And impotent the jest:
And why? for it was very long,
Since thou didst prize my love or song,
My lot was all unblest:
I cannot now be more forlorn,
Nor bear aught that I have not borne.

We might not meet:—for me no more,
Arose that melting tone;
The eyes which colder crowds adore,
Were veiled to me alone:
The coxcomb's prate, the ruffian's lies,
The censures of the sternly wise,
Between our hearts were thrown;
Deeper and wider barriers far,
Than any waves or desarts are.

But it was something still to know
Thy dawn and dusk were mine,
And that we felt the same breeze blow
And saw the same star shine;
And still the shadowy hope was rife,
That, once in this waste weary life,
My path might cross with thine,
And one brief gleam of beauty bless
My spirit's utter loneliness.

And oft in crowds, I might rejoice
To hear thy uttered name,
Though haply from an unknown voice,
The welcome echo came:
How coldly would I shape reply,
With lingering lip and listless eye;
That none might doubt or blame,
Or guess that idle theme could be,
A mine of after-thought to me.

Oh ! ne'er again ;—thou wilt abide
Where brighter skies are found,
One whom thou lovest by thy side,
Many who love thee round ;
And those sweet fairies, with their wiles
Of mimic frowns and happy smiles,
Around thy steps will bound :
I would not cloud such scene and lot,
For all my aching breast hath not.

Yet, if thou wilt remember one
Who never can forget,
Whose lonely life is not so lone,
As if we had not met ;
Believe, that in the frosty sky
Whereon is writ his destiny,
Thy light is lingering yet,
A star before the darkened soul
To guide, and gladden, and control.

Be mine the talk of men, though thou
Wilt never hear my praise ;
Be mine the wreath, though for my brow
Thou wilt not twine the bays ;
Be mine ambition's proudest scope,
Though fewer smiles than were my hope
Will meet my longing gaze,
Though in my triumph's sunniest thrill
One welcome will be wanting still.

Perchance, when long, long, years are o'er,—
I care not how they flow,—
Some note of me to that far shore
Across the deep may go;
And thou wilt read, and turn to hide
The conscious blush of woman's pride;
For thou alone wilt know
What spell inspired the silent toil
Of mid-day sun, and midnight oil.

And this is little, to atone
For much of grief and wrong,
For doubts within the bosom sown,
Cares checked and cherished long.
But it is past!—thy bliss or pain,
I shall not mar, or make again;
And, Lady, this poor song
Is echoing, like a stranger's knell,
Sad, but unheeded!—so farewell!

E. M.

# EXCURSION

ACROSS

# THE ISLAND OF BOMBAY, TO SALSETTE.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

THE brilliant view of Bombay, from Mazagon, which lies before me, forcibly calls my recollection to the beautiful landscape which it represents, and to its peculiar associations. The engraving is strikingly characteristic of that admixture of oriental scenery and European civilization, which denotes the presence and power of the British in India. That mass of houses on the right of the picture, stretching along the bold shore, is the settlement of Bombay. That solitary house on the left, looking out upon the broad ocean, and partially surrounded by a few palmyra trees, was the abode of Sterne's Eliza.

It is not for me to dwell upon this circumstance. It is the peculiar happiness of genius to confer im-

mortality upon the objects which it has consecrated by its affections. The history of Sterne's Eliza has nothing in it beyond the circumstances of every-day life;—yet that solitary house has an inexpressible charm for an English resident;—and it possesses, perhaps, as deep an interest as if the pathetic, humorous, and eccentric Sterne himself had inhabited its walls. Her dwelling bears the name of Mazagon House.

From this point, in the year 1815, in the month of May, I started with some friends on an excursion to the Island of Salsette. Nothing could surpass the park-like beauties of the flat scenery through which we rode, on our way from Mazagon, to the northern extremity of the Island of Bombay; or the appearance of wealth and comfort, which broke upon the sight at every step. An opening alley of full-foliaged trees displayed to us light and spacious mansions, just peeping, for a moment, from amidst the rich verdure, in which they were embosomed; while the throng of Indian natives on the road, distinguished by the singular varieties of their sectarial marks, and provincial dresses—the droves of buffaloes and goats, with curtained carts, drawn by pairs of Indian cattle—the occasional sight of Mahommedan tombs, and Hindoo pagodas—with the striking mixture of style, manners, and scenery, differing so widely from each other, yet still seeming to assimilate in harmony—formed, altogether, a picture of the

most interesting kind, and suggested a continued chain of agreeable sensations and reflections.

An arm of the sea originally separated the islands of Bombay and Salsette; they are now united by a raised road, completed in 1805. The entry into the Island of Salsette is agreeable, from the fine mountain scenery which some of its openings present; and the road, on advancing, becomes still more beautiful, being bordered on each side with large and spreading trees, including the mango, the tamarind, and the banian. Beneath the shade of these, we continued to ride for three or four miles, passing, occasionally, humble villages of palm-leaved huts, and still humbler altars of Indian worship, where a stone painted with red, and placed at the foot of their favourite tree, was sufficient to call forth the devotion of the idolatrous poor, who brought flowers and simple offerings, and approached these humble altars with all the reverence of devotees advancing towards a splendid temple.

The particular object of our excursion, was to examine the Basaltic columns at Dharavee, which forms the north-western extremity of the island. We arrived there on the morning of the second day, having experienced great hospitality from the English authorities, and universal civility from the natives.

On the extreme northern point of Dharavee, is a small fort, mounting six pieces of cannon, and gar-

risoned by invalided seapoys, to defend the entrance; and close to this, on the eastern side of the Heights, are the Basaltic columns, lately discovered here. The side of the hill, on which these pillars are found, faces the little bay to the eastward of the fort, the slopes of the hill inclining southerly and westerly, and its height being about four hundred feet. There are five or six distinct clusters of these columns, all of them near the sea, with a beach of fine dark sand at their feet, and wild verdure growing about their sides and summits, so as to conceal many parts of them from the view. The height of the most perfect pillars, in the principal mass, we found to be about fifty feet; the general diameter of their shafts being from fifteen to twenty inches, and their forms being chiefly five and six sided; although there were among them several heptagons complete, and one apparent octagon, whose top could not be seen, to enable us to decide on its being a perfect one.

Above the measured height of this principal mass we observed six or eight stages of other columns, retiring backwards from the front of the range, and ascending at the same, in irregular steps of from ten to twenty feet high, like the pipes of an organ on a large scale. The general inclination of the columns was seen to be towards the centre of the hill, that is, both southerly and westerly, in different angles of from 10° to 20°: some few were, however,

nearly perpendicular, and some inclining still more towards the form of the outer surface of the hill, in angles of 30° at least. The breadth of the side were found, on measurement, to vary from four to ten inches; and we observed, that the greater the number of sides of which the column was formed, the more irregular were those sides in their dimensions; that the pentagons were among the most regular of all the figures; and that the sexagons were nearly square, with two additional sides, of only two or three inches in breadth, often opposite to each other, so as to give the whole the appearance of a four-sided figure, with two of its corners flattened.

In several places, the pillars were rent, both transversely and obliquely; but these separations were evidently accidental; and, after the most vigilant search, we could find no traces of joints, as in the celebrated Basalts of the Giant's Causeway, on the north coast of Ireland; nor were the tops of such as we could gain access to, of a concave form, like those found there.

Nearer the beach than the principal mass described, is an inferior range of columns, of less height, but of larger dimensions, being generally two feet in diameter at least. It is remarkable, that the shafts of this cluster incline to the north west, in an angle of from 20° to 30°: and that they are less regular in their forms, and the stone itself of coarser

grain, and darker colour, than observed in the several masses higher up on the hill.

The appearance of all these Basaltic columns was that of rusty iron on the surface; but, in some freshly broken fragments, we found the interior to be of a slate-blue colour, so that the dull red brown of the outer part arose, probably, from the decomposing powers of the atmosphere. The closeness of lateral union between these pillars was astonishing; yet, in some places, trees and roots had so forced their way through them, as to burst asunder the largest and most central of the mass, and contributed to the destruction of the shafts themselves, large fragments of which lay scattered on the ground.

We returned, delighted with the contemplation of these remarkable productions of volcanic origin, to our friends at Ghora Bunder. The beautiful scenery of the Narrows, or dividing arms of the sea, between this place and Jannah, had been spoken of by all who had seen it, with such praise and admiration, that we proposed descending by the stream.

As we advanced in our course, the scenery of the Straits grew bolder and more enchanting. Not far beyond the site of a village, which had been a Portuguese settlement of some importance, the dividing channel contracts itself into less than a quarter of a mile in breadth. At this spot, we remarked the corresponding appearance of the opposite shores to be such as to leave no doubt of their having been rent

asunder at no very remote period, by some convulsive operation of nature. At present, it bears the character of a pass, or breach made through a chain of hills, by the efforts of human labour, leaving a steep and lofty wall of rock on either side.

Continuing to glide rapidly along before the wind and tide, through this narrow channel, we were alternately charmed with the beauty of its winding turns, forming tongue-like points and swelling bays, contracting or expanding the stream at every change of view. On one of the Mahratta hills, which approached the edge of the coast, appearances of basaltic columns were clearly discernible; and, even on the shores of Salsette, were several indications of the same kind, but less positively defined; on both, however, were seen the most beautiful beds of verdure, valleys of perpetual green, and sloping woods of tall bamboos, whose pliant canes, bending to every sudden breeze that swept along the hills, displayed, in their waving foliage, the most charming varieties of shade and motion, and opposed an interesting contrast to the darker and wilder majesty of the mountain scenery which it relieved. The odours which these rustling woods gave forth when agitated by the wind, was astonishingly powerful, and seemed to us to diffuse a balmy softness over the evening air. On the banks, were grey alligators, scarcely distinguishable in colour from the mud on which they lay, which fled precipitately into the stream, on the least

noise made by the hands. Birds were, also, seen and heard among the trees, in considerable numbers and variety; and the sound of animated nature gave new charms to her bolder pictures.

By Mr. Babington, one of our companions, the scenery of these Narrows was compared to the banks of the river Wye; though he gave the claim of grandeur and magnificence, in a superior degree, to the present, as all its features are on a larger scale, and its views more boldly picturesque or wildly romantic than on the former.

The curves of the shore on either side, and the constant winding of the stream in its course, occasion the view to be often contracted, by the shutting in of opposite points of land; the effect of which is to place the spectator in a sort of valley, hemmed in all around by lofty hills and broken rocks, thus opening upon his view a succession of small yet beautiful lakes. The same occurs, also, in the waters of the Nile, near the Cataracts of Syene, in Nubia, and from a similar conformation of its shores; but, while that is rendered awful and imposing by the dark granite rocks, which oppose its stream, and the splendid ruins of shrines and temples on the sacred isle of Philoë, this derives its every charm from the simple, yet enchanting, beauties of Nature in her most inviting garb.

On reaching the station of Ghora Maul, upon the Salsette shore, which is marked by the ruins of

two stone buildings on its projecting point; the channel, properly called the Narrows, terminates, and the view suddenly opens upon a broad expanse of the stream. This apparent lake is hemmed in by rising stages of broken hills and lofty mountains, the picturesque effect of which is grand beyond description.

We continued under sail across this fine expanse of water, which bears a strong resemblance to Ulswater lake, in Cumberland. As the shadows of the evening lengthened, the scene grew more impressive, though less richly beautiful; and, at the close of twilight, we landed at the small village of Coulsette.

# THE LISTS OF NASEBY WOLD;

OR,

## THE WHITE-ARMED LADYE'S OATH.

### A Legend.

MINSTRELS are wending from lordly tower,
Merry maidens from ladye's bower,
Shaven priest, and bearded knight,
Courser black, and charger white.

King Richard mounts his palfrey grey,
And England's best are in array;
For lordly blood and knighthood bold
Do mortal fight on Naseby Wold.

Wherefore is Carodac spear in rest?
Swarthy Britomart targe on breast?
Not for tilt, or tourney light,
But in deep defiance of deadly fight.

Horse to horse, and hand to hand,
God to speed, and his own red brand :—
Woe worth the day, woe worth the feud,
When the falcon stoops for the falcon's blood !

'Twas whisper'd, somewhat of deadly wrong,
Of treason foul, and slanderous tongue ;—
Some talk'd of woman's wandering eye,
Far on the shores of Paynimie.

A Palmer spoke of murder's stain,—
Swords red,—but not on battle plain,
—I reck not—'tis as legends tell,—
None know how feud so dark befel !

Certes ! *was* seen a ladye there :—
(When was feud without ladye fair ?)
Darkly bedight in foreign weed,
And proudly borne on an Eastern steed.

Maiden's lip like her's ne'er smil'd ;
Maiden's eye was ne'er so wild :—
St. Mary ! yonder lip and eye
Have more than earthly witchery !

Jesu ! 'twas an awful day,
When spirits mingled with earthly clay :—
Eastern lore hath sung her birth,
She *was* no ladye of nether earth !

Strange legends of her youth were told,
That India's seas had o'er her roll'd :—
That her sire was ruler in Ocean's caves,
O'er Genii of the pearly waves.

Her mother was Queen of Fairy Lands,
Crystal isles, and golden sands,—
And she,—the child of another sphere,—
Loves she—or why is she mortal here?

Yes! Love,—in pain,—in peril prov'd—
And who can doubt, that once has lov'd?
She has left her father's caverns swart,
And cross'd the wave with Sir Britomart!

Queen-like, around the lists she rides;
But her brow is dark as an Afric bride's,
For she has tried her magic power,—
But a mightier spell rules the battle-hour.

Hark!—peals the herald's challenge loud,—
The warders are pricking through the crowd,—
The clarion sounds;—with a torrent's force
Parts from his stance each barbed horse.

The spurs were red in the courser's side,
Ere the first note of battle died:
A second—and in mid career
Reels the steed, and cracks the spear!

Sir Britomart's horse was a noble one,—
Matchless in blood and mighty in bone;
Araby's steeds, he had beaten them all,—
But he was not bred in earthly stall!

There are sprites of the air,—and sprites of the sea,
Jesu! shield us,—that such should be!
Now, ladyes all,—read me my rede,
Whence came he—that coal-black steed?

But Carodac bore him like stubborn rock:
And the Paynim barb reel'd at the shock,—
Heaven's own hand was in the deed,
Or he had not quail'd to earthly steed!

The girths are snapp'd on his panting sides,
The hand has dropt from the rein that guides:
Yon ashen lance, so good and true,
Has pierc'd Sir Britomart through and through.

Then clarions rung, and ladyes wept,
And many a Leech has forward stept,
To staunch, and to talk, as Leech does now;—
But the sweat of death is on his brow!

In shorter gasps his breath came and went,
Like the forest's groan when the storm is spent,—
And ever, with a torrent's flood,
Gush'd from his mouth the bubbling blood.

The priest would pray with the dying knight,
That his soul would pass, as pass it might;
But better the friar at home may preach,—
And he swore aloud at the trembling Leech!

His lips are moving, but not in prayer,
Though the blanch of death is settling there:—
He is trying to name his ladye's name,—
Few sounds were heard,—*that* ladye came.

Oh! Death is deadly wherever he be,
On the lonely wild—or the pathless sea—
But deadlier, wilder, in field or hall,
When youth and strength before him fall.

To die, when life is but begun,—
To look your last on the blessed sun;
With the charnel-worm long vigils to keep,—
Or to sleep that last and awful sleep:

To clasp a hand, while your tongue can say—
A moment—and mine will be but clay;—
To gaze on the eye that is best and dearest,
And know, that Night to your own is nearest.

Oh! this *is* death in his deadliest mood,—
Worse than battle, worse than blood;
Worse than rack, when sinews start:—
Such was the death of Sir Britomart!

There is a light form o'er him bending,—
There is a breast its pillow lending ;
Oh ! were the snow-wreath half as white,
No moon would shine on an Alpine night !

There is an eye that looks in his,—
Glaz'd, and haggard, and dim as it is ;—
But the glaze and the dimness awhile can fly,
When he meets the beam of his Leila's eye.

So dark, so full, in its vivid glowing,
No light is quench'd, though tears are flowing ;
But her cheek is red in a crimson flood,
And her bosom steep'd in his heart's best blood !

She weeps no more on a senseless corse :—
Mount, gallant knights,—to horse !—to horse !
Say not 'tis woman's wrath you fly,—
No woman's war is in that eye :

Ye have dar'd the tiger in his den,—
Ye quail'd not before the Saracen,—
Ye have heard the Soldan's battle-cry,—
Now,—hear the oath of Zatanai !

That oath is one of woe and fear,—
Deadly to speak,—and deadly to hear ;—
'Twas fram'd in murkiest realms of air,
And sworn by fiends in their despair :

Few liv'd that heard the first brief word;—
The dark heath rock'd before the third:—
Fiendish was it,—fiendish wrought;—
I must do penance for the thought!

Sir Carodac went o'er land and flood,
To fight for his faith, and the holy rood;
He has been six summers in Paynim land,
And deadly and keen was his knightly brand.

The Soldan came with his spear in rest,
And challeng'd of England's band the best:
But the Soldan fled like the fleecy rack,
For England's best was Sir Carodac.

He was foremost when Salem's towers were won;
He was first on the walls of Ascalon:—
But whether in fight, or in tourney ring,
A solemn voice was whispering.

"Oh! the Christian knight of his spear may boast!
"He may 'scape the sea,—he may 'scape the host,—
"Pirate, and Paynim,—one or both,—
"But he cannot 'scape that Ladye's oath!"

The ships are ploughing the northern foam,
And Carodac is welcom'd home;—
His foot is on his own white sand,
And his face is turn'd to his father's land!

Onward they prick'd,—his good steed and he,—
O'er hill and dale, right merrily ;—
But the sun went down the hills beneath,
And the moon rose pale on a blasted heath.

Onward he prick'd,—but spur and rein
To the weary horse are all in vain,—
And he paus'd,—for, beneath the moon-beam cold,
He knew the lists of Naseby Wold !

Sir Carodac was a warrior brave ;—
He had fought the Turk at his Saviour's grave ;—
But lip and cheek are blanching both,
When he thought of the "White-arm'd Ladye's oath."

He heard a shriek, and a withering laugh,
Like the glee of fiends, when the cup they quaff ;
And the lightning fires their red forks sent,
And the thunder rode in the firmament :

Thrice he spurr'd his courser good,
And thrice he signed the blessed rood : —
Knighthood's heart is steel'd to fear,
But knighthood's heart is useless here !

Beneath the lightning's flickering glare
The lists were set, and the tents were there,
Rung out the trump, and pranc'd the horse,
But each rider there was a ghastly corse.

All seem'd as on that fatal day
When Britomart fell in the bloody fray;
Names of honour and rank were there,
And queen of the lists sat a Ladye fair.

But nought of earthly shape was seen,
Save she alone, that Ladye Queen,
Mid grim and gaunt and ghastly ones,
For all around were skeletons!

And hark!—upon the moaning blast,
Warrior forms are careering fast,
With shriek, and with shout, and with wild halloo,
And well those fiendish yells he knew.

The cymbal rung, and the scymitar,
And gong, and drum of Paynim war;—
He heard the Soldan's battle-cry,
And he mann'd himself right valiantly.

ut his gauntlet grasp'd at a broken brand,
And his spear has wither'd within his hand,—
He would have cried "God for St. George!"
But the accents died in his helmet's gorge.

Then slowly rose that Ladye bright,
Sole empress of the ghastly fight,—
Thrice wav'd her arm, and thrice she spoke,
And thrice the pealing thunder broke.

At the first sound came shapes of fear,
Lion, and gryff, and headless deer;
At the second, volumes of smoke and flame,
And devilries 'twere sin to name.

At the third, yawn'd the dark heath wide,
Six long ells from side to side!—
Horse and knight have run their course,
But fathoms deep are knight and horse.

Deep are India's caves of jet,—
Sir Carodac's barb is deeper yet;
Deep rolls the sea, but the founder'd bark
Is not so deep as that warrior stark.

Knights have come from a far countrie,
Wizards have conn'd their gramarye,
Priests have journey'd with pyx and prayer,
But few have seen that Ladye fair.

Yet trembling Serfs the tale have told,
Of fearful sights on Naseby Wold;
Sabres gleaming, horses prancing,
And banners of flame to the night air dancing!

Of shadowy shapes in the cold moonlight,
Of turban'd Turk and of Christian knight,
And of one who bears the blessed rood,
On a milk-white charger, mottled with blood!

Ever, ever, careers he fast,
When peals a lonely trumpet blast;—
He bears him well with spear in rest,
But he never wins that dark hill's breast.

For, warder in hand, sits a Ladye there,
Queen-like, thron'd in an ebon chair,
And ere the good steed has run its course
In a fathomless gulf sinks man and horse.

Warders have told it on castle wall,—
Minstrels have sung it in lordly hall;
But priest and warrior cross them both,
Or ere they name that Ladye's oath.

Legends there are for midnight hour,
Song and tale for ladye's bower;
This may be one, or it may not be,—
I would not doubt it for earldoms three.

# LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A YOUTH, WHO HAD BEEN BLIND FROM HIS BIRTH.

BY RICHARD RYAN, ESQ.

I MOURN not that I thus endure
  One sad uninterrupted night,
For thoughts are mine, more dear, more pure,
  Than dwell with those who hail the light.

On contemplation's wing my mind
  Exulting springs to Heaven's sphere;
Soars on, nor finds a tie to bind
  One thought to earth or aught that's here.

The sun and moon, which greet *your* sight,
  Must perish, like some dream, away,
Ere I shall hail the blush of light;—
  But then 'twill be an endless day.

With resignation may I wait
  The coming of that day, nor find
My heart e'er murmur at the fate
  That in its wisdom made me blind.

# BEATRICE.

## A Romance.

Like the Chaldean, she could watch the stars,
Till she had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite.

*Byron.*

Leoni was descended from a long line of the Merchant-kings of Venice; but he inherited their ample wealth without their commercial industry and enterprise. He had fought with distinction against the Turks, in Cyprus and the Morea; but his riches, even without his fame, would have procured him a far wealthier bride than the unportioned, though beautiful, Bianca Torelli. He had hereditary, no less than personal, claims to the highest honours of the state; and the rivals of his house were gratified to find that he lost, in contented domestic happiness, that time he might otherwise have employed in asserting his public pretensions. But the fear of his competition, which had been calmed for a time, was speedily renewed. Scarcely

had he enjoyed, during a year of his married life, the fascinations of books, and poetry, and his Bianca, when the fairest bride of Venice was carried to the tomb, leaving behind an infant daughter, as a frail memorial of their past felicity. His rivals were, however, disappointed in their anticipations ;—his grief was not loud, nor apparently violent ; it was a calm, fixed, unfluctuating melancholy, seldom breaking into paroxysms of sorrow, and never lighted by a smile. It was not probable, therefore, that it would speedily pass away, or give place to the tumults and intrigues of eager ambition. He soon, moreover, withdrew himself from the comments and speculations of Venice, and departed with his infant Beatrice into distant lands.

Early instructed in the common learning of the West, he had acquired, during his military life, a taste for languages and arts, beyond the usual track of European investigation ; and had imbibed from the later Platonists, and from Paduan teachers of the occult sciences, an acquaintance with dark and mighty mysteries, linked in popular credence to all that is evil and impious. He had penetrated into the doctrine of those eternal influences to which the human soul and the universal harmony of nature are unconsciously, but irresistibly, subjected ; and had cherished a belief in secret sympathies, connecting spirits by the tie of a kindred destiny, and touching them at the same instant with a thrill of

similar feeling, though seas and continents divide them, though they animate beings of different orders of existence, or inhabit distant worlds. He fled from countries in which there was little to harmonize with such opinions, and where the studies, which he loved with a passionate adoration, were pitied as a madness, or punished as a crime; and he carried his researches and his sorrows into lands where science might be pursued with impunity, as a medicine for his grief, and where the wisdom of ages had preserved a knowledge of abstruser mysteries than European learning could supply. He travelled into the ancient kingdoms of the East; held converse with sages, whose minds were enlightened by the traditions of centuries; and studied in those venerable seats of science, which were still illumined by the lore of the patriarchs. He stored his mind with the riches of Arabian philosophy, and with the secrets hid in symbol and allegory by the Persian worshippers of fire; and drank in knowledge at the obscure fountains buried from the world in the subterranean tombs of Egypt and the storied ruins of Babylon. He even extended his wanderings to the hallowed groves of Benares, and penetrated to the deepest recesses of wisdom, among the caves and temples of utmost Ind.

Wherever he wandered, his daughter was the companion of his steps; and the energies of a heart wearied and careless of vulgar interests were con-

densed, in all their strength, on her loveliness and her affection. His mind, overtoiled by dark researches, turned for rest and happiness to the soothing endearments of his child, and frequently found refuge in the smiles of Beatrice, from the exhausting flights of wild speculation. Her character caught at the same time, from the perpetual influence of Leoni's melancholy, a graver and sadder tone than was natural to her age. He sometimes watched her sporting, in the merriment of childhood, among the roses of a Persian garden, or the wealth of his Indian palace, till his eyes were filled with tears, and, catching her unconsciously to his bosom, he strained the infant in his arms, and wept upon her head;—while, half in terror and half in sympathy, she hushed her childish prattle, and gazed with wonder on the violence of his sorrow. As the sense, however, of his recent bereavement was deadened in the lapse of years, he ceased to give way to an agony, whose paroxysms were always rare and generally endured in silence. He continued a thoughtful and a melancholy man; and the character of the father was reflected with softened colours in the disposition of the child, which was subjected to a second unusual bent, from the studies that constantly engaged Leoni. His food was the researches of alchemy, and necromancy, and astrology,—he lived in communion with the immaterial world,—and the influence of such pursuits had early thrown

a shade over the mind of Beatrice. For her, the sweetness of the flowers of Cashmere was doubled, as she learned the mystic sense embodied in their leaves,—to her, the fragrance of their breath brought new enjoyment, when she fancied them the sighings of spirits. The shell and the jewel had voices speaking for her ear alone. All that is beautiful in nature revealed a secret significance, and all that is sublime told its wonders in accents never uttered to the thoughtless and the gay. Often, when Leoni watched, from his terraced roof, the setting of constellations or the conjunction of planets in the cloudless skies of Syria, his daughter, gazing at his side, drank in, with eager spirit, the influences of the starry heavens, and wandered in thought among their glittering orbs, peopled with creations of her wild and excited fancy. As she grew in years, her father opened to her thirst the fountains of his deep research, and she drank their streams with all the eagerness of her enthusiastic character. She worshipped the glories of nature, with the intensity of youthful passion, and created to herself, from the magnificence of the world, an ever-present feeling of loveliness, which haunted her like an attendant spirit. At the call of traditionary wisdom, at the spells which enrich the obscure volumes of oriental science, the boundless fabric of creation uttered to her soul its awful mysteries. Swayed by the talismans which she learned to frame, the remotest

portions of the Universe presented to her view in embodied beauty their immaterial existences; and, taught by the secrets of the cabala, she bowed the elements of earth and the stars of heaven to minister to her bidding.

Such were the studies of Beatrice when Leoni determined to return to Venice. After an absence of fifteen years, he crossed the blue waters of the Adriatic, and re-entered the palace of his fathers, grey and wrinkled with sorrow, and fatigue, and nightly watching,—his health broken by the sultry climates of the East, and his body worn and wasted by the unslaked longings, the teeming and restless energy, of his ardent mind. Strange sayings had gone forth as to the forbidden studies he pursued, and the wealth which his magic had enabled him to amass; and he was consequently shunned by most of his ancient companions, and looked on with suspicion by them all. But there had spread, together with these reports, the fame of Beatrice's beauty, which acted in another way on younger men. She was indeed a being lovely enough to have set the world in arms. Her tall and graceful figure appeared intended by Nature to be seen under that attitude in which she was at the moment placed. Her polished forehead seemed a casket formed for pure thoughts and delicate fantasies; while her dark eyes, gleaming with the concentrated radiance of her soul, like the fire worshipped by the Persians in shadowy caves,

told, from under her darker eyelashes, the destiny of him who beheld them. The colour of her cheek fluctuated with every feeling, like the sea under the radiance of a setting sun; and her rich lip discoursed in music, even to him who understood not the tongue she spoke. The nightly serenade was often heard beneath the windows of Leoni's palace; and many eyes were continually watching them from the gondolas that passed its steps, in hopes of obtaining one look of the unequalled beauty that was shrined within. But the charms which had been celebrated in vain by the poets of Persia, and the warriors of Araby, were no less invincible for the nobles of Venice. Few could boast that they had obtained a momentary glance at Beatrice—none had heard the melody of her voice; and the interest which might in some degree have died away, had curiosity been satisfied, was maintained and cherished by the very mystery which rendered its gratification helpless.

In the mean time, the illness of Leoni seemed but little checked by his return to his native country. He still pursued the studies which had occupied his previous life, and repelled, with cold disdain, the advances of those, whom the fame of Beatrice's beauty attracted to his palace. The labours of his privacy were interrupted by nothing but his frequent visits to the tomb of Bianca. There he would often lie stretched on the cold marble before the statue of his wife, through hours which were broken by no sound

but the deep and melancholy strokes from the neighbouring clock of San Marco. Such toils and watchings gradually destroyed his remains of health, and, when he had passed about a year in Venice, he was manifestly fast sinking to an inevitable grave. At length, after the greater part of a night had been spent in the sepulchre of his family, he returned before the dawn to his study, and went into a balcony which looked over the expanse of the dark Adriatic, and whence he could contemplate the azure depths of an Italian sky glittering with innumerable stars. He marked the aspects of various heavenly bodies, and after gazing, with the intense devotion of a dying worshipper, on that sea through which he had swam so often in boyhood, and those myriad orbs which had been to him as the friends of his heart, and would shine for ever the masters of his destiny, he noted on a scroll of parchment the observations he had made, added to them various mystical characters and hieroglyphic symbols, and wrote, till the sun was about to rise over the waters, in a cypher which he had discovered among the inscriptions of fallen Babylon. He then sought the chamber of his sleeping daughter; wept over her while he kissed her forehead and her cheek, and regained his balcony when the first rose-tints of morning began to tremble over the billows. He bent his eager gaze upon the growing light, and while the last natural tears of parental love were trickling into the waves, he re-

peated, in a low voice, the words of an ancient Gheber* hymn, till the full-orbed sun burst in his glory over the bosom of the waters, when he sunk beneath its blaze, pale and shivering in the chill of death.

Beatrice awoke an orphan, to weep in that utter desolation of heart which follows the extinction of all earthly ties. Torn with difficulty from the body of her father, she only quitted his cold remains to inhabit the chapel which contained his sepulchre. Bowed upon the floor, her long dark tresses flowing over its marble whiteness; pale, sobbing, and agonized, though still beautiful, even in extremity of sorrow; few would have recognized, in her, that Queen of Science, who ruled the chainless elements, unsphered the stars of heaven, and compelled the invisible powers of Nature to obey her enchantments. Though her mind was gifted with a sway greater than is commonly possessed by the children of men, she was all mortal in the feminine softness of her spirit, and her bosom throbbed and trembled with the tenderness and the passions of frail humanity. Day after day, through lingering months of woe, her sorrow was not wearied, nor her tears dried up, and she paid her constant homage of grief to the parted spirits of her parents, as if she would herself become their living and perpetual monument. Gradually, however, her mind returned to its former

* The Ghebers were Persian worshippers of the sun and of fire.

habits, and the first effort of her reviving energy was to examine the scroll which engaged the dying moments of Leoni. By degrees she discovered the meaning of the obscure symbols, and read the cypher in which her father had clothed his last commands. In this, she found that the calculations which occupied his latest attention were employed in the discovery of her destiny, and had given rise to minute direction as to the studies she was to pursue, and the ends to which they were to be applied. Attached to the parchment was a massive ring of gold, with a brilliant ruby in the midst of it, and round the stone were inscribed characters, into whose meaning she was forbidden to search. She applied herself, according to his advice, to the sedulous observation of the stars, and watched for the powerful conjunction which would lay open to her view the secrets of her future fate. Night after night, she marked the heavenly orbs rising from the sea, and gazed unwearied on their aspects, till morning chased them into darkness. At length an evening came, soft, and dewy, and cloudless, when the stars looked down upon the dark blue waters, with more than ordinary brilliancy,—no moon in heaven to outshine their radiance, and no mist on earth to shroud it from the eyes of the watcher. She contemplated the skies through a casement, whose richly-coloured panes were thrown open for her view, and admitted the evening breeze to fan her cheek and stir her flow-

ing tresses. The walls of her chamber were hung with silk of the richest crimson that the labours of China could produce, and its marble floor was covered by the varied designs and glowing hues of Persian tapestry. Round it were ranged, in ebony cabinets, the rarest volumes of oriental science,—here, manuscripts gorgeously illuminated by modern art,—and again others so ancient, that the bones of their authors had been dust for a thousand years, and the eye could with difficulty trace, upon their pages, those characters which it required the labour of a life to comprehend. Many of them, disinterred from the ruins of forgotten cities, had been purchased at the price of a monarch's throne, from the sages of Samarcand, and Bagdad, and Benares. Between these cabinets were various remains of olden art;—urns of gold and silver, containing censers of Arabian perfumes; together with fantastic vases of ancient and transparent porcelain, filled with exotic plants in their most exquisite bloom and odour. Sculptures, and paintings from the tombs of Thebes, were mingled among them; beetle talismans of Egyptian basalt, and vessels of a regal azure, which the skill of later times in vain has emulated. Suspended from the pictured ceiling in gilt cages, various oriental birds,—the purple pigeons of Balbec, and the brilliant loories of Hindoostan,—were sleeping on their perches. A lamp of fretted silver, fed with fragrant oil, hung in the centre of the room, and lighted with a soft

and mellowed radiance the riches of its walls, its Eastern furniture, and strange decorations, and a massive table of polished and sculptured marble, covered by a silken cloth which had been woven and embroidered in the looms of Agra. The various instruments of mathematics and astrology, beautifully worked in chased silver, were ranged upon the table before a chair of ivory, over which were flung more than one of the precious shawls of Cashmere. Sigils and talismans were scattered among them, ebony caskets filled with drugs of mysterious virtue, and, with other manuscripts, the scroll of Leoni was open to the view. Beside the table stood a high bronze tripod, in which the woods of eastern forests perpetually burned, In this fantastic, but gorgeous temple, Beatrice appeared the only and presiding goddess. She sate on a pile of cushions before the open casement, clothed in those dark robes of which the lapse of many months had not divested her; but to these European garments was added the Moorish barracan, whose silken folds of white confined a little the flowing of her long hair, and descended round her figure in graceful undulations.

She looked with fixed intensity of gaze on the orbs which successively emerged from the dimness of twilight, till the last gleam of day had vanished from the waters. She clapped her hands,—two Arab boys entered at the call, and hastened to do her bidding. They bore the bronze tripod into the

centre of the room, removed its cover, and extinguished the lamp that hung from the ceiling, so as to leave no light in the chamber but the faint and odorous gleamings of the burning wood. They then drew aside a curtain from the wall opposite its light, and retired at the sign of the lady, who had looked in silence on their movements. She gazed again at the sky, where, orb by orb, the constellations she had watched for, began to tremble into view, and sung, in sweet and melancholy tones, an invocation to the rising stars.

When the last of the sisterhood was sparkling in the heavens, she cast upon the dim and fitful flame a portion of the most precious gums of Arabia, and at the same time distant music, sounding as it were from a choir of heavenly voices, was heard to answer her over the waters. The gum flared up into a bright and lofty blaze, and shone upon a mirror which covered, from the ceiling to the floor, a broad space in the wall of the chamber. The flame sunk, as quickly as it had risen, into a low flickering glimmer, that scarcely mounted above the wood which fed it; but it seemed to have transferred a portion of its brightness to the glass, whose surface continued to glitter with a dazzling and restless lustre. The light however soon ceased to fluctuate, and the mirror remained a sheet of calm and equable splendour. Lines and colours were gradually traced upon its surface, and they arranged themselves, after the lapse of a few

seconds, into a clear and wonderful picture. It represented the vast hall of a palace,—the roof supported by innumerable pillars of agate and porphyry, and the walls adorned with various sculptures and writings in an ancient Indian character. A young man reclined at its upper end, wearing the crown and the robes of royalty. His cheek and lip were ruddy with the hues of life, but his rest appeared as deep as the slumber of the grave. From the first illumination of the mirror, the distant melody had seemed to approach nearer and nearer, and when the picture was revealed in all its clearness, the attentive ear of Beatrice began to catch the words which accompanied the song of the spirits. They were chaunted to a slow and solemn air, and in some degree resembled the following lines:

Lady! hie thee, on the breeze,
To the distant southern shore,
Where the waves of Indian seas
Round the walls of Baly roar.

Seek within that city's gates
Him who sleeps beneath the brine;
Rouse the heart that for thee waits;
Fate has linked his lot to thine.

The melody ceased, and Beatrice sung again:

By those gems, the dead sea laves;
By the words in Babil's caves;
By the spells, whose magic dread
Turns your skies to bloody red;

By the dark Eternal Name
That can wrap your orbs in flame;
Tell me, Spirits! when the time
I must seek the Southern clime?
Tell me, Spirits! what the road
To the sleeper-king's abode?

The choir answered, in the same solemn chaunt as before:

*Now* is come the look'd-for hour!
Lady! be it thine to mould
Spell and talisman of power,—
Jewel charm'd and magic gold.

Gems, whose gleam adorn'd for ages
Ethiopia's buried lords:
Gold, that Assur's prophet-sages
Stamp'd with Wisdom's mightiest words.

Charms, that dragg'd us from the sky
Long ere Adam's race began;
Spells, that pluck'd the moon from high;
Frame with these thy talisman.

Mould it o'er a furnace, fed
From the biers of Egypt's kings;
Thus thy labour shall be sped;
This shall guide thy wanderings.

BEATRICE.

Spirits! tell the means to break
Sleep that centuries withstood:
Spirits! tell the charm to wake
Him who woke not since the flood!

THE SPIRITS.

'Tis the sculptur'd golden ring,
That hath power to wake the king.

On it bright a ruby shines,
Dug from Asia's deepest mines;
And the characters of eld,
That no living eye hath spell'd,
Mark the seal a wizard won
From the tomb of Solomon.

As the last notes of their song were heard, the picture began to fade from the mirror, and had soon altogether vanished. Beatrice immediately commanded the entrance of her Arab attendants, and furnished them with materials for making the talisman she had been directed to frame. Her caskets supplied her with various gems brought from the sepulchres of Ethiopian monarchs, and gold inscribed with necromantic characters, which had been found among Assyrian ruins. She then instructed them to perform their task, and watched them while they raised anew the fire of the tripod and melted the metal in an earthen-ware crucible. When it was reduced to a glowing liquid, she pronounced over it her charm, and ordered the plate of gold to be engraved with the winged Egyptian globe, among other symbols, and studded with the glittering jewels of Africa. Before midnight the talisman was completed;—she hung it round her neck by a chain of its own metal, placed upon her finger the ruby ring which had accompanied the scroll left her by Leoni, and entered the balcony before her window. There were tears upon her eyes while she gazed back into the dim

apartment, where every thing reminded her of the studies she had loved, and the father she had lost; but there was in them also the firm expression of confident resolve and assured hope.

Yet did her voice falter, when she commanded the spirits of the talisman to do their office. The lady soared slowly at the word through the darkness of midnight, as if upheld by the wings of an angel. Trembling, though scarcely fearing, she saw for a moment the city spread below her, shining with a thousand lights, over which the outlines of the vast buildings of Venice towered like gigantic shadows, and, far beneath, the measured voices of the waves broke in solemn cadence on the shore. Her eyes were directed for an instant to the spot where a lamp perpetually burned before the sepulchre of her parents; but she was borne aloft by the power of the talisman too speedily for more than momentary observation of the extraordinary scene which lay beneath her. She rose with increasing rapidity, and the world speedily presented no other appearance than that of a gloomy cloud, which broke with its opaque obscurity the deep transparent azure that surrounded her. She felt herself alone amid the universe, with innumerable worlds glittering above her on the right, and on the left; the murmur that had reached her from her native planet died beneath her feet, and not a sound broke upon the stillness, but the rushing of a meteor which flashed beside

her, agitating the motionless atmosphere, and sweeping far away into the darkness. The very winds, which had fanned her in her upward flight, were left to roam in the darkness below.

Gradually she approached the stars which long had shone over her head, and, as the rapidity of her progress bore her nearer and nearer, they dilated into worlds of glory. Swelling, and still swelling, a mighty orb before her spread into magnificence, till, as she glided past its surface, beings whose look was power,—spirits of a nobler order than the race of man,—were seen to move amid the radiance. Another and another orb succeeded, and they stretched on all sides into the distance with gradual diminution and fainter brightness. Now she advanced towards a sphere, in which the shrieks of demons rose upon the blasts that swept around its barren surface, and ghastly forms were seen to writhe in the continuous flashes of its lightnings. Anon, she passed a world of rock, ribbed in icy mountains,—thunder pealing round their crags, and a gigantic form of cloud brooding over the desolation of his solitary realm. Another, redolent of delicate odours, appeared all trembling and animated with the soul of melody, and peopled by happy beings who wandered amid groves of light, or reclined in rainbow-palaces. Her soul was lost in the contemplation of the vastness and the glory that surrounded her. She felt as if placed at the centre of the Universe, where all

the various orders of created beings were arrayed in succession before her eyes. Kindling in an ecstacy of rapture, she feasted her expanding spirit with the magnificence of the boundless prospect; till she found herself hurried beyond the region of the stars, and rapidly descending towards her native planet. By degrees she discerned, in the opening light of dawn, the plains of India stretched beneath her. The land was marked by dusky groves of the palm-tree and the banian; pagodas, mosques, and palaces towered through the morning mist, and the dim unbounded ocean spread far away, and glimmered under the brightening horizon. The sun had risen when she descended on the rocky shore, and flung to her feet, over the billows, a broad pathway of radiance. Rising in the light, a grey and wave-worn tower showed far at sea, lifting its pinnacle over the waters. Beatrice stooped to trace upon the sand around her various symbolic characters, and, filling the hollow of her palm with the foam that rippled to her feet, (itself not whiter than the hand that held it,) she pronounced over it a few rapid words, and flung it along the waves, while it flew wide upon the morning breeze. She then stept upon the glittering track which extended towards her from the sun, and appeared designed as a path for the spirits of the blessed to reach his orb. The billows, listening to her sway, yielded not to the foot that trod them, and she walked, unfearing, to the tower whose

summit rose before her. The masonry was defaced and discoloured by the perpetual action of the elements; its carvings had lost their sharpness and beauty, and the sea-birds made their nests within its sculptured niches. It was still, however, strong and massive, and an unbroken flight of marble steps led downwards, from a door which opened nearly at a level with the water, on a gallery extending round the turret.

She entered the tower, and, as she followed the windings of the stairs, the waters sank beneath her feet, and closed in again above her. The building was filled by the calm, clear sea; but Beatrice moved uninjured through the obedient element, her veil unwetted, and her steps upon the dry marble. The stairs were carried round, and round, and round, circle beneath circle, and it was not till after she had continued her descent for many minutes, that she reached the bottom of the building. She found herself in a lofty colonnade, formed with pillars of red and polished stone. Their long shafts were crowned by leafy capitals, and supported a roof carved with various grotesque reliefs, on which remains of painting were faintly visible. They extended round a large open square, which seemed once to have been a garden; but corals and seaweed had usurped the place of trees and flowers, and brightly glittering fishes were darting through the water, where the humming bird, and the butter-

fly, had once inhabited their native element. The sun shone clearly through the green sea, and filled the place with a soft light, perpetually shifting and glancing over the pillars and the floors from the rapid succession of the waves above. By its assistance, Beatrice walked round the colonnade till she reached a gateway opposite to the tower, by which she had descended. The building was strong and lofty, surmounted by turrets, and adorned with statues; but the hinges had mouldered from its gates, and the weapons of its warders were wasted by the rush of centuries. She passed its unguarded portals, and entered a large quadrangle, to which succeeded gallery on gallery, and again court on court. Some were surrounded by vast and gloomy temples, silent and without a worshipper. The fire of their altars had been quenched for ages, and the idols were encrusted by shells, and hung with sea-weed. The vessel of a shipwrecked merchant lay in one; the gaping planks had emptied on the sand their load of tarnished silver and embroidered stuffs. The skeleton of their owner lay among them, and the nerveless bones of his hand still seemed to clasp a casket of jewels. A long corridor led her to the hidden repository of treasure, which contained a mighty hoard of useless wealth, for ages unvisited by man. The secret doors of steel had rusted from their recesses, and unvalued heaps of gold and pearl were scattered through the open chambers. After

wandering for many hours through the death-like and oppressive silence of such scenes as these, she reached what seemed to be the inmost square of the vast building. It was wholly built of marble, that still preserved its polish and its whiteness. The magnificent architecture was strengthened by pillars as tall and graceful as the palm; and the innumerable niches were filled with colossal statues of kings, and heroes, and deities. The gate opposite to which she entered was surmounted by an enormous figure, sculptured in dark green stone, of a monarch armed and crowned, riding on an Elephant, and appearing, in the pride of his power, to overlook all who might approach the royal chambers.

She passed beneath the portico that upheld this gigantic image, and found herself in the hall with which the picture on her mirror had made her familiar. She recognized at once the long vistas of porphyry columns, with capitals sculptured in imitation of the swelling lotus, the lofty and richly-fretted walls, and the azure ceiling which seemed to rival the firmament in vastness, and was thickly studded with golden constellations. Seats, carved of the rarest and most beautiful marbles, were ranged between the pillars; but her foot trod, more than once, upon the bones of the revellers who had filled them. Her heart beat quicker, and a flush hurried over her check, while she passed along the hall and approached an elevated couch, which occupied

its upper end. Placed at either extremity of this, two giant statues framed of bronze, and animated by the art of the magician, kept perpetual guard. One raised a massy club before the sleeping king, who reposed beneath the canopy,—the other held a bow and pointed his arrow at the maiden. But they felt, as she approached, the influence of the ruby ring; and, while shouts and laughter rung from the released spirits, and thrilled around the hall, the trembling of the statues shook the water, and they fell in fragments on the floor. She mounted the steps that rose before her, and found herself on the brink of a narrow chasm, which surrounded the couch, and still parted her from the sleeper. A low flame played over the abyss, and divided the waters with its glimmering light. She stood over the cavern, and sung the following lines, while her eyes were fixed upon the face which lay beyond it, motionless and beautiful, as the cold productions of the chisel :—

Wake, monarch, wake ! Obey my spell !
Rise from the sleep that on thee fell
When, lost in the abyss profound,
All save the ark and thee were drowned.
Unclose those eyes, that ne'er have seen
The latter world's undeluged green.
Wake, monarch, wake ! To thee I bring
The spell of power, the ruby ring.

By voices of the Wizard dead,
The charms that gave it might were said ;

The spirits that attend their sway
Beheld the planet's earliest day,
And hailed with music at its birth
The infant loveliness of earth.
From these, upon thy slumbering head,
Shall deepest influence be shed.

Wake, monarch, wake! and list my greeting,
For thee, my bosom's pulse is beating;
For thee, I sail'd the skies afar;
For thee, I trod from star to star.
Rise, monarch, rise! To break thy sleep,
I roam the caverns of the deep;
Obey my charm! to thee I bring
The spell of power, the ruby ring.

Fair-glittering beams the magic light
Amid the closing shades of night.
Wake, monarch, wake! The herald star
Must see our pinnace floating far;
The task, but yester-night begun,
Must close ere shines to-morrow's sun.
Wake, monarch, wake! to see me fling
Adown the gulf my ruby ring.

The lady cast her ring into the charm as she ended her song, when the flame burst upward to the roof, accompanied by a crack of thunder which seemed to rush from the inmost depths of the abyss. The palace was falling round her in ruins, and the fountains of the deep were breaking loose, when she sank, insensible, on an arm that was extended to support her.

When Beatrice recovered her consciousness, she found herself reclining in a bark that was moving swiftly on the main. The sea was scarcely trembling under a gentle breeze, and the quiet stars were shining over her head in cloudless brilliancy. Beside her sate the youthful king, gazing into her eyes, for the return of life, with fond and timorous solicitude. In their moment of surprise and terror they had been carried through the opening deep, and placed within the light and fairy bark which now bore them over the ocean. The sea gleamed as clearly through the sides as if nothing had been interposed between them and its waters; the mast appeared a thin and glittering moonbeam, and the sail was woven of the gossamer. They glided rapidly, however, on their way, their course directed by no helm, and scarce dependent, as it seemed, on the softly-breaking gale, at whose wantonings the waters appeared to relax with gentle pressure, as an old man smiles at the playfulness of an infant.

They were soon far distant from the spot where many successive generations had wondered at the remains of the ocean-city. But they left no vestige of its existence behind them. The fishermen, who had seen it from afar in the morning, could not, on the succeeding day, discover its wave-worn pinnacle; and boats, which had been secured at sunset on the distant shore, were broken from their anchors

at the rising of the stars, by the sudden swell and agitation which accompanied its fall.

Beatrice and her lover were borne onward through the night, ignorant of their destination, but solacing their anxiety by all the rapturous dreams that young and sympathizing minds delight to rear in common. When, at length, the stars began to fade from off the sky, a cloudy spot became visible in the direction they were pursuing. As they approached nearer, lofty trees were easily distinguishable, and, in a few moments, the rapidity of their progress brought them to the sandy shore of a green and beautiful island. They stept upon the strand, and their airy pinnace sunk beneath the sea, or melted into twilight. Coral caves and grottoes extended their fantastic architecture along the coast; and, beyond them, fair and fruiful groves were mingled with sunny slopes and freshly-watered valleys. The warblings of many-coloured birds made melody through the isle, and hailed with fearless notes the arrival of its new inhabitants. Unaccustomed as the songsters were to the sight of human beings, they did not dread their presence, but fluttered with cheerful carols over the head of Beatrice; while the timid antelope started from its covert, and tripped along the sod, to meet the caresses of her gentle hand.

Years and generations passed away, and the activity of European research brought voyagers from a distant country to the shore of that sequestered and

happy island. They found it peopled by a race to whom wars and even weapons were unknown, and who enjoyed the sum of earthly happiness, in a contented existence, to which nothing had been added by their own folly. The mariners soon departed from a shore where no precious metals tempted their avarice, and where the satisfied desires of the people afforded no prospect of commercial gain. They left the inhabitants in unmolested peace; and they, who were before free from the miseries of the savage, have not, hitherto, been infected by the vices of civilized man.

R. K.

# THE COTTAGE DIORAMA.

I SHALL never forget the intense delight with which I first beheld a *Panorama*. I was then a boy of some ten years old, who had seen a few of the more obvious wonders of London, with a most insatiate appetite. My imagination was never tired of thinking of the height of the ball of St. Paul's, which my fears would not allow me to climb;—my memory delightedly lingered amongst the wax-work of Westminster Abbey, making fearful confusion in my dreams of General Monk, looking white and interesting on his neighbour, the unhappy Maid of Honor, who died of a wound in her finger; while the fair victim of housewifery was frowning as gauntly as if her pale forehead were covered with the skull-cap of the Puritan. Miss Linwood's exploits in worsted were then the rage, and more especially delightful were they to the ladies. I remember her copy of Barker's Woodman, but I remember nothing more. As I left Miss Linwood's exhibi-

tion, (I think it was then in Hanover-square,) I was invited to see the Panorama. I had not a shadow of an idea what a Panorama could mean;—and the dear friend who was my guide wanted to give me a surprise. I was led along a somewhat dark passage, up a narrow stair:—and then—(oh! that my mind could ever again feel, at the contemplation of the most sublime or the most beautiful object of nature, as it felt at that moment)—there lay my beloved Windsor, stretched at my feet. I screamed with an agony of pleasure. I knew that I was in London;—but *there* was spread before me the park, where I was wont to play—the terraces, whence I had used to gaze upon the distant hills—the river, whose osier bowers were as familiar to me as my own little garden—the steep and narrow streets, which I then thought the perfection of architecture—the very house in which I was born. I rubbed my eyes—I was awake—the scene was still there. I strained my ears, and I fancied that I heard the cawing of the rooks in those old towers. It was with difficulty that I could be dragged away;—and, when I came out into the garish sunshine of Leicester-square, and saw the bustling crowds, and heard the din of the anxious city, I was reluctantly convinced that I had looked upon a picture, and I thought that the extreme boundaries of art had been reached in the Panorama.

I have scarcely ever seen a Panorama since that day. I knew that I could never taste such joy and such surprise again. I think I saw the Panorama of Florence. It was brilliantly painted;—but I could trace *the Picture*. It had no *illusions* for me; it was a clever representation—but the *reality* was not there.

The *Diorama* has, once or twice, brought back my old feelings, That view of Roslyn Chapel, where the sunshine plays about the long vista, and lights up the green ivy and the grey cloister with a flickering lustre, is something *more* than Painting.—And then the "Ruins in a Fog," which is now exhibiting! You sit in almost perfect darkness, looking, as it were, out of some silent wood, upon the mouldering column and the broken arch, in the last stage of destruction. The mist lies above, and below, and around them, as if it would completely veil their perishing glories. You feel a chill creep over you;—you fancy the hand of Time is laying its icy touch upon the hopes and feelings of animated existence. You cannot think that there is a busy world about you;—that the sun is shining upon the palaces of yesterday, which look as brilliant and as proud as if the Parthenon were not a ruin. Surely, while you are gazing into the dull and frosty scene before you, that cloud has caught a brighter tint!—Oh, no—it is still the same dark and heavy cloud

that the sun of *this* morning will never dissipate. Stay!—it *does* look lighter;—and see, there is something like a valley beneath the ruin;—and, surely, a distant hill appears to come out;—and the hoar-frost, that we can almost touch, appears as if it had caught a whiteness from a sun-tipped mountain;—there is *now* a fir-grove beyond that low porch;—look carefully, and we shall behold the very leaves unveiled. The whole scene is changed, but the progress of change is never visible. The *imitation of Nature* is perfect.

And thus Art makes its gradual strides, from rudeness to excellence,—from an Albert Durer to a Raphael,—from the "Solomon's Temple" of the Showman, to the Diorama. The progress to perfection is the most encouraging characteristic of the human intellect. It gives confidence to the species,—it gives hope to the individual.

Behold the ingenious boy, who constructs a *Cottage Diorama.* A box, of a foot square,—and a single lens of an old telescope, bestowed upon him by his friend the travelling Jew,—comprise his whole machinery. He is the best penman of the parish-school, and he has attained to the dignity of possessing a "Christmas Piece;"—but he has a stronger taste for the Arts, and he copies its rude engraving to make a show of "The Great City of London." He is determined to paint it as fine as the real city. The dome of St. Paul's glitters with yellow-ochre

gold, and Westminster Abbey shines in vermilion-red;—the river glides along in all the freshness of the deepest green, and the bridges look as blue as the hills of heather. The work is complete. Twelve o'clock play, and the hour of exhibition, arrive together. The sun shines most propitiously through the open casement;—the company, consisting of two small connoisseurs, is delighted,—the artist is delighted,—the perfection of earthly happiness is attained;—there are no fears of rivalry, or of criticism, to blight these triumphs;—his art is at once his joy and his reward.

The best artists have, sometimes, commenced their vocation with the use of the material with which Pascal drew his diagrams on the floor. Opie scrawled his rough portraits upon the ale-house door;—the school-boy caricatures of Wilkie have begun to be treasured in his native hamlet. I have no wish that the already pretty numerous race of painters should be multiplied,—unless their patrons multiply also; but it is consolatory to know that the embryo genius in velveteen trowsers, whose talents lead him to the mysterious delineations of birds such as never flew, and ships such as never swam, has now some tolerably decent models for his cultivation. The race of superb paintings, where Lord Nelson dies in the arms of a Victory, clothed in a crimson shawl and bearing a purple nose,—the older generation of "Courtship" and "Marriage" with which every

market-inn was once adorned,—are giving place to lithographed copies of Gainsborough or Reynolds;—whilst the lambs with red eyes, and the cuckoos with green wings, have yielded their station on the mantel-shelf to the Boys of Guercino, or the Graces of Canova. It is thus that Art insinuates its true principles into the popular mind; and she is repaid by the new votaries she attracts from indigence and obscurity. The happy rogue who has beguiled his holiday hours with the construction of a COTTAGE DIORAMA may, one day, obtain the dignity of painting a group for "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING."

## WAR-SONG OF THE CID.

Look out as far as eye can see, ye valiant men of Spain,
Full fifty thousand dogs of Moors are on the battle-plain.
Full fifty thousand with their king, and God be prais'd therefore!
Who has doom'd them for a prey to the might of Campeador.
Look back towards Valencia,—from the towers of Alcazar:
Dark eyes are looking eagerly to trace the course of war!
Oh see not silent beauty plead fair Freedom's cause in vain:
Strike for the lips of those ye love, Oh, gentlemen of Spain!

The king of yonder Moorish host doth wear upon his thigh
The bright Tizón,—the goodliest blade e'er glitter'd to the sky.—

I've ta'en an oath, and I shall keep—that, ere the sun go down,
My own good sword, Coláda, shall win the blade Tizón!
What though our host be small, 'twill crumble to the dust
The recreant slaves who can alone upon their numbers trust:
The day of vengeance is arriv'd, so long delay'd in vain—
Shout for Revenge and Liberty!—Ye valiant men of Spain!

Think of the wrongs y'have suffer'd—the injuries endured!
Behold your comrades massacred—or worse—in chains immured!—
Your wives and daughters brought to shame, and, o'er the Cross Divine,
The symbol of their tyranny—the haughty Crescent, shine!
Look down upon your soil, which only freemen should have trod,
And hear a voice, from out the grave, for vengeance call aloud!—
It is your father's voice ye hear! Oh hear it not in vain!—
Down with the Moorish Crescent! Ho, to the combat, Spain!

By all the injuries done us, blood only can atone,
Let 's swear t' appease our fathers' souls,—or render up our own!
For freedom's proudest hour is come, Oh gallant hearts and true!
And red-beak'd Vengeance novers now, impatient for her due.
Then draw your blades, and steel your hearts, for, see!—the Moslem cowers,—
Less gaily seem his banners flung,—less proud the Crescent towers;
The blood for sacred Freedom shed can ne'er be shed in vain,—
Now——For Revenge and Victory! for Liberty and Spain!

# THE THREE ADVICES.

## An Irish Moral Tale.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ. F.S.A.

The stories current among the Irish peasantry are not very remarkable for the inculcation of any moral lesson, although numberless are the legends related of pious and "good people"—the Saints and Fairies. The following tale of the Three Advices is the only one of a moral character which I remember to have heard. It was told to me by a professional story-teller, whose diction I have endeavoured to preserve, although his *soubriquet* of "Paddreen Trelagh," or Paddy the Vagabond, from his wandering life, was not a particularly appropriate title for a moralist. The tale is certainly very ancient, and has probably found its way into Ireland from Wales; as it appears to be an amplification of a Bardic "Triad of Wisdom."

In Lhuyd's "Archæologia Britannica," p. 251, it is given both in Cornish and Welsh, and consists of 46 verses, the first of which will, no doubt, be a sufficient specimen, to satisfy the reader's curiosity on the subject.

"1. En termen ez passier ℭera triȝaz, en *St. Levan*, den ha bennen en teller kreiez *Tshei an hvr*."

"1 Yr oeð gynt yn trigo ym mhlûy *Lan Lavan*, ðŷn bennyn yn y le a eluir *Ty Hurdh*."

Which may be freely rendered:

"Once in Llanlavan's parish dwelt a man,
(Evans by name,) and with him dwelt his wife.
Th' immediate title of their dwelling ran
So sweet, that I can't sound it for my life;

I write it, therefore, down for those who can—
There 'tis—*Ty Hwrdh*—I'll agitate no strife,
With that famed institute, the Cymrodorion;
But I must say, such names are Hyperborean."

An English prose translation appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, for May, 1818, (vol. iii. p. 169) under the title of "The Tale of Ivan," which was communicated to that publication by Mr. Johnes, of Hafod, the ingenious translator of Froissart. He speaks of it as one of the Mabinogi, or tales for the instruction of youth, and, the only one which he is aware of, as being extant in the Cornish language. The Three Advices, or "Points of Doctrine," given in the Cornish tale, are—

"Take care not to leave the old road, for the sake of a new road."

"Take care not to lodge where a young woman is married to an old man."—And,

"Suffer thyself to be struck twice, before thou strikest once, for that is the most prudent quality of all."

The common adage of "Honesty is the best policy," was substituted for the last by the Irish narrator, doubtless aware that the original advice inculcated a piece of forbearance, which his countrymen would not readily subscribe to.

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THERE once came, what of late happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the Island to the other. At that time, a great many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay-field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate ;—and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants: he was to have twelve guineas a year wages, but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way, within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behaviour, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the whole time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home; notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

"No reason in life, sir," said John ;—"you've been a good master, and a kind master to me; the Lord spare you over your family: but I left a wife with two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honour would never wish to keep me from them entirely.—The wife and the children!"

"Well, John," said the gentleman, "you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your

wages.—But you shall have your choice,—will you take what I offer, on my word ?"

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer; and therefore, after slight consideration, told him, that he agreed to take, as his wages, whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

"Then listen attentively to my words," said the gentleman.

"First, I would teach you this—'Never to take a bye road, when you have the highway.'

"Secondly,—'Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.'

"And thirdly,—'Remember, that honesty is the best policy.'

"There are the Three Advices I would pay you with; and they are, in value, far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your travelling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself, until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them."

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson, that he was brought to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas.—His faith in his master was however so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars, who were travelling the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town, where travellers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again.—John would have taken no particular notice of this; but, immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him, at the same time, a great many hard names, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was.—"He is the landlord," said the servant;

"and, Heaven help him! a dog's life he has led since he married his last wife."

"What," said John, with surprise—"is that young woman the landlord's wife?—I see, I must not remain in this house to-night;" and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no farther than the door, before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod, that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and, on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man, laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning, John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered, and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, deter-

mined to save the pedlars, if possible; and so returned, to attend their trial.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at the bar; and the young woman and the man, whose voice he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away.—But the Judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John now proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin, he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse full of gold which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away, they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population:—and when a single potatoe was bestowed, showering down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in a burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars

as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and told him of the purse full of gold.

"And where did Mick—*ma bohil**—find it?" inquired John Carson.

"It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it," said his wife; "for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up—but sure, John, he has money enough besides, and never the halfpenny have I to buy my poor *childer* a bit to eat this blessed night."

"Never mind that," said John; "do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelve months wages, seeing I never, as yet, found what he said to be wrong."

"And what did he say?" inquired his wife.

"That honesty is the best policy," answered John.

"'Tis very well, and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted, by distress and famine, to say otherwise: but your bidding is enough for me, John."

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* My boy.

Straightways she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

"You must tell me your business, honest woman," said a servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and every thing in the world.

"If you knew but all," said she, "I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master, that my little boy picked up by the road side; for surely it is his, as nobody else could have so much money."

"Let me see it," said the servant.—"Aye, it's all right—I'll take care of it—you need not trouble yourself any more about the matter;" and so saying, he slapped the door in her face. When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting; and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished at finding six golden guineas in it; and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more. He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his

cabin-door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgot his manners through the means of his travelling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to inquire if his honour had got the purse he lost.

"Why, it is true enough, my good fellow," said the squire, "I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it; for, if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty."

"Then the servant up at the big house never gave it to your honour last night, after taking it from Nance—she's my wife, your honour—and telling her it was all right?"

"Oh, I must look into this business," said the squire.

"Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant—to what servant?"

"I can't tell his name, rightly," said John, "because I don't know it; but never trust Nance's eyes again, if she can't point him out to your honour, if so your honour is desirous of knowing."

"Then do you and Nance, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you." So saying, the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand

They died, the gaoler and the slave,—
They died with the self-same pain,—
They were equal then, for no cry could save
Those who bound, or who wore, the chain;
And the robber-white found a common grave
With him of the negro-stain.

The Pest-ship slept on her ocean-bed,
As still as any wreck,
Till they all, save one old man, were dead,
In her hold, or on her deck.—
That man, as life around him fled,
Bow'd not his sturdy neck.

He arose,—the chain was on his hands,
But he climb'd from that dismal place;
And he saw the men who forg'd his bands
Lie each upon his face;—
There on the deck that old man stands,
The lord of all the space.

He sat him down, and he watch'd a cloud
Just cross the setting sun,
And he heard the light breeze heave the shroud,
Ere that sultry day was done;
When the night came on, the gale was loud,
And the clouds rose thick and dun.

And still the negro boldly walk'd
That lone and silent ship ;—
With a step of vengeful pride he stalk'd,
And a sneer was on his lip,—
For he laugh'd to think, how Death had baulk'd
The fetters and the whip.

At last he slept ;—but the lightning flash
Play'd round the creaking mast,
And the sails were wet with the ocean's plash,
But the ship was anchor'd fast,
Till, at length, with a loud and fearful crash,
From her cable's strain she past.

Away she swept, as with instinct rife,
O'er her broad and dangerous path,
And the midnight tempest's sudden strife
Had gathering sounds of wrath ;
But on board that ship was no sound of life,
Save the song of that captive swarth.

He sang of his Afric's distant sands,
As the slippery deck he trod ;
He fear'd to die in other lands
'Neath a tyrant master's rod ;
And he lifted his hard and fetter'd hands
In a prayer to the Negro's God.

He touch'd not the sail nor the driving helm,
But he look'd on the raging sea,
And he joy'd,—for the waves that would overwhelm
Would leave his body free;
And he pray'd, that the ship to no Christian realm
Before the storm might flee.

He smiled amidst the tempest's frown,
He sang amidst its roar;
His joy no fear of death could drown,—
He was a slave no more.
The helmless ship that night went down
On Senegambia's shore!

# TIME.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

I saw a child, whose downy cheek
  Glow'd with health's golden bloom,
And light did from his young eyes break,
  And his sweet face illume.
The song he sang was, "Dance—Prepare
  To tread a measure light;"
And his hand held a mirror, where
  The sun was imag'd bright:
On wings as light as Love's he flew,
  Smiling, like morning's prime,
While flow'rs around his path he threw,
  And that child's name was TIME.

I saw a man, whose ample brow
  Was furrow'd deep with care,
And now Despair, and Rapture now,
  By turns, were pictured there.
The song he sang was, "Heap and hoard,
  And scale ambition's height;"
And his hand firmly grasp'd a sword
  Of majesty and might.
Around him throng'd a numerous train,
  Fame, Wealth, and Pow'r, sublime,
While his breast swell'd with fancies vain,
  And his name, too, was TIME.

I saw a wither'd, shrivell'd form,
With hollow eyes and blind,
Who crouch'd before the pelting storm,
And shook with every wind.
His song was "Life's fair tree is fell'd,
It yields before the blast;"
And his lean hand an hour-glass held
Whose sands were ebbing fast.
Across his path, dark phantoms rov'd,
Of Age, and Want, and Crime;
His wings seem clipt, yet swift he mov'd,
And, still, his name was TIME.

Oh! how Time changes! and man, too,
Doth with the wizard change,—
Borrow his every form and hue,
And in his footsteps range.—
And now his mirror, now his sword,
And now his hour-glass seize:—
Thou Fool! why is thy mind still stor'd
With trifles such as these?
Spurn this world for a better home,
Where his wing cannot soar,
Where chance and change shall never come,
And TIME shall be no more!

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